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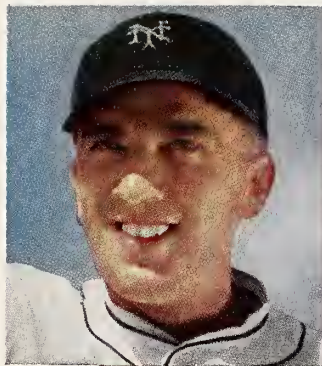
# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

October, 1935

ESTABLISHED 1844  
CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

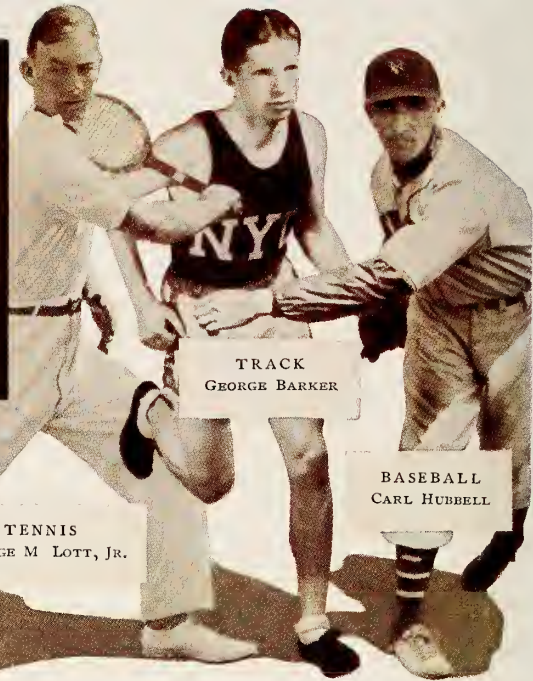
VOLUME LXV  
NUMBER ONE





**ATHLETES SAY:  
"THEY DON'T  
GET  
YOUR WIND!"**

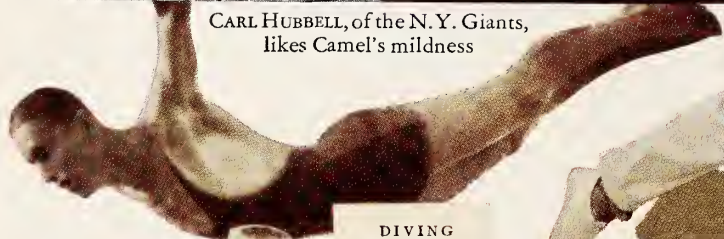
CARL HUBBELL, of the N.Y. Giants,  
likes Camel's mildness



TRACK  
GEORGE BARKER

BASEBALL  
CARL HUBBELL

TENNIS  
GEORGE M. LOTT, JR.



DIVING  
SAM HOWARD



GOLF  
BILL MEHLHORN

SWIMMING  
SUSAN VILAS

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THEIR  
MILDNESS  
TOO!**



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SMOKE ALL  
YOU WANT**

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# The Carolina Magazine

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United States  
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Illustrations by Paul McKee

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# Flies in the Alphabet Soup

## FERA Strives for Inefficiency

By ERWIN DAVIDSON

**T**HE PROBLEM of securing work during the summer months has, during the economic crisis, reached an acute stage. In the pre-depression era, it was a matter of announcing yourself as an employable. Summer camps, offices, department stores were all clamoring for the high school or college student and offering salaries that are beyond the conception of this present educational generation.

After a number of futile trials, I at last succeeded in obtaining a position with one of the county divisions of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration. This was no simple matter. Questions upon questions filled the mimeographed sheets of application. Could the applicant speak foreign languages? How many years had the applicant been in attendance at educational institutions? How many persons in the applicant's family? What could he do . . . what had he done . . . whom did he know . . . where had he previously worked . . . why did he want the job?

I filled out the application. I also knew a politician. I got the job.

### II

"Who're ya gonna vote fer?" this from a stumpy, ratty-faced individual who was standing beside me looking out of the window in the conference room of the Relief building.

"Whom am I going to vote for when?" I asked. "Fer president."

"I don't vote." The answer obviously did not satisfy him.

"Well, who would ya vote fer if ya voted?" he insisted.

"I don't know."

The young man standing on the other side of me was becoming as irritated as I was. He scowled and turned to the ratty-faced chap. "Who are *you* going to vote for?" he asked.

"Fer Roosevelt. Who're you going to vote fer?"

The entrance of the director of the unit, a part of which I had just become, cut short further conversation. With a feeble attempt at humor to cover the fact that he was two hours late for the instruction session which he had scheduled,

he began the business of the meeting. For two solid hours he told us how to fill out a five-by-seven card, a matter of copying information from a larger record card.

The instructions themselves were an example of the efficiency and system that held sway throughout that whole portion of the set-up which I could observe in my month-and-a-half of service. Despite the fact that all individuals with whom the office would have any contact came from a single county, the individual record cards must include the name of the county and the name of the state—not abbreviated. Various regulations as to capitalization, abbreviation, and punctuation were emphasized. In spaces requesting information of which there was no record, we were required to write "None" instead of leaving them blank and saving time.

The cause for this involved procedure was lost upon me at the time, but became evident after a short time. The key words, as I later found out, were: "Waste time. Make the job last longer."

We were dismissed immediately after receiving our instructions and were told to return at 8:30 the next morning. After reporting the following day, I was immediately called away from the long, low typing table that served as a desk for twelve people.

The supervisor of my division, a stoutish widow of about thirty-eight, announced to me in a slow, high-pitched voice: "You have been changed to an interviewer at a three-and-a-half dollar a week raise." A raise before I had even begun the job!

"Where shall I report?"

"Oh, just go back to the conference room and wait for the head of the division." I waited. I waited a whole day.

The next morning, I arrived at the office determined to search out the director. How this was to be done, I had not the least idea. But I was not going to sit in the desolate conference room all day talking to a worried young man who was in the same position that I was. Of that I was certain. As I passed the conference room, the individual in question hailed me. We decided to



wait in the main office until someone took notice of us.

This procedure was no more effective than that of the previous day, despite the fact that we approached numerous important looking gentlemen in an effort to explain our dilemma. We waited all the second day with no luck. Two days on the job with no work. Efficiency.

### III

We finally found the director the afternoon of the third day. We questioned him as to the type of work we were to do, explaining that we had been assigned to new positions.

"Why, just go back to the typing tables," he said. "You'll continue working there." We must have looked puzzled, because he continued: "The change is merely one in wage rate. You will keep on doing the work to which you were originally assigned but your salary will be \$21 instead of \$17.50. The appropriation for the project allowed us to have two additional interviewers so we just changed your classification. You're paid by your title here, you see."

We hurried back to the typewriting division, anxious to begin work of some kind. The prospect of enforced idleness was not pleasing. But back at the typing division all was quiet. Thirty or forty people were drooped over low tables either reading newspapers or enjoying the most innocuous conversation. The typewriters had not, as yet, arrived.

After the interruption of a weekend (the office was not open Saturdays—the five day week was strictly observed) work finally did begin. There were three supervisors in our division: The chief, a bald-headed, grinning individual who would have most certainly been a lace-bearing dandy had he lived in the seventeenth century; the widow, previously referred to, who made very evident her appreciation of the chief's worth; and a young army pilot who spent the whole day walking about the room, a curved pipe hanging out of the corner of his mouth.

The chief's big job was counting out cards into piles of ten. He made almost a ceremony of the procedure, hurrying along as if his work were the most important and necessary in the FERA machine. He was probably justified in his assumption.

The widow was an able second: she sat and watched, stopping intermittently to direct an answer at some questioning typist. Her answers usually ended with: "I'll ask the director." A

very agreeable lady, albeit a little on the stupid side. She was quite impressed with the fact that I was attending a university.

Mr. O'Malley, the army pilot, had been stationed for a time at Fort Bragg and was anxious to discuss North Carolina. He did become rather weary of marching up and down all day at the rate of \$23 a week.

From time to time, a jam in one or another section of the project halted work completely in our division. On three separate days in two weeks we were dismissed before 2:00 o'clock in the afternoon. Salary checks, however, were paid in full. No matter how intermittent the work, checks were payed promptly every Wednesday morning.

### IV

Work had been going along more or less steadily for three weeks. The Chief approached me one morning, and, after asking about my experience in clerical work, told me that I was being changed to another department. I was fed up with copying record cards, willing and ready for a change.

I was switched to the Central Clearance Division. Here, under a high pressure, middle-aged woman, commonly known as "the battle-axe," I began the second period of my FERA career. Through this division came all complaints from the various divisions of the administration, all questions of eligibility for relief, correct names and addresses, number of persons in the family, etc., etc.

My job was rubber-stamping informational request slips with the date on which it was received. My salary continued at \$21 per week.

After remaining with the Central Clearance Division for a week, I was changed back to the typing division. A new form had to be filled out: a certificate of eligibility for relief. After these were completed, another blank was required: a certificate of ineligibility for relief, covering virtually half of the same individuals for whom eligibility certificates were made out. Why were two forms necessary when one would have sufficed? FERA system.

But still my job continued. It was necessary now to file, check and count the myriad of individual record cards, eligibility and ineligibility slips, and family record cards. The filing system was as inefficient as it was complex. The plan was to catalog persons under their various occupations, and to this end, a coding system was employed to decrease the number of subheads

necessary. All the while the typing division had been working, 120 coders had also been at work.

During the last week, there were mutterings of plans to keep the job going. Six men walked about the office giving orders, contradicting orders, holding consultations. - In three days, the job was finished. But no. We had forgotten to cross-check the individual occupation cards. It was now necessary to take out all these records, which had been so carefully filed that it was impossible to find anything, and to list on each individual card the names and occupations of all the other members of the family. Such a procedure would take another month.

But we knew that the government appropriations for the project were ending on the last day of the week. The directors held out the hope, however, that the job could be extended, as it had been on three other occasions, by confounding all the materials with which we were working.

"I don't care when it ends," said Tom Norton, one of the two other college men in the group. "I've got a wife and a kid and the government has to support them. I can get the money; I've gotten it before. All you have to do is walk into the district relief office, step up to the case worker in charge and be insistent. It works every time. Don't approach a case worker in a meek or polite attitude. You'll never get anything that way. You've got to be determined; yell a little bit; tell her you know Mr. R—— (one of the county directors of relief). Threaten her with possible loss of her job. She'll come through."

Carpenter, the conceited jack-of-all-trades with a grammar school education that is found in every flop-house from San Francisco to New York, agreed. Nine children and a religious wife were his main claim to attention. He reiterated Norton's remarks and added, "I was just getting ready to quit anyway. I know a doctor who'll give me a sick certificate."

The general concensus of opinion seemed to be: Where the government is concerned, never have any scruples about getting something for nothing. I found this attitude again and again. Perfectly honest people have absolutely no compunctions about admitting it.

We were in the middle of the process of stripping the files when word came of the completion of our job. Stacks of cards were piled neatly on the thirty or forty tables that filled the large office. No arrangement was apparent, nor, in reality, did arrangement or order exist. The task

of re-filing would take an abnormal amount of time.

We were called into the conference room where the project director, a former Harvard professor, once more did his best to be humorous. It was a weak attempt in the face of the total dejection which stood before him. There was one short announcement: "Your pay checks will be here Wednesday." You could always depend on the financial end of the FERA to be on time. They love nothing better than giving out money.

V

From the point of view of social change, this country has seen more weird phenomena during the past six years than was evidenced by the industrial revolution. In the relatively short period of depression, there have arisen a thousand new customs and attitudes—*mores* that would have been and were frowned upon no less than a decade ago. We have been the recipients of a torrent of social legislation, the like of which has never before been experienced by any people.

Under the guise of paliative measures adopted to alleviate the economic crisis, and to correct various portions of the physical economic system under which we operate, the president, with the help of very able alphabeteers, instituted a series of administrative boards. But such a program must take time, and some immediate project was necessary. How could the government keep alive the clamoring poor until the effects of the new economic order could be realized?

There was one solution: dole. The word "dole," however, was in poor repute because of the attitude of the press toward the situation in England, so the United States must needs discover some word or phrase and build up around it a cloak of respectability. At once the press clamored, "Expediency," and the nation took up the cry. What to call it? Simple. Institute a new alphabetical administration: FERA, Federal Emergency Relief Administration. In the United States people were not on the dole, they were on relief. And being on relief was respectable because it was necessary. But with many, respectability was of very minor importance.

A whole new social concept grew up, the effects of which will not pass away with the institution of federal relief. The philosophy of "The world owes me a living," which for the most part was the heritage handed down from one generation of tramps to another, has become a matter of

*(Continued on page thirty-two)*



# The Maw

## Conflict in the Coal Fields

By LYTT GARDNER

"I KNOW, but father, can't you understand that I've grown up? I'm not twenty-one, but I know my own mind, and I can't see that it's up to you to say what I do and what I don't."

Never before had young Timothy spoken so boldly to his father, and he was somewhat surprised at his own temerity.

"Hell," muttered the old man disgustedly, "so you know your own mind, eh? Why, you're hardly out of diapers yet, and you say you want my permission to get married—Good Lord, son, you're just moonstruck!"

Big Jim O'Shaughnessy ran the coal crusher at the Black Mountain mine on the Beckley seam in West Virginia, and run it he did. The machine, prodigious as it was, seemed scarcely more powerful than the man who controlled it.

"But dad," persisted the boy doggedly, "we're in love, Anna and I, and besides, she's already promised to marry me."

"Puppy love," retorted Big Jim. "Just who is this Anna anyhow?"

Timothy gulped once or twice; this was the supreme test of his audacity. "She . . . she's Anna Kovic," he finally blurted out.

"What!" exploded the father, "Anna Kovic! . . . you don't mean to tell me that you've even been speaking to her! It's bad enough to have to contend with your gallivanting about as it is, but I'm damned if I'll let you be seen with a hunky's daughter!"

Timothy saw that matters were taking a worse turn than he had expected, and resolved to tell his father of the whole affair. Screwing up his courage, he began, "Well, Dad, I reckon it's no use trying to reason with you. It would have been a lot better if you had given me your blessing. At first I sort of felt that you would, but it seems as though you're dead set against me living my own life, and I'm dead set *for* living it. Yesterday . . ." Timothy unconsciously braced himself as though to receive a blow. "Yesterday, Anna and I were married."

Big Jim stiffened. Not without cause did a community of husky miners call him Big Jim, and the sight of his anger-purpled face would

have made even the huskiest of them apprehensive. He had never been one to hold his temper; even now he could feel the beast within him crouching to spring at Timothy. "Why, you damned, spineless, little skunk, get the hell out of here, and from now on keep out of my sight if you know what's good for you!" sputtered Big Jim O'Shaughnessy to a white-lipped boy who wheeled and left the house.

As Timothy walked by his mother's zinnia beds in the yard, he heard a door slam behind him. The sickening realization came over him that he must blot off the record one whole chapter of his life, a chapter so filled with happy and poignant memories that the loss of it seemed to make the very bottom drop out of his existence.

Back in the house Big Jim stood looking dully at the pine panels of the door. "Tim married," he repeated over and over again as though he were trying to convince himself of its truth. Big Jim had never thought of Tim as very large—he certainly wasn't in comparison with himself—and like many fathers, had hardly realized that his son was out of knee-pants before he was married and gone. "Tim married . . . why I'm getting old . . . old, and I didn't even know it," silently mused Big Jim O'Shaughnessy, plunged in the black despair that strong men experience when they suddenly discover the sands of life slipping ever faster and faster away. There rose up before him the gruesome inscription that he has seen somewhere before: "*It Is Later Than You Think.*"

Outside a small yellow dog yelped and tugged energetically at the end of a chain, then began to whine in little plaintive whistles as a figure became fainter and fainter in the purple-misted twilight.

\* \* \* \*

Smoke-colored clouds scudded across a bleak sky of slate as Big Jim next morning made his way along the double-track railroad to his crusher at the mine. Stooping from time to time, he would pick up a pebble from the rock-ballasted track and toss it pensively aside. But Big Jim was thinking neither of the clouds, nor the track,



"I'm damned if I'll let you be seen with a hunky's daughter!"

nor the pebble; he was thinking of Timothy. Their cleavage had been especially painful, because up to now Big Jim and Timothy had been the best friends father and son could have been.

Timothy was a mechanic, and a good one. Ever since he had been able to walk he had played with tools. Each Christmas Big Jim had given him a hammer, or a chisel, or a saw, or some kind of tool he could work with his hands. Young Timothy had last year been promoted to assistant mechanic at the mine. He had been out of high school only three years, but he was a born mechanic; machines purred under the guidance of his strong fingers. For the last few days he had been busy adjusting the ventilating system that provided fresh air for the shafts deep in the earth. He ought to finish up today. "But what if he does?" reflected Big Jim as he trudged along. "It doesn't concern me any more."

His son, an O'Shaughnessy, married to a hunky's daughter. God, what a mess! Married to the daughter of a common Slav mine worker—a worker who went by a number. Like as not the brats would have swarthy skins and black eyes. Swarthy . . . when the O'Shaughnessys had been blue-eyed and blond long before Saint Patrick chased the snakes out of Erin. And as if

to re-affirm his thoughts, Big Jim ran his gnarled hand through his own blond hair, now slightly streaked with grey. He was getting old, and things like this affected him more than they would have twenty years ago.

A sign of doubtful artistic value proclaimed a small, cubical, brick building the office of the Black Mountain Coal Company. Inside sat a wizened clerk, filling out forms for the day. Sticking his head in the door, Big Jim rumbled, "Better have somebody sent over today to work on my machine. There's something loose in it somewhere." With this he turned away and directed his steps toward the structure which housed the crusher, some hundred yards distant.

Entering the building through sliding doors, he stumbled, deep in thought, up the steel steps to his working platform, and signaled to his black stoker who down below began feeding more coal to the fire box of the crusher's steam engine. Glancing at the steam pressure gauge, Big Jim jerked the hand valve viciously, and as the steam poured into the vital organs of this Behemoth of steel, its powerful jaws began to work convulsively, slowly at first, then faster and faster, clanking with a sinister sound as of chains drawn



over hollow stone floors. A carload of coal rattled into the maw of the monster with a rasping sound, and was crunched to pieces quickly by enormous teeth of steel, each as large as a man.

High above this din of noise and billowing coal dust stood Big Jim O'Shaughnessy on his platform of metal lattice-work, looking nowhere abstractedly, his tree-like arm grasping the valve handle. Hour after hour through the morning he stood there, while car after car of coal dumped its contents within and hurried back into the inky blackness of the mine shaft.

Up the steps of the platform stumped a young slate-picker, who thrust out to Big Jim a note in his grimy hand. "Tim asked me to give you this." The slate-picker turned and left.

Without looking at the note in his right hand, Big Jim crumpled it and tossed it into a corner. "He must think he can come snivelling back to me," thought Big Jim as again he turned his eyes to the palpitating needle of the pressure gauge.

Not long afterwards the dinner whistle blew,

and Big Jim, stretching his legs stiff from a morning's stand in one position, climbed down from his platform with his lunch pail and walked around to a little shady place not far from the building. Try as he would, Big Jim could eat not one morsel of food; his troubled mind had left him no room for appetite. Before his hour was up, he put aside his untouched lunch and, restless, was back ready to start the crusher for the second half of the day's run. As he mounted the steel steps to his platform, he realized that in all the years he had spent here, this was the first time he had ever broken the routine by returning early at lunch. Big Jim smiled wryly to himself as he reflected how Tim's act had its effect even on the most minor details of his life. The hand valve opened slowly, and within the monster below, steel crashed upon steel.

On roared the crusher into the afternoon with its insatiable appetite. The day passed slowly away; and prevent it all he could, Big Jim's

*(Continued on page thirty)*

## The Littleness of Small Towns

### Picture of a Piedmont Community

*By* JIM DANIELS

SEVERAL months ago the semi-weekly in my home town ran a lead story announcing, with evident satisfaction, that a religious survey recently completed had failed to reveal the presence of a single Catholic or Jew within city limits. It also added that there hadn't been any Chinese since the last two had closed their laundry several years earlier and no Greeks since God-knows-when. In that one column of print, the community characterized itself so well that supplementary comments are almost superfluous.

Population is not the only respect in which small towns are little. In the town of a few thousand, broad-minded citizens are as rare as gangsters. Gossipers are forever on the *qui vive*, and cast stones gleefully and unhesitantly at the daring soul who fails to obey custom. The strict letter of morality is upheld—vocally, at least, if not always actually. The small town is in the grip of conventionality.

But the grip is loosening. The small town today has its automobiles, radios and movies; and in

spite of their faults these modern inventions are doing their bit in the emancipation of the small town. No longer can the village cut itself off from the world and force its inhabitants to obey local customs. The village is a part of the world; and world ideas are thrust on the small town, and it has to accept them.

#### II

My home town is situated somewhere in the Piedmont; that is, between the Alleghanies and the Tide Water region. Every once in a while, when the merchants feel the competition of nearby centers especially acutely, the semi-weekly is filled with Buy-At-Home ads in which the town is described, with accompanying diagrams, as the "Hub of the Piedmont." So far, no one has questioned the accuracy of metaphor which resolves into a circle a geographic region extending several thousand miles up and down the Atlantic coast, but in many places only a hundred miles wide. Provincial pride and belladonna have similar effects upon human vision.

More important, however, than its position in the Piedmont is the town's situation on the main trunk line of the Southern railway, a position which largely accounts for the presence of a half-dozen factories within, and one very large textile village without, the city limits. Although the town is of considerable age (it took its name from the opening encounter of the Revolution, and even before that it was a trading center), the industrialization which followed in the tracks of the railroad has so completely transformed its physical appearance that the only visible evidences of the early culture are the Corinthian-columned courthouse, a few residences on the principal street, and a marker or two.

The city itself (for in the South 10,000 people invariably constitute a city) is divided into four sectors by a Center street running roughly east and west and a Main street crossing this line at right angles. The point of junction is dominated by the conventional Confederate soldier perched atop a granite shaft profusely decorated with eulogies in small letters of the Confederate dead and larger characters informing the passerby that the monument was erected by the U. D. C. The green-stained statue and its pink granite shaft occupy an island of grass at the point where a stop light ought to be. Once a month, a careless motorist violates this patch of grass. At least one time a season a blow is direct enough to rock the heavy figure. And about once a year, the soldier boy crashes to earth and subsequently spends an extended period in the tin shop having his hat adjusted to a tilt less rakish and the kinks removed from his spinal column and rifle barrel. When last this happened, the fact that the motorist was almost in the line of fall nerved the city fathers to ask permission of the U. D. C. to remove their gift to a safer location. A prompt refusal followed. Now danger signs face in all four directions, their yellow surfaces studded with red chunks of faceted glass. But tradition will sooner or later yield to progress and the land mark will find a less conspicuous resting place.

### III

The process of change, practically completed in the economic existence of the town, is but well under way in the social life. Until very recently, there was a distinct and rather tribal connection between one's social standing and the length of time that his family had been on the spot. Com-

munities starting from scratch, afflicted with a dearth of people of character or breeding and an accompanying deficiency of persons able to appreciate such values, often evolve a similar system of social evaluation. Now, however, younger fowl are ruling the roost. The old order built its slate-roofed, turreted and cupolaed architectural confections; the new, its membership composed in about equal proportions of newcomers and the children of the old guard, is daily erecting houses in French provençal and old English styles next door to others in the Colonial or Georgian fashion.

The rise of a new order, in many ways radically different from the preceding order, is mostly a result of the much talked of post-war rebellion against old institutions. Contributing to its development and character are the *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Good Housekeeping*, and other periodicals espousing the sophisticated manner of living. The remark is standard but apt in many small communities: an hors d'oeuvre is no longer just a word in a French novel. And America's contribution to genteel drinking, the little cocktail, is appearing behind doors. Of course, there was a time when parents who drank, drank only when sojourning in some distant metropolis—and their offspring only when off at school . . . there was a time. Now Negro serving girls talk of their hardships in having to stay after hours to put the children to bed first and the mama later.

But the classes just described are only a fraction of the population. The usual metaphor for a social order is the ladder; a more appropriate one is the pyramid, with a very broad base and no height at all. The firm foundation is composed of laborers and mill workers. Above them is a layer of moderately successful business men and shopkeepers. Third comes a small group of professional people; and the scanty rich class is the apex. The idea of physical support associated with a pyramid is fitting. Upon the paychecks of the workers in the mills (most of which, interestingly enough, are owned by a non-resident Jew), rests the prosperity of the business and professional elements. All classes have their vices and prejudices, from the lowest which remarks that it had just as soon shoot a Nigger as a dog, to the top of the structure where a minister in recent years was discharged on the charge that he had said in the presence of an elder that he would be damned before doing something. The contention was that it would have been forgivable if he had said merely "damn."



IV

Even in religion the people are not as homogeneous as the semi-weekly would imply. One-tenth the population is Baptist; almost an equal fraction is Methodist. The Presbyterians, the Reformed Church, the Methodist Protestants, and the Devil scrap over the remainder. The Episcopalians, who recently adopted the high liturgy but are now holding services only twice a month, are a small and select minority. The Baptists, however, are not in their usual low place socially. One is philosophically reminded that there are Baptists and Baptists. The former group in the South includes Holy Rollers, Foot-Washers, Hardshells and Negro delegations. The latter sect, whom we might call the High Baptists, is the first church in my town. Though they have never attained the elevation of the Episcopalians, and member for member can't rate with the Presbyterians, their pews are regularly graced by a number of the city's first citizens, many of whom can out-party ninety per cent of the Episcopalians.

The most regrettable result of the small-town social order is its effect upon the younger generation. The children of each class are schooled under the same roof; in larger cities they attend separate institutions, and therefore are not aware of social distinctions. But in the small town, the lines of social demarcation existing among adults are projected into the class room and differentiate, when reports or operetta parts are handed out, between those children whose people are

members of, or could influence the board of education and those whose parents aren't and couldn't. Much bitterness is thus created. Those high school graduates who go off to school often carry away a bad taste for their home town. The graduates whose education goes no further have a feeling of injustice and, if they are of average intelligence, seek their living elsewhere.

V

Northern editors in recent years have delighted in branding such scenes as have just been described as typically Southern. It has been their pleasure to contrast such backward communities with their own metropolises in order to bring out the essential inferiority of Southern culture.

Their error has been that of confining narrow-mindedness and prejudice to Southern small towns. In reality these characteristics are universals. Where there isn't a Confederate soldier, there's usually a statue of General Grant. And the percentage of broad-minded persons is about the same in every community in the country. In the average small-town their number is, therefore, too low to be appreciated. As the community grows, the number of liberal-minded citizens increases; and its contributions to education, politics and art participate in the natural development.

In other words, the deficiencies of the Southern small town are the result, not of its geographical position, but of its size.

## **This, Then, Was His Handiwork**

Like the clay she was she lies there now  
Her face a blotch of dirty gray  
On a sheet that is dirtier; her hands  
Are like grasping claws that waver  
From her parching lips to the surface  
Of the ragged bed where they find rest.  
Her leathery skin stretches taut  
Over lonely cheek bones. It has the color  
Of moistened, moldy leather, light-spotted  
By a beating summer sun. Her eyes  
Are gates to a slipping soul,  
Gates that open to a soul that seeps  
With the slowness of Time itself from  
Its one and accustomed home.  
Her breath comes slowly with a lengthened rhythm,  
A faint movement of stale air from rotting lungs  
To the dingy inside of a negro hut  
And back again. No! Not air—it is Life  
Gradually removing itself from a home  
That has served its purpose.

—ELMER D. JOHNSON

# The Art of Bumming

## Helpful Hints on Hitch-hiking

By CHARLES A. POE

**O**FTEN hitch-hiking seems as easy as rubbing Aladdin's lamp: a jerk of the thumb, and you have free transportation for a hundred miles. But at times you begin to fear that a good Samaritan will never come your way, that you will pass the rest of your days in a car-forsaken country until you have become a petrified statue with thumb on high. But, easy or hard, it's the only thing to do when you have the itch to go places and no money; and besides being cheaper, it's much more fun than any other means of travel.

To those unfortunates who have never hoisted a thumb and thrilled to the answering screech of brakes, it might seem that bumming is wholly a matter of luck, with a toothpaste smile possibly being of some help. But hitch-hiking is a fine art; or it might be called a science, just as rightly as psychology or physics. In fact, a knowledge of these two helps greatly in the study of thumbing. And don't think that it doesn't have to be studied: there are quite a few m.p.h. difference between the novice and the expert.

### II

The first thing to consider is what the well-dressed young bummer will wear. Two essentials, if you are really going in for long-distance rides, are a coat and white shoes. Unconsciously the driver figures that you are not a professional hobo and that you take a bath once in a while. The white shoes brand you as a college student and therefore harmless, though probably not very entertaining. "I knew you were a college boy as soon as I saw your shoes," said one pick-me-upper. He didn't mean it as a compliment, but I got the ride.

Commonsense dictates that the place to catch a ride is where the cars have to go slow. A stop-light or a toll bridge is excellent, because you can walk up and talk to the driver, showing him that you can speak English and have little or no halitosis. The top of a hill, the intersection of highways, or a busy filling-station are good locations for doing business. Statistics show that no car ever stopped for a hitch-hiker part way up or down a steep hill. Very few will stop on a long, level straightaway; when one does, it is probably

because he has a flat tire and wants the hiker to help fix it.

The psychological thumber tries to arouse compassion in the motorist by looking uncomfortable or unhappy. I have seen fellows try to catch rides while sitting on the curb or even lying down; but man's aversion to laziness in his fellow man, America's love for the go-getter, doom this type of bummer to eternal stagnation. And while standing in the shade of an oak is of course more comfortable than sweltering in the sunshine, the motorist will pass by and possibly envy a man in cool shade but will pity and pick up the fellow mopping his brow. I have found it the best policy to rest in the edge of the shade and as a car approaches step out into the sunlight with a wilted expression.

Certain experts advocate a flash of the winning smile. But unfortunately some of us do not possess this asset; and I am a little doubtful as to whether it is an asset to the hitch-hiker. When thirty-eight cars have just sped snootily by, your smile is apt to be slightly forced; then too, a smile gives the impression that you are contented with the status quo and are not particularly anxious for a ride. The driver likes to feel that he is the offspring of a Boy Scout and a saint, and he wants to pick up someone who will fully appreciate how kind he is.

### III

The most important single feature of the art of hitch-hiking is the act of thumbing. To the uninitiated it may seem that thumbing is merely thumbing; but thumbing is eloquent, as are all gestures. Whether consciously or not, the thumber puts his character, or at least his mood of the moment, into his gesture. The man of few words will give a single, curt jerk of the thumb; or he may simply stand without moving a muscle, as much as to say: "You may stop if you want to, but I'm not going to beg you." He who overflows with conversation will start moving his arm as soon as he espies a car on the horizon, and will continue until the car is well past, in hope that the driver may undergo a change of heart. The meek man will make a few feeble



movements, hesitate, bite his lip, and wiggle his thumb a little more. In order better to use his commanding personality, the man who thinks he has a strong will steps out on the road, moving his arm in a peremptory manner. He who has abandoned all hope will raise his hand and hold it forlornly, perhaps resting his right elbow in his left hand. The desperate bummer may rush out at a car, yelling, much like a collie barking. More often than not he scares the driver to the other side of the road; but the driver may be obdurate and hold to his course, causing the bummer to beat a hurried and undignified retreat.

The successful hitch-hiker must find Aristotle's Golden Mean. If he doesn't gesture enough, the traveller will pass by unmoved. A driver, like an amateur pianist, wants to be begged. On the other hand, if the bummer wiggles his thumb too much, the tourist may reason that he will wiggle too much when he gets in the car. The quality of the thumbing must be supplicatory yet not insistent, earnest but not demanding.

Also recommended is a short step nearer the road (but not out on the highway), implying that you have searched the driver's face, that you can see he was brought up on the milk of human kindness, that being what he is he cannot do otherwise than pick you up. Before the bummer starts out he should practice for some hours in front of a mirror until he can at will register several emotions at the same time, or least one after the other in rapid succession. The expressions which he may find useful are: despair, hope, thirst, determination, anticipation and intelligence. The last-named is the most difficult to master.

#### IV

The foregoing is the standard and approved technique. On the whole its users get greater distance, better speed, classier automobiles. Unless he has developed a style which is so unorthodox that it is fascinating, the bummer will do well to stick to the standard. But there are times when even the official method will bring no results. Then it is that the hitch-artist demonstrates his superiority to the hitch-hiker. He discards the usually efficient technique and calls on strategy.

One trick that will sometimes work, if tried by a good actor, is this: as the car approaches, your face gradually lights up with recognition, you start waving your hand, your features register joy at seeing your old friend. He is shocked out of his stolidity, becomes more and more surprised,

slows down to see if he can recognize you. More than likely he is the type who can never remember a face; your evident pleasure in seeing him proves that you have met before; he stops, apologetically explaining that he remembers your face but cannot quite recall your name. Here you start back and beg his pardon, telling him you thought he was So-and-so from Blank (the town on his license plate). Then it's all over; he has stopped, and can't very well refuse you a ride.

Here is a bit of craftiness that once in a while brings results. When the auto draws near without slowing down and it is apparent that there is no chance of its stopping, just as the car passes yell "Jim!" at the top of your voice. If the driver's name is Jim, he will certainly stop; and there are probably a million Jims in the country. If there seems to be a dearth of Jims, try "Bill" or "John"; if a girl is driving, "Mary" or "Ann." It can't do any harm, and if you happen to hit the name right it stops the car; then you follow the procedure as above.

A filling-station operator near Salisbury reports a bummer carrying a sign reading: "Don't pick me up; I'm a hitch-hiker." He claimed that it got him lots of rides. And some of you may remember Major Hoople's invention of a luminous thumb for night hitch-hikers.

Some good people, in the belief that it pays to be nice, smile forgivingly as spacious car after car swooshes by. "I know you haven't enough room and are hastening to your aunt's funeral," their smiles say. Thus calmly and coolly they accept their fate, trusting faithfully that their goodness will be rewarded by a lift in the next car. But it won't work. I've tried it many times. I've smiled agreeably until my face ached so that I could no longer smile agreeably; then I've let loose my for-hours-pent-up wrath in a torrent of cursing as a passengerless seven-passenger machine shot by; and the very next car stopped and gave me a 150-mile ride.

I once saw a fellow who after waiting patiently for hours threw caution away and in a desperate trick lay down on the road. The next driver did not see the body until almost on it, then veered to the left and drove on, scenting a mouse. This artifice is not recommended unless all else has failed; if tried, I suggest a slight wriggle to attract attention and a glance or two to be certain that attention has been attracted. Even if the driver stops, he in all probability will not be so

easily amused as to appreciate the joke that has been played on him.

V

Newspaper editorialists squawk loudest about the practice of catching rides. Dangerous, they say, quoting percentages of those injured in auto wrecks who were pick-ups; which proves nothing, as their chances of being in an accident would have been practically as great had they been riding with someone they knew. Annoying, they say; but certainly no driver has to stop for anyone unless he wants to. There are many altruistic souls who relish the opportunity to befriend would-be travellers.

But the majority of motorists give lifts not so much because of an altruistic urge as from the desire to have company. They want someone to talk to; and the collegiate bummer, from classroom experience, should have no difficulty in assuming an interested expression and in laughing convincingly over funny stories. More than that, he should have his own fund of anecdotes and a romantic life history of himself. The driver wants to be entertained, especially if he is taking a long trip or if it is night; and if the pick-up does not come through, the driver may announce that the next town is his destination, drop the rider there, and try to find a better conversationalist.

Hitch-hiking is a one-man job. Two may be company, but it is fatal to speed. In many cars there is room for only one thumber; even if there is ample space for two, most drivers, according to their own testimony, will not stop for two. They don't mind one fellow on the front seat where they can keep a right eye on him, but they don't want a confederate in the back seat who may take a notion to swing a blackjack. Autoists remember such headlines as "Hitch-hiker Holds Up Driver." I think that most of them enjoy the feeling that they are taking a reckless chance in picking up a bum; but they want to be reasonably safe in their daring.

There is a story that a certain Chapel Hill professor picked up a young man who seemed to be down-and-out. Feeling sorry for him, the professor stopped at a filling station and bought him

a sandwich and a coca-cola. After they had ridden a little ways, the teacher offered him a cigar. A few minutes later the young man suddenly burst out, "Damn you! Stop the car and let me out of here!"

Mouth open, the prof stopped.

"You son-of-a-gun!" blazed the bummer. "I was gonna rob you, but you've been so decent to me, you so-and-so, that I'll be damned if I can do it! But you'd better get moving before I change my mind!"

The professor drove off, possibly musing that virtue is more than its own reward.

VI

The rules given above form the basis of the art of bumming. But these are only the generally accepted standards; there is room for considerable individuality. The man who knows when to be orthodox and when to use trickery will go farthest.

Some people are born hitch-hikers. Ride on a train? Not on your life—cinders attacking your eyes, scratchy seats, no fresh air, babies bawling, the monotonous sound of wheels on rail. How about a bus? No, sir—riding in the same position for hundreds of miles, seeing the same backs of heads, trying to go to sleep but never quite succeeding.

Even if he has plenty of money the true thumber will take the road rather than a train or bus. He prefers to get out and breathe country air, throw stones at signs while waiting for a car, figure out what technique will stop the oncoming driver. He loves the uncertainty of it, the adventure and variety—meeting different kinds of people, sizing them up at first glance and then investigating to see if his judgment was correct, making up stories about himself as he goes along, figuring his bumming speed, talking to other hikers.

He refuses to look ahead to the day when he can't hitch-hike because he has to maintain his cursed Dignity. When that time comes he will realize with a sad shock that the conventions of society rather than the passing of years has changed him from a young man to almost an old one.





# The Cheltenham Papers

## Facts and Observations

By RICHARD WAYMIRE

SINCE the Senate has ceased to be a legislative body under Emperor Franklin the First and has become a gathering of glorified Pinkerton Detectives, some rather queer things have been investigated. The Wheeler-Rayburn Bill stirred up a prolonged hearing on the subject of public utilities, climaxed when a pleasant New Jersey citizen confessed his scheme to spread a rumor that the president was insane. This bubble was pricked by the doctor's statement that Roosevelt had never been in better health, and investigations went merrily on.

Before this, however, the Senate became mildly hysterical over the un-American activities of college men, and it is this phase of research that interests us. At that time the Anti-War Conference was meeting on the campus, and condemning with religious fervor everything from the DuPont interests to the American Red Cross. And to see just how far we were going, the Senate dispatched an agent to Chapel Hill.

On the whole, the secret service man did a pretty thorough job. He investigated Bill Levitt, Joe Sugarman, Arnold Williams, R. Phillips Russell, Milton Abernethy, and others too numerous to mention. It was through the investigation of Milton Abernethy, since departed for Russia, that the story came to us. A student who had found out about the investigation thought that the agent was interested in Frank Abernethy. Since we were rooming with Frank at the time, this student came to us with the story.

We didn't believe it at first, but he told us that the agent had notes on what each member of the group had said at certain meetings, and to prove it, he gave us a *resumé* of the business, and it was correct.

We hope the Senate got a thrill out of sedition in the South, but we rather doubt it. Anyway, we pity the man who had to keep up with Joe Sugarman when he got really excited. We have a hunch that if he'd investigated campus politics, he'd have had a lot more fun and it might have been an educational event for the Senate, too.

\* \* \* \*

Another incident also needs a bit of truth told

about it. A student's *Letter to the Editor* last year suggested that Dr. E. E. Ericson was being sent to China as an exchange professor because of his radical activities. This is logical, of course, if you have one of those minds that picture the electric tentacles of power companies entwining themselves about our youthful minds, and can believe the Rockefellers endowed the University of Chicago just so everyone would buy Standard Oil. However, sorry as we are to disillusion such, Ericson himself wanted the appointment, and a friend of ours recalls how he decided to take it two years ago. The learned Doctor quoted Marx to our friend; something about the westward push of civilization, and told how eager he was to observe the machine age's introduction into the Orient.

\* \* \* \*

In our sequestered cottage we seem to either forget about every big event that comes along, or only remember the ones we really don't care much about. In five years here we haven't once missed having it drawn to our attention that Phoebe Barr's dancing class was going to perform, but when Paderewski or Spaulding comes it slips our attention completely, and we don't even realize we've missed anything until it's too late.

What we're working around to was the *Tar Heel's* announcement of the Boston Sinfonietta. We did see the notice for that . . . read it twice, in fact, to be sure . . . and then we started happily to Memorial Hall with our passbook clenched tightly in one fist. We were slow starting, due to a long distance call, but ran all the way to make it up. You know what happened. Memorial Hall looked like a dark and misshapen mausoleum with the little "mistake, excuse it please" sign for a name plate. At times life is pretty discouraging.

\* \* \* \*

In class recently, we understand, Dean Carroll advanced the theory that central heating had been one of the major factors in the destruction of the American home. The idea seemed fantastic at first; it just didn't seem reasonable that a furnace or a boiler had brought about this

astounding result, but his explanation does sound plausible. When fireplaces were the only method of heating, everyone in the family either gathered in front of the fire or froze. This meant an extremely close relationship between all members of the family, and solidified the group into a whole, whether they liked it or not. Now, however, with steam heat, it's quite easy for any member of the family to sulk in his or her own room whenever he or she wishes, and the long hours once spent in a group about the fireplace are no more. Easy transportation has also had its effect, of course, but it doesn't change the menace of the furnace—a more serious and subtle one, it seems, than we had thought it, even on cold mornings when the darn thing won't draw.

\* \* \* \*

About three years ago, in the dim distant past when Charlie Rose edited the *Tar Heel* and Bob Barnett and Don Shoemaker were doing things with the *Magazine*, the legislature met in Raleigh, and the subject of the University's appropriation came up for review before the backwoods

gods. Two of the more humorous students were busily getting drunk at that time, and it occurred to one of them that it would be a good idea to go to Raleigh in a body and protest the proposed cut. It seemed a marvelous idea, in fact, and it was even better if considered comically. Three thousand students parading through Raleigh and asking for money seemed high comedy indeed. So they called up Charlie Rose and Haywood Weeks, then president of the student body, and talked the matter over with them. Haywood and Charlie didn't see the humor in it, but thought it was a good idea. Hence the *Tar Heel* carried "scareheads" about the trek to Raleigh, asking for cars to carry the earnest students. Just why it didn't come off is still somewhat of a mystery. According to one frivolous account, Horace Williams took Charlie aside and told him that it didn't fit into the rules of Hegelian philosophy. Another account has it that the powers that be sat on the movement. Anyway, the student body didn't get to Raleigh at all, but Shoemaker and Barnett were very pleased with their little joke.

## And Sarah Wept

### The Holy-Rollers Lose a Prophet

By GEORGE BUTLER

REV. STODDARD was found dead—brutally stabbed.

As his long, lean body lay stiffly on a couch in his private study, with his shaggy face turned to one side and his arms folded seraphically across his bosom, he gave the appearance of some biblical prophet.

And so he was regarded in this community of religious zealots which, for no apparent reason, was called Falcon. In this room, for many years his sanctuary, he had prepared his prophetic sermons—furibund warnings for the sinners and promises of beatitude, in another world, for the "righteous." These sermons he delivered with considerable gusto and spontaneous arm-wavings to an enthralled audience of Holy-Rollers.

The room—situated in the east wing of the Tabernacle—was now in the possession of an inquisitive and loquacious group of men who were anxious to indict someone with this crime which had cast a dark shadow over the nearly impeccable reputation of Falcon.

"Clear case of homicide," declared the coroner after little investigation.

The sheriff agreed. "... Known him for twenty years. . . . Congregation fairly worshiped him. . . . Didn't know he had an enemy. . . ."

The solemn atmosphere of the Tabernacle and the awesomeness which accompanies death offered a sharp contrast to the ebullition of the vast confluence of religious zealots which made the old wood-building rock on its sills the night before.

To this scene of the annual Holy-Rollers' Convention had come faithful adherents and inquisitive onlookers. Like the bland glidings of an enormous black-snake, the line of wagons and cars—mostly decrepit—came from miles around to this mecca during convention week. Well-filled baskets of non-fancy but salubrious foods were tucked safely away, waiting to be spread on the long, rough-plank table under the sycamore trees.

For most of the agrarian folk, this week was an interregnum—an opportunity to "break loose"



and forget, for a while, the monotonous routine of labor on the farm. The events of the week culminated in last night's grand finale. Feet-washings . . . Various stages of clairvoyance . . . Wild paroxysms and dances . . . Cachinnations and the jerks . . . Jargonings dubbed the "unknown tongue" . . . Prayers, sonorous and spontaneous . . . Hallelujahs and Amens . . .

But now the vast auditorium was deserted. In the study some of the congregation stood off from the body and talked in low tones. Others were looking at a stained sword—a relic of the Civil War which had hung ominously over the reverend's roller-top desk. It was this sword which had brought an end to their prophet's life.

The husky voice of a woman rose above the whispers and arrested them. Sarah Stoddard, wife of the deceased, was standing in front of the body. The small audience centered its attention on her as she began her verbal retrospection.

"For over twenty years—yea, verily, nigh on to twenty-five years—he's been a-preachin' har to the Tabernikle . . . Gawd Almighty he wuz 'fore the congregation . . . Prayed fer thar souls—the hypocrite . . . The angel Gabriel with his horn couldn't 'a' raised a bigger rukus in the pulpit . . . Only trouble was, he was a-foolin' ever'-body but me . . . I had his number . . . He used to git inter one of his spasms—a-shoutin' and a-prayin'—and he'd beat me with a buggy whip . . . That wuz when we wuz first married, and I tuk it fer a while . . . But soon I tuck to wrap-pin' a chair 'round his head when he'd have one of his spells and that sorta put a stop to his crazy notions . . ."

Breathing stertorously, she glanced at the body on the couch, shrugged her shoulders, and resumed:

"Last night—it a-bein' the last meetin' of the convention—he wuz the worst I ever seed him . . . He'd been drinkin' corn likker and all the cuttin' up in the Tabernikle had gone to his head . . . I tried to make him go on home after the meetin' was over but he wouldn't budge from this room . . . Then he got the idear that Gawd had told him to drive the devils out of me . . . 'Lawd,' he said, getting down on his knees, 'I agrees with you that Sarah is full of devils and I hears your command and I aims to carry it out.' Then he got up and began throwin' chairs and things at me . . . Finally, I gits so mad that I ups and lets him have it with this old sword . . . And, by Gawd, no jury in the country is a-goin' ter convict me fer a self-defense killin'!"

The mortician entered and removed the body. Sarah Stoddard was led back to the parsonage. She was weeping, now—whether from remorse or anger one could only guess.

"Do you think she'll come clear?" asked the coroner.

"Yeah," muttered the sheriff, "she was telling the truth about the self-defense."

"But what will she do now? Keep on living in Falcon? She hasn't got any people here."

"Yeah, she'll stay here. She'll take his place in the pulpit. She used to preach before he married her and since then she's never given up hope of standing before a flock of followers. Ought to make a right good preacher, too."

## Nostalgia

People who build their houses by the shore  
So they can hear the pounding of the sea,  
Do they hold the grandeur of the mountains,  
In fee?

When they hear the spanking of the waves  
Against the fastness of the harbor's head,  
Do they seek the silence of the mountains,  
Instead?

As they walk along the yellow sands  
Watching the wild blue gulls so far from shore,  
Do they not long to hear the songs of birds  
Once more?

What has the sea's green insolence to give  
To those whose eyes turn from the beaded foam  
To steadfast beauty of gray mountain heights  
At home?

—JOSEPHINE NIGGLI.

## The Editor's Opinion

**Between the Devil and the Deep** "If the CAROLINA MAGAZINE is made up almost entirely of articles," a discerning friend told us the other day, "the students will look through it without reading the articles and will say it is a good magazine. On the other hand, if you print a lot of short stories, they'll read the short stories and won't like them and they'll say it's a terrible magazine."

Which puts us between the devil and the deep. Damned if we do and condemned if we don't.

The choice as put before us is a hard one: whether to put out a book which the readers don't read but call good, or one which they do read but call lousy. As we see it, it is more important that the magazine be read than that it be praised. If both ends can be achieved, that would indeed be a miracle.

So we're printing both articles and short stories, in hope that some of the articles will be not only commended but read and some of the short stories not only read but liked.

**Football and Honor** Most unjustly Dr. Frank Graham has been criticized both in print and in voice for dismissing John Sniscak from the University for falsifying his football eligibility. Boiled down, the argument of the carpers seems to be about as follows: Dr. Graham is a good fellow but he is too idealistic. Now this idea of keeping football clean is swell if you can also clean up the football teams of other universities. But if we are going to make our team pure as Simon and the other schools keep their ringers, it is obvious that the other teams will beat us regularly and the University will go to hell.

This is the age-long reasoning, or rationalization, of the person in wrong: that there is no sense in trying to be better than others; if the other fellow does it, why shouldn't I? Thus Mussolini excuses his taking of Ethiopia by pointing to Japan's rape of Manchuria, to the wresting of America from the Indians, and by asking how Great Britain got her colonies.

Suppose that your city government is corrupt. Which is preferable: to condone it by saying that there are other city governments that are even more corrupt, or to try to get at the source of

the corruption and eliminate it?

Collegiate football is in a hot spot. Cries of professionalism are heard on all sides, and fears are expressed that it will turn into a business or racket rather than a sport. If it is to hold its present place the reason for these fears must be eliminated. Dr. Graham acted not only to enforce Carolina's honor system but to preserve in college football the amateur spirit which is necessary for its survival.

The little man can always ease his conscience by finding someone who likewise is in the wrong. The great man steps in where others fear to tread; and the others usually follow.

**Slander on the South** Outside the New York theatre where for nigh onto two years *Tobacco*

*Road* has been picturing to the delight of playgoers the squalid life we-all Southerners live, an editorial from the esteemed *Daily News* is reprinted in large letters. This tabloid enthuses over *Tobacco Road*, not so much for its amusing (and usually vulgar) lines as because it is typical of the South. This play is true to life and not exaggerated, according to the authoritative *News* reviewer, who has probably never ventured across Mason and Dixon's line. The editorial goes so far as to declare that the members of the depraved Lester family are no worse than 1,500,000 other Southerners.

As a humorous play about several odd characters of the imagination, *Tobacco Road* is a thoroughly enjoyable production. But when it pretends to be realistic, when it claims to be a true and typical portrayal of life in the South, then it ceases to be a play and becomes slander pure and simple. In writing *Tobacco Road* Erskine Caldwell gathered together all the queer, half-witted people he could think of, collected all the incidents that he had heard (or that he could imagine) about such people, selected of these the most sensational, and wrote a novel, which was later adapted into a play. But the New Yorkers, eager to believe that the South is still a backwoods peopled largely by degenerate, illiterate, and in most cases illegitimate primitives, chose to view the play as realistic.

*Tobacco Road* is an amusing presentation of some most unusual characters. But for the South's sake, Mr. Caldwell, and for your own sake when you come to judgment, don't pretend that it is more than that.



# Tapioca's Going Higher

## Swain Hall Takes a Vacation

By NICK READ and DON MCKEE

(Editor's Note: At the beginning of college this fall the president of the student body appointed a committee of three to investigate the student boarding situation and the advisability of reopening Swain Hall. The authors of this article and George MacFarland served on this committee, and the facts presented here are drawn from the 16-page report of the findings of their investigation.)

STUDENTS returned to Chapel Hill this fall to find that during the summer, when life in the South usually moves lethargically, if it moves at all, all sorts of things had happened in the quiet little town. They found that the curriculum had been altered and that the engineering school was definitely on the move to Raleigh, but they had been forewarned of these changes. That the dormitories were being fixed up and the fraternity houses were preening themselves for the coming rushing season was to be expected, and the smell of fresh paint seemed only natural. But there was a familiar smell of former years that was lacking and a familiar sound no longer heard on a certain corner of the campus.

No smell of beans, no sound of rattling dishes and crashing tin pans, no sign of life emanated from Swain hall. At first students were incredulous. Then, as the realization dawned upon them that good old "Swine hall," which they had so often disparaged, was definitely closed, their skepticism gave way to indignation. Complaints and inquiries came from all sides. Obie Harmon sat at his managerial desk underneath the silent kitchen inhaling cigarettes and explaining in his gruff, friendly way between blasts of smoke that Swain hall was definitely not open and that for all he knew was not going to open any time soon.

After a while the student body accepted Swain's closure as a nice surprise from the administration effected for their good, and they decided that paying \$30 to \$60 more a year for board in town did not really matter after all. But there are a few boys at Carolina who don't feel this way about it—boys who came to Chapel Hill expecting to get by on \$20 a month board, boys who are working long hours each day to give themselves an education and to whom an additional \$30 a year means more than merely purchasing a 3-cent

stamp to write home for more cash. But you don't hear much about these fellows. They are not the kind who lead demonstrations, and as long as these fellows don't raise a row and no one dies of starvation and the football team is fed, what difference does it make whether we have a college commons?

### BOARD PRICES SHOOT UP

That Carolina students, deprived of the benefit of the University dining hall, have to pay more for their board since Swain Hall closed is sad but true. With the barring of Swain Hall's doors, soaring board costs have been general throughout Chapel Hill.

The average rate students have to pay this fall in the 14 local boarding houses serving over 15 students regularly is \$24.57 per month. This is \$4.57 above Swain Hall's \$20 rate and \$2.53 over that charged by the 12 of these 14 concerns which were open last year. The seven of these boarding houses serving over 50 students show a much higher increase, however. Last year these seven larger establishments averaged \$20.93 per month, which soared to \$24.64 this fall, an increase of \$3.71. The five biggest boarding houses in town have increased board from \$20 last year to \$25 this fall, a 25 per cent rise. In the group of smaller boarding houses serving under 50 students the rise in board is less pronounced, since last year their prices were already comparatively high, averaging \$23.60. Two of the establishments in this latter group were not open last year; two kept their rates the same; and three raised their prices \$2.50, \$1.50, and \$2.00. The higher prices charged in the local boarding houses are important, because they affect approximately 30 per cent of the student body.

With cafeterias and restaurants it is more difficult to determine present board rates since most of the Franklin Street places operate on a meal ticket basis and the cost of board under this system varies with the individual's pocketbook and appetite. The managers of the cafeterias and restaurants on Franklin Street estimate that board for the average student runs from \$24 to \$28 a month for three meals a day. This, of

course, is \$4 to \$8 more than a student paid at Swain Hall. These prices are about the same as last year, but change has come about in the quality and quantity of food offered. Many Franklin Street establishments are serving smaller helpings and a poorer grade of food this year.

About 13 or 14 per cent of the student body eat at fraternity dining rooms. Fraternity men have not been affected to any great extent by the closing of Swain Hall, since they have the money to pay for eating privately with their Greek brothers. In past years board at fraternity dining halls has always been about \$5 higher than Swain, but this year it averages \$27.11, which is \$1.42 more than last year's average.

There are three local eating places at the present time connected with the University administration. Last year board at the Graduate Club started at \$22.50, but soon climbed to \$25. This year the 55-odd graduate students living in the club are still paying \$25. The Spencer Hall dining room which is feeding 100 co-eds (about 25 above normal capacity) charges the same as last year, \$23 for four weeks. The Carolina Inn Cafeteria, which was recently taken over by the University, sells six books of meal tickets for \$28, estimated to last the average student a month.

#### WHY BOARD HERE IS HIGHER

The rise in board costs here this fall may be attributed to the absence of a college-operated dining hall adequate to take care of student needs. The shut-down of the University's campus commons has thrown the student body almost entirely at the mercy of local commercial eating concerns, establishments which are not organized to feed students at minimum cost. Although higher prices for food produce this fall have played a part in raising board costs, the basic reason why students now have to pay more for their meals is due to three fundamental and inherent weaknesses in the local boarding house and restaurant system which prevent low board rates being charged.

First of all, commercial eating establishments are inadequate, from the student's viewpoint, because they exist primarily to make a profit. The dominant purpose of these concerns is to make money, and the motive of the students' financial and individual welfare is secondary. It is only natural that such establishments should take advantage of the shut down of Swain Hall and charge prices far above Swain Hall's board-leveling rate of \$20.

A second reason why the commercial boarding house and restaurant system is inadequate for feeding a student body is that the majority of these concerns do not have the volume of regular customers nor the mass cooking devices necessary to cut board rates down to a minimum. Most of the eating plants do not have adequate storage space for large bulks of wholesale produce, even if they had the volume of boarders necessary to buy in large quantities. Nor do they have the adequate kitchen equipment or refrigeration facilities to prepare and preserve food at the most economical cost, as would a campus dining hall operated on a large scale.

The third principal drawback in the boarding house and restaurant system is that these establishments in purchasing food cannot get the low prices that a University operated dining hall can obtain. For this reason, with the general rise in food prices, these commercial eating concerns are either forced to charge more for board or serve a lower grade of food.

Many of Chapel Hill's commercial eating places depend very little on wholesale buying. Five of the seven boarding houses in the group feeding 50 or more students buy both retail and wholesale produce, in equal proportions when taken on the average. Two buy entirely retail. Those eating concerns in town that do buy wholesale cannot have access to the low wholesale prices that a dining hall of the state University can obtain from the State Purchasing Department and similar wholesale agencies.

The majority of the boarding houses serving less than 50 students rely to a very great extent upon retail purchasing. Such boarding houses are prey to sales taxes, every prevailing change in the cost of food, and the whims of the local retailers. Consequently they are unable to offer board as cheaply as a college commons like Swain Hall which buys all supplies wholesale. With the recent rise in food costs, retail prices have soared far above their 1934 level; and the boarding house relying on retail buying has been drastically affected. A study of Chapel Hill retail prices this fall as compared with those September a year ago reveals that while the prices of canned fruits and vegetables have remained practically stable, fresh vegetables have soared from 20 to 25 per cent and meats 17 to 100 per cent. The point to be made from the rise in these retail prices is that any system of boarding students which has to rely on such retail purchasing is inherently weak.



A comparison of local retail food prices with the corresponding wholesale rates on the same produce that would be available to Swain Hall this year distinctly shows the advantage a University operated dining hall, an institution of the state, has over the smaller commercial establishments of the town. While retail meat prices this fall have risen 17 to 100 per cent since September, 1934, the rates on the same meat products that would be available to Swain hall have risen but from 13 to 21 per cent. And while retail prices for canned fruits and vegetables have remained practically stationary, the prices Swain Hall would pay for the same goods would actually be 4 to 27 per cent *less* this fall than September, 1934. Is it any wonder local board rates are higher?

#### COMPARISONS WITH STATE AND WOMAN'S COLLEGE

Students at other units of the Greater University now pay lower board rates than do students at Chapel Hill, chiefly because the State and Woman's College students have access to campus dining halls, operated by the administration on large scale to provide students board at minimum cost.

Until 1927 State College used to require all students to eat in Bull Hall, the student commons where food was served family style by waiters. When the students, disliking the family style of eating, rebelled against being required to eat in Bull Hall, the administration repealed its ruling and installed a small and attractive cafeteria in the basement of the dining hall to take care of those who disliked eating in the commons upstairs. To this cafeteria the students flocked. Filled regularly far above capacity, it would not hold everyone who wanted to dine there. So popular was the cafeteria system that this fall the administration remodeled one of the rooms of Bull Hall and installed a new up-to-date cafeteria capable of feeding the entire student body.

Many State students still eat in the other room of the Bull Hall commons where food is served family style for \$18 a month, which is \$1 higher than last year. In the new choice cafeteria in the other wing of Bull Hall the manager estimates board will average \$20 a month for most students. The small cafeteria in the basement will operate this year on a "flat rate" basis, charging \$18 for three meals a day.

The Woman's College dining hall likewise used to serve meals family style, but from student protests was forced to change to a modified cafe-

teria. Because of the unpopularity of the family style system with the students, the administration five years ago began serving breakfasts cafeteria style. So popular was this project that two years later lunch was also put on a cafeteria basis. Now dinner is the only meal served family style. All dormitory residents are required to eat in the dining hall and pay at registration a board fee of \$145 for the school year, or \$16.11 a month.

The logical question which arises after viewing the boarding situations at Raleigh and Greensboro is: How can State and the Woman's College serve food at such cheap rates and operate successfully when Swain charged more and lost money? A number of factors are to be considered in answering this question.

First of all, the State and Woman's College dining halls take steps to insure a large volume of regular customers throughout the year. At Greensboro all women living on the campus (about 1300) are required to eat at the college dining hall. The Raleigh unit has found funds to make revisions and rehabilitate its dining hall; and, by giving the students attractive eating quarters where they may choose their own food, the administration has drawn 70 per cent of the student body to the campus eating hall. The State unit has installed cafeterias and equipment to serve the best food at lowest possible cost and thus have served a death blow to the competition of large commercial boarding houses around the campus. The University at Chapel Hill, however, has neither found the money to make Swain Hall more attractive to the students nor has it laid down any requirements to make students patronize the hall. Swain can accommodate 700 students. About 667 began eating there September, 1934; there were only 300 left by spring. Students do not like smoked walls that look like the inside of a roundhouse, or shades which one might think had been soaked in the muddy waters of New Hope creek and hung up to dry. And they don't like grits which come in a solid lump with a glazed surface on the bottom when they are lifted out of the serving dish half an hour after they were put on the table. But when you are eating family style and are half an hour late for breakfast, grits will get cold.

The matter of credit must also be considered. At the Greensboro unit and at State College 100 per cent collections on all student board fees are insured the dining halls by the business offices at these schools. At the Woman's College the

student must pay for a whole year in advance. The business offices there and at State pay the dining halls the full amount due from students for their board and take the responsibility of making the collections from the boarders. At Chapel Hill the situation is entirely different. The manager of Swain Hall has had to do his own collecting. The administration, moreover, has encouraged Swain to extend credit to University organizations and to students who might otherwise drop out of school. During the bank holiday at the height of the depression the administration ordered that every student who applied, should be allowed credit. At times collecting has been difficult, as FERA checks presented by students at the business office to pay bills have been used first to pay tuition, room rent, and other fees, and last for board at Swain Hall.

But for the uncollected accounts of the past three years, Swain Hall would have shown large profits during this time instead of discouraging losses. With Swain closed, \$18,329.41 in old uncollected accounts—an accumulation of the past 10 years—was transferred this fall to the office of the director of loan funds for collection; and since the depression year, 1932, accounts receivable have jumped 100 per cent. If Swain Hall *last year* could have collected its accounts it would have shown a net profit of \$1,624 instead of a loss of \$2,761.

Refunds is another item which puts Swain Hall in a more difficult position than the dining halls of the other units of the Greater University. Woman's College and State College give no refunds to students leaving college over the week-end or for a few days. Last year Swain gave \$5,000 worth of refunds in credits and cash. One week-end alone 300 refunds were made.

Another important factor reducing the expenses of the dining halls at the Greensboro and Raleigh units is the first-class equipment at these places. In electric and gas equipment alone the Woman's College and State dining hall plants have more money than Swain Hall has in all its kitchen equipment put together. The State College dining plant is a veritable food factory, with its string of cold storage rooms, its bakery, its butcher shop, its electric meat saws, vegetable peelers, core extractors, slicers, its huge aluminum steaming vessels, and colossal gas stoves. The Woman's College commons, too, is a model of mechanized efficiency.

Is it difficult to see why Swain, with its out-

moded, outworn, meagre equipment has a higher comparative overhead? Swain's overhead is further increased disproportionately by the minimum wages it must pay Negro help. The minimum wage for Negroes at the State dining hall is \$7 per week, although certain of the colored chefs receive as much as \$90 a month. At the Woman's College the minimum is \$8.15. At Swain it is \$10.73.

Swain's overhead is further thrown out of line by the method of employment and number of self-help students used in the hall. At the Woman's College the dining room employs 56 regular girls who work 4 to 4½ hours for their meals. In addition to this, the hall has 24 government-paid students working in it. At State the self-help students are paid in cash only 18 cents an hour and have to buy their own meals from this. At Swain the self-help boys work only an hour for each meal.

Added expenses for Swain have been the water and light bills which are paid, like everything else, out of the student board fees. A year ago the hall was charged \$.0350 per kilowatt to run its electric motors, while the other units of the Greater University paid about half this amount. Until a year ago, State College never had an electric, water, or steam meter on its dining hall. The Woman's College pays for the fuel and light used by the dining hall out of a special \$30 fee charged students who live on the campus for the college's fuel and light.

#### RECOMMENDATIONS

As has been brought out in the preceding part of this article, board costs in the commercial eating concerns that are now feeding the bulk of the University student body are higher this year than last, and Carolina students have to pay considerably more for board than do students at the other units of the Greater University. Now private boarding houses have a right to charge whatever they like; the students cannot force them to lower their rates. But the University administration is making a serious blunder when it puts the student body at the mercy of commercial eating establishments which are not able to feed students at minimum cost. It is the duty of the University administration to protect the welfare of its students and insure them board at low cost in accordance with the University's policy of keeping student expenses as low as possible.

There are a number of reasons why it is essential that Carolina have a University-operated com-



mons: (1) Only a dining hall operated on a large scale can keep board rates down to a minimum; (2) control of rates students pay for board should be in the hands of the administration so that prospective and regular students may be assured a minimum board cost for the year; (3) such a student dining hall could lower prices at Spencer Hall and the Graduate Club by selling to these establishments produce at cost; (4) proper sanitary conditions and more wholesome food may be guaranteed the student body at a modern college commons; (5) such a student dining hall would provide a rallying center for smokers and banquets, a need that is deeply felt by University organizations at present; (6) a University dining hall would offer places for additional self-help students who might otherwise drop out of the University, and it would safeguard the working conditions of these self-help students.

Swain Hall, when it was open, operated to fulfill all these student needs; yet it failed to attract the student body. The reason is obvious. The dismal and deteriorated physical plant of Swain Hall with its unpopular family style of serving food, was the last place students who had money to eat elsewhere would take their meals. A student dining hall is necessary, but it would be folly to reopen Swain Hall under the same conditions under which it operated last year. Swain Hall must be completely rehabilitated, and the system of serving food in all probability changed, if the old dining hall is to fulfill the present needs of the student body.

It is also recommended that the system of serving family style be abandoned and the cafeteria system be installed. There are numerous advantages to the cafeteria system: (1) A cafeteria meets the demands of the individual student's pocket book; a student can pay as much for his board as he can afford and still get an adequate meal. (2) A cafeteria meets the demands of the varied likes and dislikes and appetites of the individual students; food can be served on a flat rate basis and a pure choice basis at the same cafeteria. (3) At a cafeteria students will not be required to eat within a specified half-hour to get hot food. (4) Students who wish to leave town are not charged for their meals; they eat at the cafeteria whenever they please. (5) A cafeteria diminishes the amount of food wasted, since the problem of having large quantities of food left over on the tables when feeding family style disappears. According to the manager of the State

College dining hall, it takes much less to run a cafeteria than a commons where food is on a family style basis. (7) A dining hall can accommodate more students on a cafeteria basis.

It must not be said that the administration has not considered the plan of installing a cafeteria in Swain Hall. During the past summer applications were filed for federal aid to carry out this project and to rehabilitate the entire dining hall. The sum asked for was \$58,288. Had not a disagreement arisen between Mr. Ickes and Mr. Hopkins in Washington the improvements might even now be under way. After the refusal of the government to help, however, the administration has despaired, it seems, of obtaining funds from any other source.

From interviews with University officials it was learned that a good cafeteria may be installed in Swain Hall and adequate repairs made for one-third of the maximum sum asked from the government. The same group of officials who worked out the estimation of \$58,288 to completely rehabilitate Swain and install a cafeteria set the final minimum figure for putting in the cafeteria and fixing up the building at \$16,000.

For \$18,000 State College is installing its new cafeteria, reconditioning its dining hall, and adding to its kitchen equipment. Of this amount \$14,000 came from the state budget bureau.

Although it is to be hoped that more than \$16,000, the minimum amount, can be spent on rehabilitating Swain, yet this small expenditure would be enough to assure Swain a profitable volume next year. However, for Swain to increase this volume, to grow, and to become a healthy unit in the Chapel Hill branch of the Greater University, some of its profits must be reinvested in the plant.

If the administration thinks that Swain Hall is a bad investment let it remember that up until three years ago Swain Hall made money for the University. If it thinks an investment will continue to make money when the principal is allowed to waste away, let it make an inspection tour of the dark, damp, deserted building on the corner of Columbia Street and Cameron Avenue.

If the students want a college commons, they won't get it by keeping a reticent silence. Just as a piston will not turn a wheel unless there is sufficient steam pressure in the cylinder, so the administration will not take drastic action unless there is pressure from the students.

# One Man and Three Corpses

## Death Rides the Highway

By WILLIAM D. POE

(A purposely nauseating description of automobile accidents, "—And Sudden Death," was written for the August *Reader's Digest* by J. C. Furnas. Furnas, realizing that the reader is not impressed by cold facts and statistics, felt the need of writing which would not gloss over the horrible details, which would transfer to the reader the groans of the injured, the sight of twisted bodies, the smell of blood. The resulting article, based on actual happenings, was gripping and unforgettable. Reading it should clip five to ten miles an hour from any speeder's driving rate. Many reprints of the article have been distributed, and some newspapers have taken up the fight.

It is in furtherance of this attack on suicide drivers that we print the following eye-witness account of an accident which happened on the three-lane Baltimore-Washington highway just after the Carolina-Maryland game.—*The Editor.*)

THE CASUAL, matter-of-fact way in which the morning's newspaper handled the accident shocked me. It was so inexplicably curt, so utterly incomplete. You know the sort of story; you see it every day in the papers—So-and-so were killed on such-and-such a highway, then brief statements as to when it happened, who was driving, who is in a critical condition, whom the dead are survived by—in other words, the cold facts in the case minus the blood.

But I saw the wreck. I got some of the blood on me, and I can't blandly forget that part of the story as the reporter did. Not that I blame the reporter—no doubt he handled the case as he had been instructed. Even if he had given a true picture of what happened, the story would have gotten no farther than the city editor's desk; for an account of able-bodied men and women being turned into groveling, senseless, distorted pieces of flesh in a minute's time is not easily digested with one's breakfast.

\* \* \* \*

Our laughter was cut off sharply by the wild, screaming protest of whirling tires braked desperately against concrete. In a flash we realized, as the drivers of the two cars must also have done, that a fearful accident was inevitable, that they were powerless to avert it.

Then the dull, decisive thud as the two machines hurtled together, followed immediately by the sharp, deadly sound of cracking glass as a man plunged through the windshield, his body bent

fantastically double, and landed with a sickening crunch of bones as he struck the pavement. Without him the car went on its crazy, zig-zag course and lurched over on its side in the ditch, its motor still turning over. We cut sharply to the right and hit the rear bumper of the other car as we ran off the road.

I looked through the rear window. Fifty feet behind us in the middle of the road lay the limp form of the man who had gone through the windshield. Speeding cars were coming within two feet of him. We jumped from the car and ran towards him.



Lying there senseless, he was a pathetic sight, with his nose smashed flat against his raw face. His head had been battered almost to a pulp when it crashed against the windshield. The flaccid, loose feel of his body and its sag as we picked him up told the story of bones smashed beyond repair. But the slow trickle of blood from his mouth was far more foreboding, indicating badly ruptured internal organs.

A second bit of humanity was found lying flat on his face fifteen feet from the scene of the accident, where he had been flung by the sheer force of the collision. He was moaning horribly.

But these two were really lucky compared to



the poor devil found trying to crawl out from under the mass of wreckage. He was merely a squirming, horribly battered piece of flesh with a quarter-inch gash in his skull that made a grotesque part straight through the middle of his hair. Yellowish brains oozed out of the crack. Somehow he was still hanging on to life.

By this time some ten or twelve people were crowded around. Not one of them made a move to help us. Our car had been damaged in the wreck and refused to start. We tried to get a car in which to put the dying men that they might be rushed to a hospital, but none of the men standing around would volunteer their service. Enraged, we managed by screaming and cursing to stop a passing driver, and as gently as possible thrust one of the injured men onto the back seat. By hopping directly in front of a slowly moving car and waving our arms frantically, we commandeered it for use as another ambulance. A truck driver took up the third victim. It was necessary for him to turn around to head for the hospital, and the heavy traffic made him lose precious minutes.

For fully five minutes after the wreck, a girl who was riding in one of the cars but who was not seriously injured, shrieked and screamed at the top of her voice, adding to the general confusion. She insisted on getting in the back seat with one of the bodies going to the hospital. Though she did not know it, there was no life in the body.

Someone looking around had discovered another almost-man which we had not seen. He was lying in the ditch some twenty feet back of the car. Strangely enough, he was still conscious. Although blood was seeping from his mouth, he did not appear to be seriously injured. We asked

him if he were hurt badly, but he didn't seem to think so. We lifted him up and supported him under each arm.

Suddenly he collapsed. I felt for his heartbeat but could find no movement. We put him in a car, hoping that our fears were mistaken.

\* \* \* \*

It didn't take long to clear up the debris from the wreck. The human beings (or what had been human beings), it took some ten or fifteen minutes to gather up and dispatch to the hospital, or morgue; a few minutes later the wrecks of the cars were removed. Of course everybody hung around awhile to tell late comers just how it happened; to point out where the two cars ran together; to relate the last mumbled, incoherent sounds of the dying men. But soon, when the audience tired of these accounts, the highway was once more cleared for action. Only a brownish pool of blood was left as mute evidence that here strong, vigorous men had been transformed into horribly battered corpses.

The futility of it all was depressing. In ten minutes three men had met death; surely for such tragedy there should be some compensating benefit derived, some lesson learned.

But as soon as the wreckage was removed, cars again began to whiz by at 65, 70, 75 miles an hour, unknowing of what had happened a short time before. And not two hours later one of them plunged over an embankment just a half mile above the scene of the first accident.

They say that man ranks higher than the other animals because he profits from the experiences of his fellows. But this saying is a bitter joke when you try to apply it to Man Behind a Steering Wheel.

## Observations on the Reds

By ELLEN DEPPE

*On Surveying the Radicals of Yesterday*  
Youthful twenties are very Red—  
They prate of revolution.  
At forty they're dead,  
Or crazy, or wed:—  
Some call it Evolution.

*Campus Sophisticates*  
Smirking young cavaliers  
Flip brittle words about;  
But only succeed in amusing  
The conservatives they flout.

# Mike Takes in Higher Education

## How College Looks to a Tramp

By PETE IVEY

MIKE jumped lightly up on the mantelpiece and kicked Big Ernest's teeth down his throat. That was Mike. Never afraid of anybody, no matter how big they were.

Big Ernest, who was six and a half feet tall, had been shoving Mike around; and Mike, despite his 150 pounds, was not one to be pushed about. Hence his action in vaulting to the mantel and placing his right foot into Big Ernest's mouth.

Riding in a freight car Mike thought the whole situation over. It wouldn't be to his advantage to be present when Big Ernest woke up and found his teeth gone. "I'll make myself skase for a while," said Mike. He lay on his back and the wheels of the freight car under him over and over seemed to say, "Where's my teeth? I'll git that Mike!" Mike slept.

When Mike awoke he felt someone kicking him in the back. He sat up and said, "Aw right, aw right, I'm gittin' off."

The place where they put Mike off puzzled the hobo. "Lotsa big buildings and a little two-by-four town," he said to himself. But it didn't take Mike long to learn that he was in a University town and the buildings were mostly for classes and dormitories. Drinking a cup of coffee on a counter stool he saw an anemic-looking boy come in, take a seat in a booth, and order tomato juice. Another boy of sallow appearance and in need of a haircut entered and joined the young man in the booth. They talked in low tones for several moments, and then one of them turned to Mike.

"Are you from Thompson?" he asked.

Mike wasn't going to answer any questions, especially of suspicious characters like these two. He didn't reply for a moment. The bushy-haired young man's face lightened. "You needn't be afraid to talk here," he said; "George's O. K."

Mike thought for a moment. "Yeh, I'm from Thompson," he said furtively.

"Have a seat here," said the anemic young man.

"The meeting is tonight," said the first student. "Are you ready to carry out the plan?"

"Sure," said Mike, rubbing his bewhiskered chin. "What am I supposed to do?"

"All you have to do," said the anemic boy, "is go into the trustees' meeting and yell, 'Down with capitalism and war!'"

"What'll they do?" asked Mike.

"Nothing. We just want to show them that the Student's Uprising League has good, substantial backing."

### II

Mike felt better after his shave. He felt at peace among the trees, and with the green rolling campus about him he forgot his worries. "Eddication," said Mike, "these folks got eddication." Mike had heard about education and colleges before but his only connection with an institution of learning had been the time he was brought before the juvenile court judge for breaking a window in a graded school.

In Mike's slow mind there gradually developed a resolution. "I'll hang around here," he said to himself, "and get some eddication free."

A bell rang out in the structure in front of Mike. A minute later droves of young men and women were milling around him. Mike seated himself on a bench. Suddenly he saw a boy with a red tassel around his head squat several times and rise, cooing loudly, "Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo." Another gaudily attired boy got down on hands and knees and shouted, "Praise Allah, umph!" several times. Still another student rolled an old automobile tire in front of him, yelling with glee. "I wonder what kind of college this is," said Mike.

A man about 50 years old approached Mike. The man's clothes looked damp and seedy and his face was haggard. "Mind if I sit here?" he asked Mike.

"Suit yerself," said Mike.

"How do you like our campus?" asked the man. "You're a visitor here, aren't you?"

"Yeah," said Mike. "What do you do here—janit?"

"Janit?"

"What do you do here?"

"Why, I am Professor Milche."

"You tryin' to kid me," said Mike. "You don't look like no professor in them clothes."

"How does a professor look?" asked the man.



"A professor don't wear clothes like that," said Mike.

"That's where you are wrong, my good man," said Prof. Milche. "In these times a professor is lucky to be wearing anything at all. You see before you now the best-dressed instructor in the University."

### III

Mike slipped into the football game by climbing the fence while the guard was chasing a small boy. He seated himself in the student's section. When a bunch of men in black sweaters ran out on the field Mike was astounded by the screams that went up around him. He jumped from his seat and assumed a fighting stance, but nobody noticed him. He sat down again.

All during the game as someone was knocked down, or out, or ran away from the other players on the field, the same noise broke loose.

Mike left the game with a terrific headache. He slept the next two nights on a mat in the gymnasium. Monday morning, walking down a path, he saw the long-haired student of the restaurant

coming toward him. Mike jumped behind a tree and waited until the student had passed. He wondered how the trustees' meeting progressed.

Following a group of students into a building, Mike entered a classroom and found a vacant seat on the back row. He slumped back so that no one would notice him.

The professor entered and the class began. The teacher read from a paper. He read from another paper and then he opened a book and read. Then, looking at the ceiling, the professor droned a lot of words Mike didn't comprehend. The students dropped their heads and Mike observed that the boys on either side of him were asleep.

\* \* \* \*

Mike caught the freight train that night and left the University town. He explained the whole thing later when a bunch of the boys were shooting pocket billiards.

"And believe me," said Mike, "I rather live in this town with six cracked ribs than in another one o' those colleges."

## North Carolina Militates Against War

### Colleges Organize for Peace

*By* MAC SMITH

UNEASY, jangled, sincerely worried, the group of college students that had gathered at Duke two Sundays ago to mass collegiate peace forces neared the end of the day's work. Already the time for the last scheduled address had passed and still the disconcerted group sat in the second floor Duke classroom, wrangling over a matter on the blackboard.

A final show of hands and the one hundred and fifteen Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. leaders that had come from nine North Carolina colleges filed out of the room in which they had just adopted a decisive program of peace action to be energetically followed by college and university students all over the state.

They had ignited a state peace-emphasis program which will, if carried out with the intentness displayed by the group, place North Carolina, along with the rest of the South, in the year's most definite anti-war campaign.

### II

Now the matter on the blackboard which had

caused so much stir, and, as a result, all the definite action by the conference, was a list of five resolutions presented by the Chapel Hill delegation for the conference's consideration. All five were adopted, and they form the basis for the peace movement.

First, the "Y" leaders at the Duke assembly agreed to set-up on their respective campuses a Campus Committee composed of representatives from every campus organization. With this committee directing the anti-war drive, all regular channels of campus activity will be used toward securing unanimous sentiment for peace on the campus and as far off it as the college influence can be made to reach. The first effort of the Campus Committee will be to stage some form of anti-war activity, on November 11th.

Secondly, the conference urged the adoption of a Federal embargo on all exports, credits, and loans whatsoever to belligerents. Group recommendations to this effect will be sent to political figures in Congress and in the state organizations,

and each delegation will on its campus urge local clubs and leaders to communicate with the same set of political "key men."

Thirdly, the Campus Committee at each college will devise means of spreading the sentiment for peace through the state. Speakers to Rotary Clubs, Woman's Clubs, workers' meetings, etc., might be sent out. After all, it was shown, the college student body is only a small minority of the eligible fighting youth, and even if it should solidly stand against war its influence might be weak. Eighty per cent of the men in the conscriptive age limit have never finished high school, declared Phillips Russell, who was presenting the five-point resolution program to the conference.

Fourthly, recommendations, as in the case of the embargo, will be sent out to political leaders that the proposed Nye-Kvale amendment to the National Defense Act be passed. Such action would eliminate compulsion from the R. O. T. C. requirements in our land grant schools. Delegates from State College said that R. O. T. C. at Raleigh was not absolutely necessary but because of pressure most of the students took it. Their vote on this fourth resolution was split, but the conference vote by a large majority was in favor of the Nye-Kvale amendment.

And for the last point, the 115 students solemnly pledged themselves not to fight any war outside their borders. Such an oath, even at that, is not as comprehensive as the Oxford pledge that is being urged on the youth of the world which declares that the person taking the pledge shall never fight at all. Much discussion on the technicality of "border" and "defensive war" started to spring up, but a hurried vote by the already tired group stifled further turmoil and possible defeat of the resolution.

### III

At Blue Ridge last June where ten Southern states were represented by their Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. delegates, Douglas Corriher of the Duke "Y" suggested something the idea of which soon spread throughout the entire Blue Ridge Conference. And it is largely an outgrowth of that suggestion that the South is this fall entering so enthusiastically on this "definite" peace program.

Corriher wanted the North Carolina representation at Blue Ridge to adopt peace as the objec-

tive for the school year 1935-6, but by the time the idea had completely simmered down, it was decided "that North Carolina 'Y's' take the subject of peace for their major emphasis" during the year.

Two days before the close of the conference, Doug presented the North Carolina resolution to the entire assembly. With approval, the 300 students heard the action of North Carolina. It was the most tangible result of Blue Ridge. Before the end of the conference, six other southern states, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky, Georgia, and Alabama, had adopted similar resolutions. Corriher was elected regional chairman for the entire district, since North Carolina had originated the peace-emphasis drive.

Executive bodies of the two student Christian associations, meeting later in the summer at King's Mountain, sanctioned the action at Blue Ridge and since that time development of the drive into a more clear-cut, aggressive movement has been marked.

The general program for the Southern movement will be adjusted in each case according to the needs of the individual state committees, but over the whole region consideration will be given to world relations today and their significance, the idea of an adequate American neutrality policy, a study of war profiteering, and the mapping out of definite specifications for an international peace structure.

Speaking broadly, the effort of the movement will be toward establishing the collegiate youth as a leavening influence to spread the sentiment for peace throughout the rest of the world. Corriher's drive will attempt to give students something definite to work with, mass meetings, speakers, seminars, demonstrations, intelligent facts and information, and the like.

The regional service committee will act as a clearing house for the Southern movement and will furnish, besides specific information about the movement, materials in general about peace and war and the method of peace-action in particular. State committees on a similar scale will be set up to work as state clearing houses.

Culminating the summer's planning, the action of the Duke conference, which was a cross-section of all the Christian associations in the state meeting as the state "Y" cabinet, really started the ball a-rolling . . . at least for North Carolina, who originated the idea and who at this stage in the



game, if the attitude of the Duke conference can be relied upon, is not be-shadowed by any of the other Southern states who have joined the movement so avidly.

#### IV

Now, the significance of the program adopted by the Duke conference lies in the fact that the action will be taken by all the campus organizations. Regular channels of student action will be enlisted in the movement. The Y. M. C. A. at Carolina, for example, is not to do this crusading here at the University alone.

Joe Barnett and his Foreign Policy League are behind the drive wholeheartedly. The Di and Phi might condescend, say their leaders, to join in discussion of the peace problem. Amphoterothen, the Cosmopolitan Club, Political Union, and the debate council possibly will join the parade.

But, at least, representatives from all these and the remainder of the campus groups will make up the Campus Committee to steer the whole local movement.

Geneva Delegate Phil Russell will act as chairman of the Campus Committee which will work out the movement endeavors at Carolina.

A standard work of the committee will have to do with keeping up-to-date the huge peace bulletin board that will be erected on the campus to carry items of the movement's progress and of the international outlook. Already, the Y. M. C. A. has secured from the War Department a very comprehensive, large scale map of the territory involved in the Italian-Ethiopian controversy which will be posted soon. So valuable is this map that the War Department has taken pains to investigate its use on the campus here.

According to General "Y" Secretary Harry

Comer, plans have been laid out for a series of nationally known speakers who will appear at the University at intervals during the year.

First on the list of guests is Reinhold Niebuhr who will come down Sunday, November 10, for a speech in the morning, a forum in the afternoon, and another address at night. A powerful orator, Niebuhr is one of the most popular speakers and discussion leaders in the world today. His appearance will immediately precede Armistice Day anti-war demonstrations which will be carried on over the state in a score of other colleges, as well as at Chapel Hill.

Kirby Page, popular writer, speaker, and thinker, and Ralph Harlow of Smith College are both on the "Y's" schedule of peace speakers, but exact dates have not been set. There is a possibility that North Dakota's Senator Gerald P. Nye will be asked to return to Carolina for one of these address programs. Last winter, his talk on munitions, war profiteering, and the possibilities of peace so stirred the audience that toward the end of the lecture the Senator was being applauded with almost every sentence.

During the winter quarter, a second state-wide conference of leaders from the "Y" and other campus groups will be held, similar to the one at Duke two weeks ago. But the assembly then should find well engendered the tiny embryo that started at Blue Ridge and received its first great impetus at the Duke conference, October 20th; and the winter session, instead of being a meeting to organize plans for action, should be a gathering of campus students well-grounded in the principles of the peace emphasis drive and zealous to learn how to carry it out to the non-collegiate state.

## Oil

Deep under earth a liquid treasure lies  
About the edges of a saline dome,  
And gas-infused heaves vainly toward the skies,  
But great rock-strata, thinly iced with loam,  
Restrain its turbulence. There it has lain  
A million years in Promethean power,  
Unknown to the unsubtle mortal train  
Of our forefathers, waiting for its hour.  
But we shall free this genius of the earth,  
And he shall be our servant, who shall bear  
Us swiftly in our struggle for rebirth  
From wasting Time's destruction. We shall wear  
The colors of this treasure in our cloaks,  
And it shall warm us—see! a thousand smokes!

—JOHN COULTER

## ◆ Reviewing the Books ◆

A SIGN FOR CAIN. Grace Lumpkin. Lee Furman, Inc. New York City. 376 pp. \$2.50.

Of the books I have read showing the futility of the Negro's attempt for equality, *A Sign for Cain* is the best. Grace Lumpkin, the authoress, has been recognized by foremost critics as a major writer in the field of sociology. Her first book, *To Make My Bread*, received the Maxim Gorky Award for the best labor novel of the year.

As a novel on race conflict *A Sign for Cain* is a worthy follower of *To Make My Bread*. Primarily, it shows the class consciousness of the tenant farmer, share cropper, and plantation worker as a "sprout pushing its way through the earth to the sun."

The Gault family, living in the small mountain town of Jefferson, is deeply buried in the bowers of the South: the old white-haired Colonel, slowly dying of cancer, embedded in his convictions of the old tradition, ineffectually attempting to keep his family and household within the bounds of the so-called "Southern aristocracy;" his eldest son, Charles, a minister reveling in his self-made goodness; his other son, Jim, a young degenerate who drinks and grouches his way throughout the book; his daughter, Caroline, a novelist who believes in the individuality of the human being and imagines herself an exponent of freedom and beauty; and his sister, Evelyn, who has married the Colonel's rival and finds herself banished from the Gault homestead. And the Negroes of the Gault domain: Denis, a young Communist, always dreaming brave ideas of Negro equality and recognition; Selah and Ficents, two lovers seeking solace from the objecting environment; and Nancy, Denis' mother, sunken in the fancy of the Negro's dependency on the white.

The well-gone-over story of the Negro being falsely accused of the murder of a white woman is presented in *A Sign for Cain*. Evelyn, the Colonel's sister, is killed by Jim in a fit of drunken rage. The sheriff, who relishes his self-declared importance, immediately arrests Denis and Ficents for the crime. The process through which the law goes in order to convict the two Negroes of the misdemeanor gives us a stark picture of the vainness of the Negro's hopes. The story climbs to an enthralling climax which magnificently portrays the foibles and tragedies of the Negro lot in the South.

Grace Lumpkin pities none; the book hurts in its reality. Her characters hold no pretense; they are all among us, living today. A stimulating and animating novel, a book that suffers no faults in its pictorial effectiveness, a story that may well take for its text, "And Cain said, my punishment is greater than I can bear,"—it simply cannot be ignored, for it is too vital a part of American life.—MORTON FELDMAN.

IT CAN'T HAPPEN HERE. Sinclair Lewis. Doubleday Doran. New York. 458 pp. \$2.50.

In three books Sinclair Lewis has rapidly tumbled from his exalted position as the foremost American novelist. When the Nobel prize winner published *Ann Vickers* a few years ago, those who had read and enjoyed *Main Street*, *Babbitt*, *Arrowsmith*, and *Dodsworth* merely shook their heads—negatively. *Work of Art* added little to an

already declining reputation. And his new book, *It Can't Happen Here*, is decidedly inferior to his last two. Perhaps he has lived too long—written too much.

Yet this latest book should not be totally condemned. Wildly imaginative, slanderous, and childish naive, it deals with a potent problem that must be faced today. *It Can't Happen Here* is a danger sign at the edge of a precipice. We should, we must heed it. It is as timely as tomorrow's newspaper.

Mr. Lewis has viewed the events in Russia, Italy and Germany. It has happened there. In America he has seen the rise of the demagogues Talmadge, Long and Coughlin. He knows his Babbitts too well to doubt that it can happen here.

What does happen here is that a dictatorship is set up under the leadership of Senator Bergelius Wendrip, who is a combination of the most revolting features of Huey Long, Father Coughlin, Hitler and Goering. Wendrip makes himself president for life, dissolves the Supreme Court, and makes Congress a debating body. Anti-Semitism runs riot. Doremus Jessup, a country editor who had foreseen the imminence of a fascist dictatorship in America, opposes the new government. For his seditious newspaper activities he is placed in a concentration camp. From this point on, what is happening in Germany is simply imposed on the American scene. At the end of the book democracy is beginning to return.

In some places the old genius of Sinclair Lewis appears:

"Doremus, reading the authors he had concealed in the horsehair sofa—the gallant Communist, Karl Bel-lenger, the gallant anti-Communist, Tchernavin, and the gallant neutral, Lorant—began to see something like a biology of dictatorships, all dictatorships. The universal apprehension, the timorous denials of faith, the same methods of arrest—sudden pounding on the door late at night, the squad of police pushing in, the blows, the search, the obscene oaths at the frightened women, the third degree by young snipe officials, the accompanying blows and then the formal beatings, when the prisoner is forced to count the blows until he faints, the leprous beds and the sour stew, guards jokingly shooting round and round a prisoner who believes he is being executed, the waiting in solitude to know what will happen, till men go mad and hang themselves—"

If his predictions should happen to be correct, Mr. Lewis will become the greatest prophet since Christ, and his book the greatest since the Bible. If not, it will be just another pot-boiler that should have been published serially in Hearst's *Cosmopolitan*.—BERTRAM L. POTTER.

DEATH AND GENERAL PUTNAM. Arthur Guiterman. E. P. Dutton. New York. 158 pp. \$2.00.

I TAKE IT BACK. Margaret Fishback. E. P. Dutton. New York. 128 pp. \$2.00.

To lovers of light verse mention of the names of Arthur Guiterman and Margaret Fishback brings an immediate and favorable reaction. In touch they are similar but in viewpoint different, Miss Fishback being definitely the Manhattanite and Guiterman the nature lover.



Even when writing on an urban subject, Guiterman cannot forget the country. In "Out of Work" the husky fellow tramping the pavements in search of a job reflects that "if I was a cattle someone'd make me work—pity I'm a man." And in the poem "Truth": "Tell the truth with a foot in the stirrup."

But Miss Fishback does not share Guiterman's love of nature, avowing in "Suburbaphobia" that when she goes beyond the city limits she does not regain her normal *joie de vivre* until she is once more "hell-bent on getting back to God's cement." However, she is not oblivious to touches of nature in the city, describing the Hudson River as "a brief but valiant silver sliver," and seeing in thrown away Christmas trees mute evidence that life is sweet and short, and should be hastily savored before eternity sets in. But she is not a sentimentalist: "Spring is here, complete with mud."

Guiterman is famous for his ability to rhyme anything, as in the following selection from a description of a girl:

Forbear to dismiss with a shrug  
Her nose, undeniably pug,—  
Her strictly permissible,  
Turn-up-like-thisable,  
Urgently kissable  
Pug.

Miss Fishback has talent at this herself, rhyming *I've* *an* with *divan*, *although I* with *snowy*, and *that sin* *you* with *continue*.

It baffles me,  
But person-ally  
I do not care  
For Rudy Vallee

Guiterman is at his best in quatrains:

"The Age of Poetry is dead!"  
Our solemn pedants still repeat,  
For so Ionia's schoolmen said  
With Homer chanting down the street.

And "Thus Spake Theodore Roosevelt:"

"The good die young;" so men have sadly sung,  
Unknowing that the happy reason why  
Is never that they die while they are young,  
But that the good are young until they die.

Many serious poets shudder at the sight of light verse. If you are one of the many who delight in deftly-handled verse that is not too serious, you should look into these books.—C.A.P.

**TRIAL BALANCES.** Edited by Ann Winslow. Macmillan. New York. \$2.00.

*Trial Balances*, as its name implies, is a trial—of some 60 or more young Americans. The charge is writing, or attempting to write, poetry. The judge is the great American public, and the verdict remains to be seen.

Miss Ann Winslow, compiler and editor of the book, is executive secretary of the College Poetry Society of America. In *Trial Balances* she has brought together the best poems of the American poets now in the age level of 20 to 25 years. She has selected them impartially—perhaps even indiscriminately—from poetry magazines, from newspapers, even from the class-work files of college pro-

fessors, and she presents them to the public along with the criticism of some of the best poets and critics of poetry that the country boasts today. Robert Hillyer, Louis Untermeyer, Allen Tate, James Ralston Caldwell, and Stephen Vincent Benét are among the contributing critics. Their criticism is unbiased and straight forward in a tone which assures the reader that he is getting an appraising rather than a laudatory comment on the poems concerned.

The poetry itself presents a cross-section of America of college age today, at least as far as the poetically inclined are concerned. There are sonnets, lyrics, even ballads. But there is also free verse and blank verse galore. The subjects range from the moon to a cup of coffee and from love to Communism. There are poets of mood and proletarian poets, experimentalists and scholastics.

Disregarding the future, her book is an interesting guide-post in the trend of American poetry. It shows that poetry as Browning and Tennyson wrote it is still unforgotten, that radical vogues are still more or less bridled, and that, above all, college students are still writing poetry.—ELMER JOHNSON.

**GUILLOTINE PARTY AND OTHER STORIES.** James T. Farrell. The Vanguard Press. New York. 305 pp. \$2.50.

The modern love of broadmindedness and fear of prudery often leads contemporary reviewers to praise books that might very easily be panned either for content or style. But not even the fear of being called "Victorian" or "prude" can keep this reviewer from declaring that, without doubt, *Guillotine Party* is the filthiest and most putrid mass of garbage that has come his way in many years. The thought that life is too ugly to be portrayed in books, and that we should always try to get away from it all, is, of course, the rankest puritanical hogwash, but on the other hand there is no excuse for dirt for dirt's sake, or filth just for the stink.

Not all the stories are subject to this general criticism, however. One or two display a tender sympathy for, and understanding of, the down-and-outers and depression derelicts. These are written with admirable restraint, and are extremely well done. One feels that whatever dirt may be in these is justified for the sake of the story; but when there is no story, or when the story is only a vehicle for carrying muck, one's stomach revolves slightly. And if anyone asks, this reviewer's stomach felt like a giddy gyroscope.—RICHARD WAYMIRE.

**ADVENTURES IN GREEN PLACES.** Herbert Ravenel Sass. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. 293 pp. \$3.50.

The Low Country of South Carolina is one corner of the earth which still harbors that elusive quality we call "charm"—charm of natural setting, charm of glamorous history, charm of romantic atmosphere. In its mysterious cypress lagoons, surrounded by its splendid semi-tropic wild life, and haunted always by an aura of lost glory, there is a beauty which is all but impossible to translate into the printed word. It is a magic country of moss-enshrouded cypresses, old abandoned rice-fields, fine, columned ruins hidden in lonely woods, and wistful memories of a vanished order.

There that even rarer and more intangible quality—charm of writing—exists. Herbert Ravenel Sass, "the

poet laureate of the lowlands," proves to the world in *Adventures in Green Places* that the art of writing charming prose is not a lost one. Lucid, meticulous, his style could be almost literally translated into Latin prose. It has the clear-cut imagery of beautiful poetry. But above all, it has the precise yet flowing tone, with its quaint restrained fancy, that is fast dying with the Old South. Prose poetry, some will call it.

In every chapter (each is a separate essay) are recorded encounters with Nature which are lifted from the realm of the casually interesting or commonplace to that of the almost personal experience. Mr. Sass is always the naturalist—not in the scientific sense, but in the sense of the devoted lover of Nature, supremely sensitive to her every mood. He can make a chance meeting with a lowland deer or the trail of the giant sea turtle on the beach or a glimpse of snowy egret plumes through the cypresses a thing of immense vitality.

If you would hear big 'gators bellow their "dragon music" at dawn on a barrier island; if you would become acquainted with Anhinga the snakebird, and the little whitetail deer of the swamp forests; if you would raise the ghost of Stede Bonnet the pirate, and delve into the mellow past of the romantic plantation country, then look into these *Adventures in Green Places*.—FRANK G. GOODING, JR.

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## THE MAW

(Continued from page seven)

anger for Timothy passed away with it. Maybe after all he had been a little too hot-headed. Had he acted too suddenly? Why should he, an old man, let his senile anger run away with him and spoil an otherwise happy old age? After all, Anna was a nice girl; she *had* gone to the public schools, and if you didn't know anything about her family, you wouldn't even suspect that she was a hunky.

Come to think of it, hunkys weren't so bad anyway. Weren't there a lot of musical composers that came from over there somewhere? Maybe Anna was a musician, and maybe his grandchildren would be musicians and perhaps talented. Who could tell? Of course he himself had never been able to appreciate music—in fact most of it he didn't like—but he would be proud if his grandchildren were musical and appreciated such things. Then, too, old man Kovic, even though he was a Slav, was a quiet, reserved worker who never gave any trouble. Maybe it wasn't so bad at that for Jim to have married Anna Kovic, and it certainly wasn't enough, now that he thought of it, to break off his affection for his son.

Yes, he might just as well admit to himself that this was a new country with new manners and customs—a new age where perhaps he didn't fit. What right did *he* have to try to control

Tim's affairs? Come to think of it, he himself hadn't abided so well by the customs of his own family when he was a stripling. A smile came to his lips as he remembered the turmoil into which he and Susan Mauvourneen had thrown the staid Irish countryside, when they, bred of age-long warring families, had eloped and set out for America on a sailing vessel. What had they cared for an old quarrel that nobody knew very much about—they had been in love, and wasn't that enough?

Then Big Jim chuckled—why, those were the very words Timothy had used last night, and he had foolishly lost his temper. What a fool he had been! Yes, he was sure he was getting old now; it had been so hard for him to see things with the eyes of youth.

The six o'clock whistle blew, and cars of coal stopped rolling up the track. A slight breeze that had sprung up since dusk was moaning softly around the corners of the high-roofed metal structure, and the periodic opening and shutting of the furnace door below disclosed a baleful eye that blinked angrily at the walls of the room.

Big Jim decided that he would go right now and catch Tim before he left the shop. The mechanics worked in a sheet-metal building across the railroad tracks from the crusher. Yes, he would go ask Tim's forgiveness for what he had done and said. It was a sin for him to have acted the way he had done last night.

Just as Big Jim began to leave the platform, his eyes lighted upon the crumpled note in a corner of the platform. Now that his anger was dissipated, he reached for the note with eager, trembling hands. Anger, he reasoned joyfully, was not the sole accompaniment of senility; there also is the attribute of doting love. Smiling to himself, Big Jim finally succeeded in unfolding the small rectangle. He read:

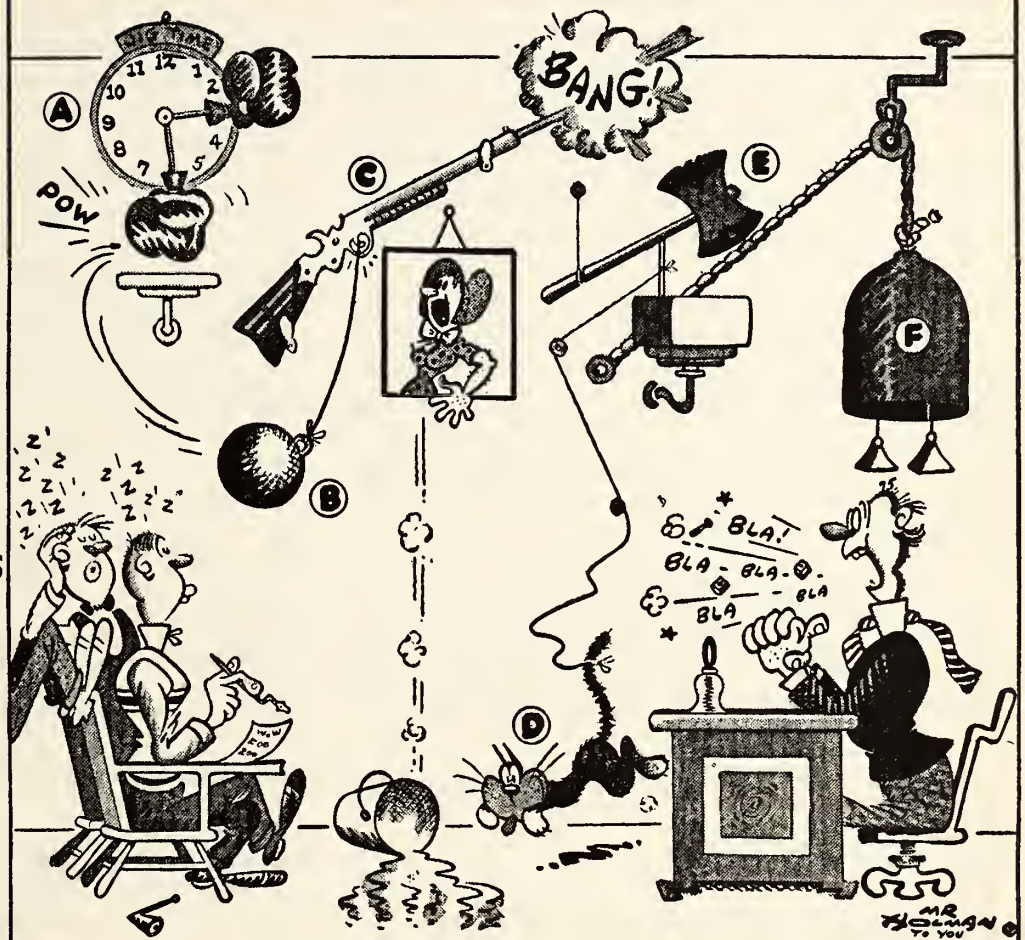
"Dear Dad:—We got an order this morning to fix your machine, and since I have just finished with the fans, they assigned me the job. I believe the trouble is in the crusher jaws, so I'm going to climb down inside it during lunch when you aren't using it to tighten them up. I just wanted to let you know so that you'll be sure not to start her grinding until I get out. About last night—I hope you have forgiven me. Tim."

As the head mechanic opened the building's door from the outside to enquire the whereabouts of his assistant, he saw a bit of grease-spotted paper wafting lazily downward, end over end, from the platform above.



# EASY WAY TO STOP THE PROFESSOR FROM TALKING OVERTIME

MINUTE HAND ON CLOCK (A) REACHES DISMISSAL TIME KNOCKING CANNON BALL (B) OFF STAND FIRING GUN (C) WHICH FRIGHTENS MILKMAID WHO DROPS MILK PAIL. HUNGRY CAT (D) RUNS TO LAP UP MILK RELEASING AXE (E) WHICH CUTS ROPE FREEING HOOD (F) WHICH DROPS OVER PROFESSOR'S HEAD AND BLINDS HIM. STUDENTS TAKE FEET OFF DESKS AND SCRAM



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## FLIES IN THE ALPHABET SOUP

*(Continued from page four)*

concern now that it has been taken up by the powerful majority of the lower classes.

By November, the FERA will become the WPA if the lag so evident in the various administrative phases of the relief program can be overcome. Whether or not this will be possible is a matter of conjecture. If past experience and performance are to be taken as criteria, FERA will continue at least until the end of the present presidential term.

Economically, probably the main effect of the system is the encouragement of capitalistic paternalism with all its attendant evils. Social progress toward either fascism or communism has been halted or at least delayed for a time. There is no telling what will be the result should the government discontinue the administration of relief.

With such a strong philosophy of the social value and need of the system built up, it is probably safe to assume that relief, under one guise or another, will continue for a long time. Even after turning the elusive corner, there will be

millions of unemployed employables. Now that they have had a taste of the riches offered by the national government, a far cry from the measly pittance available under local relief jurisdiction, it is certain that they will scream for a continuance of the federal relief roll.

From the social standpoint, of course, the system is not productive. We are encouraging the existence of a large indigent class which has neither the initiative nor the inclination to add to the common good. The futility of the position of the children who are being reared in and conditioned by such environmental factors is evident. With the social O. K. on relief, there is no reason to believe that they, too, will not become relief clients and pass on to their children this same philosophy.

The picture is none too bright.

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*They tell about  
an Englishman—*

*Who closely scrutinized  
His income tax blank  
And then sent it back*

*With the following notation:*

*"I have given the matter careful thought  
And have decided not to join  
The Income Tax."*

• • •

*Now getting around to cigarettes  
There are no ifs ands or buts  
About Chesterfield  
Two words make everything clear . . .*

*They Satisfy*



*Chesterfield... the cigarette that's Milder  
Chesterfield... the cigarette that TASTES BETTER*



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# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE

ESTABLISHED 1844

CHAPEL HILL, N. C.

*November, 1935*

VOLUME LXV

NUMBER TWO





# Chick Meehan's *INSIDE TIPS ON* **WATCHING FOOTBALL**



AT THE GAME, CAMELS EASE THE STRAIN—AND AFTER IT'S OVER, WHEN YOU FEEL "ALL IN," GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!

© 1935, R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co.

MR. MEEHAN, MY SISTER BETTY WANTS SOME INSIDE DOPE ON FOOTBALL!

SURE! COME UP IN THE STANDS AND WE'LL WATCH THIS PRACTICE GAME!

IT TOOK ELEVEN MEN TO MAKE THAT PASS PERFECT!

WHAT A PERFECT PASS THOSE TWO MEN MADE!

**THE FORWARD PASS**

LE RUNS STRAIGHT, SWERVES TO RIGHT—LT BLOCKS TACKLE—LG BLOCKS TACKLE—C BLOCKS TACKLE—RG BLOCKS TACKLE—RT BLOCKS TACKLE—RE RUNS DOWN FIELD, SWERVES TO RIGHT—RH FAKE BLOCK, SWERVES TO RIGHT—FB BLOCKS END—QB BLOCKS FOR PASSER—LH FADES BACK AND SHOOTS PASS TO RE—WHO IS SPRINTING TO RIGHT—

**WHAT ACTUALLY HAPPENED**

NOW—WATCH THIS PUNT FROM THE SAME FORMATION!

I DIDN'T KNOW EACH MAN HAD SUCH A DEFINITE JOB

BETTY SEES A BACK GET OFF A 60-YD. SPIRAL

—AND

**THIS IS HOW IT WAS DONE —**

**THE PUNT**

LE RUNS DOWN UNDER BALL—LT CHECKS TACKLE AND THEN RUNS DOWN UNDER BALL—LG, C, RG, AND RT HOLD LINE—RE RUNS DOWN FAST UNDER PUNT—RH BLOCKS TACKLE—FB BLOCKS END—QB BLOCKS TACKLE OR END—GIVING LH TIME TO PUNT

WELL, BETTS, DID YOU LEARN SOMETHING?

REMEMBER, WATCH THE LINEMEN

DID I! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE BIG GAME!

**BETTY LEARNS THESE PLAYS—AND MANY OTHERS**

A SPLENDID RUN—BUT GOOD BLOCKING MADE IT POSSIBLE

YOU'RE AN EXPERT NOW, THANKS TO CHICK MEEHAN!

**BETTY AT THE BIG GAME**

THAT GAME WAS A THRILLER! HAVE A CAMEL!

I NEED ONE! SO MANY THRILLS USE UP A LOT OF ENERGY!

A CAMEL ALWAYS RENEWS MY FLOW OF ENERGY WHEN I NEED IT—AND THEY NEVER GET ON MY NERVES

YES, THEY CERTAINLY ARE MILD!

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCO'S—TURKISH AND DOMESTIC—THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

(SIGNED)  
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.  
WINSTON-SALEM, N.C.

# GET A LIFT WITH A CAMEL!



# The Carolina Magazine

Oldest College Publication in the  
United States  
(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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*Illustrations by Paul McKee and Mary Haynsworth  
Cover Design by Julian Bobbitt*

# What's Wrong With the Honor System?

We're Proud of It---But Is It Working?

By STUART RABB

"SO LONG AS I CAN DO what I want to, take a drink when I want to, and leave this place when I want to, I don't give a damn what anybody else does." That's what an outstanding senior at our University told this writer last week. And with his frank statement he voiced the opinions of the majority of the students here. It is this attitude that makes student government, as it is attempted at Carolina, a hypocritical farce. Everywhere on the campus, this "Am I my brother's keeper?" feeling stifles the ludicrous attempt of the Student Council to make a student responsible for the action of his fellows.

But don't take the author's word for it. Try it out on your room-mate. Ask him how he feels about it. Ask him if he would report cheating in class if he saw it. Ask him if he has ever reported a case of drunkenness to the Student Council. And don't even trust him. Ask yourself. Have you ever reported any case to the student council? If you have, you are an exception, for the council tried only 65 cases during the entire last school year. To ask if you have seen violations of the honor system would be ridiculous. Of course you have. Only a blind man could go through one term and fail to see many flagrant violations. And everyone who sees these violations and fails to report them is, according to the decree of our council, as guilty as the offender himself. Using this standard, it would require a much brighter illumination than Diogenes' lantern to find an honest Carolina student.

As the student government tries to practice it, the honor system here is an attempt to manufacture honesty by straddling two diametrically opposed policies. First, an appeal is made to the student's individual honor. Through the weak mediums of the "Freshman Handbook" and an occasional speech, the student government officials proclaim that Carolina gentlemen don't cheat. But they do not make it a matter of individual honesty; they do not trust a student body which they claim is basically honest. They issue the decree that every student is expected to be a

proctor in order to frighten potential student crooks with a "report-trial-punishment" bugaboo. Students are told that whether they know it or not, their personal honor is not complete unless they report to the council all infractions of a nebulous code of righteousness. And during the last five years, these infractions have included offenses ranging from locking one's room-mate in a closet, to throwing acorns at football games.

"Honor System"—what does this term mean? How were two such unrelated words ever associated? It was indeed an imaginative man who grafted *honor*, implying a personal code of conduct, to *system*, suggesting a methodical application of rules and principles. And yet we impotently try to enforce the plan this term represents. A student is put "on his honor" not to cheat nor to engage in ungentlemanly conduct. He is then subjected to a system that calls his fellow students proctors.

## II

To determine just how well this honor system was functioning, the author interviewed 47 students last month. An effort was made to select those who would present a fairly accurate cross-section. Included were 14 seniors, 9 juniors, 14 sophomores, and 10 freshmen. They were asked if they had seen any cheating on class this quarter. "Yes," replied 46 of the 47. Had any of them reported it? Not a single affirmative reply was registered. Why had they failed to report this cheating? Well, 45 didn't consider it part of their own personal code of honor. They said they weren't responsible for cheating done by others. The one dissenting student thought that it was too much trouble to report the case.

Did these students think the honor system was working? Exactly 32 didn't know. Some of the students wondered why it should ever be necessary for the Administration to suspend and expel students for bad conduct if the system was working. They said if the council had acted on the cases, it would not have been the duty of the Administration to take matters into their own hands.



Significant is the statement by the entire group that they would not, under any circumstances, report drunkenness to the Student Council. Nevertheless one of the trustees' rules listed in the catalog requires the faculty to expel any student "known to engage in drinking intoxicating liquors."

Of the group, 13 thought the honor system was working; and 40 were proud of it, whether it was working or not.

The major portion of our Student Council's business during the last five years has been to try and punish cases reported to them. Everyone knows that only the smallest fraction of violations are reported. But it is not generally known that the current trend is toward fewer and fewer convictions per cases tried. The ensuing information has been compiled by a complete survey of the records left behind by the last five student councils.

During the school year 1930-31, under the presidency of Ralph Greene, the council tried 39 cases, convicted 38. Mayne Albright's 1931-32 council tried 65, convicted 55. The following year, 1932-33, Haywood Weeks and his council brought 38 to task and meted out punishment to 33. The 1933-34 term saw Harper Barnes' council sit on 96 cases and impose verdicts of "guilty" on 62. Last year the Student Council, with Virgil Weathers at the helm punished 37 of the 56 cases brought up. So far this year, Jack Pool and his cohorts have convicted 25 of the 39 cases brought before them.

The percentages of convictions clearly show the tendency toward more acquittals:

1930-31.....	97.4 per cent
1931-32.....	84.6 per cent
1932-33.....	86.8 per cent
1933-34.....	64.6 per cent
1934-35.....	66.0 per cent
1935-36 (incomplete).....	64.1 per cent

In compiling these figures, the imposition of various types of probation has been considered a conviction. If suspension and expulsion were held the only two forms of punishment, the percentage of convictions would be almost negligible for the last three school years. The 15 cases of dormitory disturbances convicted last year were all punished by probation. During the same time, there were only two major punishments—two students were suspended. One has since

been re-admitted on his promise to issue no more bad checks. The other suspension was one of the six convictions for cheating. The remaining five students were allowed to stay in the University. Some were given no credit for the course in which they cheated, some were put on conduct probation, and some had their grades withheld. But the pertinent fact in the whole matter is that only six cases of cheating were reported during the whole 1934-35 term. Only three cases of theft were tried. All were acquitted. Of the 22 cases of lying, exactly 21 were acquitted. After realizing this, many students will weigh their chances of being brought to justice for violations they may commit.

If a student decides to violate the honor system, there is a chance that he won't be seen. And if he is seen, there is a chance that the one who sees it won't consider it a breach of the system. And if the witness does consider it a breach of the system, he will not, according to the law of averages, report it. But if he does report it, the council may not try it. And even if the council tries the case, he has almost an even chance of going free.

### III

The board of trustees hasn't made many rules that might conflict with Student Council decisions. But the few that have been drawn up are constantly giving the student tribunal trouble. Several years ago, a student was tried and convicted by the council for hazing. They put him on probation. It so happens that one of the trustees' most sacred rules makes hazing an expulsion offence. So the council re-opened the case. But the offender's sentence wasn't changed. The council re-tried the student, already convicted of hazing, for *intent to haze* and kept him in school on probation.

Last spring five students plead guilty to drunkenness charges in the Chapel Hill court. The Student Council had them up for trial and put one of them on probation. It remained for the Administration to wait until the *Tar Heel* suspended publication for the term to give the offenders their unconditional releases. One of these students has since been re-admitted by the council. Little is generally known of this affair.

President Jack Pool says the most important aspect of the Sniscak case is the so-called "expression of policy" statement. This case also marked the first time in recent years that a University

president has set aside a verdict of the council. Hailed by Pool as "the most important step in student government we've ever had," this policy statement is agreed to by President Frank Graham, Dean F. F. Bradshaw, Dean R. B. House, and Pool himself. This document gives student government "original and final" jurisdiction in "all honor and conduct cases involving campus and student government affairs." This will last as long as the policy lasts. But "issues involving mandatory State laws, rules promulgated by the Board of Trustees of the University of North Carolina and actions involving intercollegiate relationships, are subject to the joint jurisdiction and consideration of the Student Council and University Administration."

This means, in effect, that all future cases of the "Sniscak" type will be decided by the University. Indeed, there aren't very many major offenses left for the honor council to render final decisions on. All cases included in this "joint consideration" group are, potentially, cases to be decided by the Administration. The Administration may re-try a case already decided by the honor council, but it would be of no avail for the council to attempt to reverse the decision of the Administration.

The University is not unique in its trouble with the honor system. The Hazen Foundation of Hartford, Connecticut, recently conducted a survey of the various systems used to promote honor in 30 of our leading colleges and universities. Of the group, 26 had either abandoned or refused to try the honor system as we have it. One school reported an honor system that was functioning with only partial success. At this school, out of 1,472 students, 1,362 objected to cheating by fellow students. Asked why, 1,078 said they didn't like it because it might lower their own grades by comparative scoring. Exactly 1,223 out of the 1,472 would refuse to report cheating to the honor council. We have seen our neighbor, State College, abandon the honor system because students refused to support it. But no matter how much worse conditions may become here, it is extremely unlikely that we will be frank enough with ourselves to give it up. We must have something to which we can "point with pride," even though we know we aren't supporting the principles for which it stands.

#### IV

( But if we are to retain any semblance of the self-government that has been intrusted to us, we

must make some immediate changes in the confused regime under which we are struggling. The honor system must be rid of the impossible fallacy of expecting students to report violations by their fellows when they know a trial is sure to follow. The inevitable procedure of the "system" as we know it must be removed, and the emphasis placed on honor itself.

The president of the student body should appoint as many ex-officio members of the honor council as are necessary to place at least one such member in every fraternity house and every dormitory section on the campus. As we have it now, only members of the present small council feel responsible in any way for reporting violations. With a council member easily accessible to keep honor principles before them, units of the student body should feel free to talk with the representatives about changes for the good of the campus.

The council should proceed to draw up a code of conduct, recognizing conditions as they are and outlawing hypocrisy. The fact that a large part of the student body occasionally drinks liquor is obvious to most of the students here. The Student Council should recognize this fact by leaving all punishment for drinking out of its code. Let the faculty handle these offenses, for it is the organ designated by the trustees to ship students known to drink. Furthermore, the state law against drunkenness now holds for Orange county. The Administration's statement of policy concerning student infraction of state laws should clear this point. This statement declares such infractions subject to "joint consideration." In effect, this is of course nothing more than a decree by the Administration. And the decree cannot be less than expulsion, for so say the trustees. Disorderly conduct should not be overlooked in the code, however.

With a reasonable and just code in use, students would recognize immediately any infraction. They would be advised to discuss the offense to which they were witnesses with the council representative nearest them, assured that no trial would follow a first offense report. The council representative would proceed to call on the offender and talk the situation over with him. In most cases, such a man-to-man discussion is worth more than a dozen trials. The council representative would then make out a full report of the offender's attitude, excuses, and other factors

*(Continued on page thirty)*



# The Good Pilgrim

## A Fury Is Calmed

By SHELBY FOOTE

TEN YEARS AGO TODAY they were to be married the following week. Then almost on their wedding-day he had caught her with Madder Bork and had killed the two of them as they lay softly breathing in the darkness not knowing he was by with his surprised hurt face, and then the hot belching gun in his hand and the bright glare of almost-tears in his eyes as he felt the gun buck. Rightly enough, he had been sent off to Parchman; but only for a comparatively short term, which was cut even shorter by his good-behavior. And now he was getting out.

The long nights of sleepless waiting in that hard bunk beneath that hot low ceiling with the smells of the other convicts all about and over him had done much to make the memory of that night dimmer; but now that he was getting out it all came back, and was hard upon him as it was nine and three-quarters years ago.

He knew something; you killed a man, or you made a man. To kill one you had only to hold the engine out and let it rip the soft air. Making one was harder, but it could be done with time; to make one you molded his opinion till it fit yours: then you had a man such as you yourself would like to be—a man with all your best ideas, put forth in your best manner; and yet with something cleaner about him which had first attracted you to him, and which you wished you had for your own, but could never have.

He had made Charky and had made him the way he wanted to.

Charky had gotten out last week and was to meet him in Cleveland where he had folks; and then they were to set out together on a fifty-acre piece his uncle had and make a crop as a starter, this uncle furnishing a mule and plow and such rations as they would need. He liked the idea, and had talked of it to Charky, who liked it too.

Coming out of the prison-gate he felt the harshness of the unaccustomed clothes and the fine firmness of the white shirt and the tie, clumsily tied by forgetful hands. He stepped out travelling light. Ray was his name. He had a short thick body and a wide black face and ears that hugged in closely to his head; his teeth were

light-yellow, strong, gave the impression of thickness. He lighted a cigarette just outside the gate and set out for the railway station.

He had to wait fifty minutes for the train. When he heard it blow he got up and bought his ticket, and when it pulled panting into the yard and up to the quay he boarded it and took a seat in the center of the coach. The green plush seats were very dusty. Soon the train got under way.

The flat country of the Mississippi Delta bucked past the window at his right hand. He watched it unroll backward and followed the progress of the telephone wires and the sudden snaps of the poles as they whipped past him with that metallic suddenness of hard pictures shown quickly by a slot machine, jerked away as fast by the cogs and wheels within its nickleplated body. He watched too the harsh unpainted cabins of his race as they lay heavily against the August afternoon beneath the slow drag of sky and the beat of clouds afar off into the blue expanse with its heavy sensations of color and space.

*Ray is my name. I have been at Parchman nine years and nine months. I have killed three people in my life and am not likely to kill another. I am going now to farm with Charky who is my friend. I am going to live happy the rest of my life on that farm.*

*We are now near Cleveland. I am to meet Charky there who has seen my uncle about the loan of the land. I shall live out the twenty or thirty years left me upon that land. I shall never see another woman but with the eyes of a mule.*

He got off the coach and joined Charky who walked with him down the sidewalk to the road and on out the road to his uncle's, where they entered the large sixroomed house and were greeted and fed by Martha his uncle's wife. That night they made their plans for the first year and its yield: the uncle was most optimistic; he said that if Ray and Charky made a real success this year, he would give them more land the next, and then perhaps a share in all his land. They talked loud on through the evening and later went back together to bed. Ray and Charky had one bed in the rear of the house. They got into

it and Charky fell immediately asleep. Ray lay awake for fifteen minutes thinking of their plans and wondering till he too dropped off to sleep.

## II

That year they were more than successful and succeeded in laying by enough to buy another mule and rations for the winter and hay for the mule and clothes for themselves. Charky and he had both won their way through that hard first year wrestling with that good ground and almost burrowing down into it to push up the tender young stalks. Charky had prayed hard, and maybe that was it, Ray thought.—Anyhow, they had lots to be thankful for.

Parchman was away behind him now that he was set up in this strange old life; but in the long afternoons he sometimes set to thinking that *they* would all be gathered about Jake now, listening to him play his guitar and sing the songs. At first he would stop at the end of a furrow to squat in the black fresh earth and sift it between his fingers and think with the fecund-heavy earth-odor in his head of singing hoe-hands swinging down the fields with their hoes raised in rhythm and sweating together. But this jailsickness became less and less, until finally his crop kept his mind off everything else. He would go home at dusk and eat at table with Charky and then on back to bed, too tired even to think, unable to do anything but fall fully-dressed onto the bed and sleep undisturbed till dawn, when he rose and went out and harnessed the mule or shouldered his hoe or kaiser-blade.

Then later, when he had only to chop at occasional blades of cocograss between the furrows, he would sit on his porch wellfed and torpid, and he would wonder if this were enough, this sitting wellfed into the night, not moving; he would wonder if a man could really spend a life like this, with no thought but for his crop and his belly: but he could not think much like this, for sleep always interrupted such thoughts. Charky said he needed a woman, but he knew such meant trouble, and he'd have no part of one.

## III

That winter he hunted much for rabbits and set occasional snares for quail. He spent the gray days walking through the briars of creek-banks with his gun hanging from his hand and his dog running on ahead of him. He liked to feel the substantial kick of the gun and liked to smell the acrid stink of the powder-smoke as it

blew back into his face after the nervous buck of the shotgun, a big one.

Christmas day he was out hunting. The clear cold air cut cleanly back at his dark face and his limbs were not heavy; the gun was not heavy, and hung live in his hand: he did not mind that he saw no rabbits: the creek lay coldly motionless at his right. He sat lightly upon a fallen tree and lightly rested the gun across his knees, carefully pointing it towards the creek.

It came furiously out of nowhere into being, the cased fury of dead worlds, pent-up fury down the long tunnel of lines and wires, whirring down the icy tundras and sweltering jungles of times past, the silent screams of his race before it was subjugated to cotton and mules and saxophones and dice. Sitting there he felt his guts turning and his heart pumping: it got louder and stronger till he thought it would burst his chest and crack the white ribs underneath. He grew absorbed in the inner motions of his body; sat there listening to the tickings of his guts turning and his wild heart pumping. It grew louder and stronger till it was throbbing violently in his ears; he tried to think of some way to stop it without getting up, for he was afraid all the dead, now resurrected, demons would come out, if he moved. He felt **POWER** bearing down upon his shoulders and then flow up his body, up his chest; first flowing up through his loins, and then up his throat, setting his heart pumping even more madly, with all the vessels gone mad.

Then the dog came through the brush before him and stood staring at him with its head turned cutely to one side and its long ears hanging limp on both sides of its bony head. It did not move, but stood as though it had been carelessly hewn out with a dull axe from rusty iron and set infirmly against the background of willows and on the soft creekbank. He knew what he had to do and lifted the gun horizontally before him, settling it firmly back against his shoulder and armpit, looking down the dull barrel at the firm dog.

The clear eyes of the dog did not wince and not a muscle moved. He watched it a moment and pulled the trigger. The dog dropped heavily onto its side and lay solidly there; it did not whimper: it did not even twitch. He got up unsteadily and crossed to the body, kneeled beside it. The blood was oozing from a tear in the center of the forehead just above the eyes: it





made a dark puddle just beside the dead mouth. Ray lay the gun on the ground and reached cautiously out with his hand and did what he knew he would have to do; touched the dark puddle, smearing it with the flat palm. He jerked the hand away as though it had touched red steel; he drew back crawling; then stepped forward, grasped a hind leg of the dead dog and dragged it to the creek; threw it in. But it floated, floated lazily with its bloated side up far out of the water and its head beneath the surface. He watched it bobbing and turning—slowly till it lay still and big on the green surface of the creek.

He moved swiftly to his gun and levelled it again. He pulled the trigger but did not feel it buck, so quickly he looked to see the effect. The scattering shot tore a large hole at the water-line, so that the water rushed in as into a torn ship. He watched, and the shipwrecked dog sank without a bubble. He stood there watching the water where the dog had been, lowering the gun down to his side.

Ray looked at the palm red from smearing the dark puddle, and lifted it to his face, cautiously tasting with the tip of his tongue. He jerked it away; spat in the water; and walked swiftly home, and felt much better.

He knew he had quieted it but he did not know

how long it would stay quieted.

#### IV

Charky was married in January and his wife came to their house to live. Ray moved out of their room up into the front of the house which had been kept as a sittingroom. Charky's wife was a brown woman of crazy shape: her legs were matchsticks and her arms hung almost to her knees, great jointed and out at the elbows; her body was neither fat nor lean; rather, fat in places, lean in places, following this general layout; her shoulders were mountainous, as were her breasts; but her body itself was wiry; spelled strength. She could work; and did.

Ray did not object to the arrangement. Indeed, he liked the cooking and mending; had he not said often that they needed something like this?

But she was deeply, foolishly religious and she prayed for stretches of three or four hours; she attended baptizings with fervor, and gave much of Charky's money to the church. But that was no affair of Ray's: let her do as she pleased with Charky's money as long as Charky let her. Ray rarely spoke to her.

Often now he walked down toward the creek and sat cool among the willows where he had

*(Continued on page thirty-two)*

# The Cheltenham Papers

## «Dr. Frank» Goes Into Action

By RICHARD WAYMIRE

A FEW YEARS AGO, before the government had begun to draw on professors as administrators, the students of Chapel Hill knew Dr. Frank Graham almost as well as they knew their room-mates. He was always among them, never too busy to talk to them on street corners or to attend any social function. Now, as president of the Greater University, he is not so much seen in Chapel Hill, since his increased responsibilities necessarily make heavy demands on his time. The new students don't know what they're missing: the older ones know, but they can't explain, for Dr. Frank is very hard to put into words. They miss him, though, and feel vaguely that Chapel Hill is not quite the same place when he's away. This story may account for that feeling, and also serve to give the younger men an introduction to "Dr. Frank."

### II

Some fifteen or more years ago, just before America entered the World War, a Japanese economist wrote to Dr. Raper, then head of the Department of Economics, and recommended one Fukusato as a student. Dr. Raper replied that the University would be delighted to have Mr. Fukusato as a student, and that a scholarship might be arranged. There the matter stopped until about four years ago, when Fukusato appeared in Chapel Hill, armed with Dr. Raper's letter of ancient vintage, and called for his scholarship. One was obtained for him, and he undertook to do graduate work in Economics and Sociology.

He had been admitted to the country as a non-quota immigrant, and as such had to maintain a satisfactory scholastic average to be permitted to stay. Soon after his arrival in Chapel Hill his troubles began. His financial support from Japan did not materialize, and his University scholarship covered tuition only. Odd jobs were gotten for him by the Y. M. C. A., but his faulty knowledge of English was a great handicap, and he was not able to keep the jobs given him. Also, marital troubles at home cropped up: he was legally deprived of his wife and children through an old Japanese custom that if a man fails to

support his wife her father may reclaim her. These worries would have been enough for an ordinary human, but onto poor Fukusato's shoulders were piled additional burdens. His English deficiencies handicapped him in his scholastic work, and he received "I's" on almost every course. As the immigration laws required that his work be up to standard and his deficiencies reported, this inevitably meant more trouble.

Finally, after almost two years of deficiencies the immigration officials, on the basis of his record, had to take charge of Fukusato. The commissioner took him to Raleigh where he was placed in custody for transportation home on the marshal's promise that he would only be there overnight. A week passed and nothing was heard from him, either from Washington or Raleigh, until one day the news arrived in Chapel Hill that Fukusato was still being held in jail in Raleigh. This was communicated to Dr. Frank at 6 P. M. one night. Here the action begins.

### III

Dr. Frank called Raleigh. They were sorry, but couldn't do anything. He then called the immigration official at Wilmington. He, too, was sorry, and helpless. The head of this district in Norfolk was then called. His hands were also tied, it seemed. Dr. Frank became a bit bored with playing with minor officials, and really went into action. He declared the student would not stay in jail another night, and proceeded to call Washington. He talked to Senator Reynolds, newly-elected at that time, and to Senator Bailey. They promised to help, but the matter was out of their province. Dr. Frank proceeded to get Secretary of Labor Doak on the wire. Doak was also sorry, but what could he do? He'd see that it headed the President's calendar the following morning, but beyond that he couldn't do anything.

It was here that Dr. Frank pointed out to Doak that the first thing in the morning wasn't good enough, and that he wanted Fukusato that night. Doak told Dr. Graham that if he would tell him how it could be done, he'd do it. Dr. Frank could



and did. The secretary was told to wire the marshal in Raleigh to turn the prisoner over to Dr. Frank, and that he would take full responsibility, both in his official capacity as head of the University, and as Frank P. Graham, private citizen of North Carolina. Doak wearily agreed to do as he was told, sent the wire, and went to bed. Then Dr. Graham called Raleigh once more and instructed the marshal to get hold of the jailor, and with him go to the Western Union office and wait there until a wire came for him, then to go to the jail and wait until he got there.

After that he called Wilmington and Norfolk again, apologizing for going over their respective heads, and in the same breath sent Mr. Comer down to the Bank of Chapel Hill for \$1,000.00 *in cash*, in case bail was needed. To be sure that Mr. Hogan would give him that amount he sent a note authorizing the bank to hold his next month's salary check, and Mrs. Graham sent a \$500.00 Liberty bond. Mr. Comer could not get the money in cash, as the time lock was on the vault, but he did get a cashier's check for the amount. He did not tell Dr. Frank that he had failed to get cash, for, as he said, "I knew that if the U. S. government could not stop him, no bank safe could, and I didn't want to run all over North Carolina looking for a lock-smith." To this day Dr. Frank still thinks that Mr. Comer had the money with him in cash.

After the money was secured and the calls made, Dr. Frank had Mr. Comer drive in to Raleigh. Mr. Comer was driving a new Ford Eight, but it would not travel fast enough for the rescuer. When they pulled up in front of the jail they were met by the marshal and the jailor, the latter to be immediately seized and dragged up the steps by Dr. Frank. Mr. Comer and the marshal followed more slowly, and their conversation is interesting.

"Is that little man the Frank Graham from Chapel Hill that you read about in the newspapers?" the marshal asked.

Mr. Comer replied that it was.

"Are you sure that little guy is him?" persisted the marshal.

Mr. Comer said he was quite sure.

"Well," said the marshal, "he may be little,

but in something less than four hours he's got the whole damned United States by the tail."

#### IV

In the meantime, as usually happens when he goes anywhere in North Carolina, Dr. Graham had found a friend. The jailor had once been a student of his when Dr. Frank taught high-school history, years ago. He hustled his erstwhile pupil down the long corridor to Fukusato's cell. The jailor had told the bewildered Oriental of his approaching release, and he had all his baggage piled by the bars, waiting to go. When he saw Dr. Frank his face shone like a light, and he shook the bars in his excitement. Dr. Frank grasped his hand through the bars, then rushed in as the gate was opened, and shook hands again. He then introduced himself to Fukusato's cell-mates, one of whom was from Gastonia, and knew friends of Dr. Graham there.

After this little re-union, Dr. Frank went down the whole cell-block, shaking hands with each prisoner and introducing himself as "Frank Graham from Chapel Hill." He chatted with each man for a moment, then went back to help Fukusato load his luggage into the car. As he was leaving he turned around to wave good-bye to the prisoners, but this didn't seem enough, somehow, so he went back and shook hands all around again, and told them all to come to see him in Chapel Hill when they could, and if they ever needed help to let him know. The jailor in the meantime had become impatient, and had locked the big gate to the cell-block.

"Look who I got prisoner!" he shouted. "The President of the University of North Carolina!"

Dr. Graham laughed with the others, then figuratively tucked Fukusato under his arm and returned to Chapel Hill with him. Fukusato remained as a guest at the President's mansion for some time, and later went on to New York. He is still there, still President Graham's ward, and writes to him regularly.

Total time: five hours. Total results: freeing Fukusato, informing the Secretary of Labor of his own powers, and getting the whole damned U. S. by the tail.



# Alumni In the Literary Limelight

## Paul Green's New Novel

THIS BODY THE EARTH. Paul Green. Harper & Brothers. New York. 422 pp. \$2.50.

Alvin Barnes is a tenant farmer, born to the soil. But unlike his fellow tenants he is born with a vision, a vision of himself riding in a fine carriage, a beautiful wife by his side, acres of his own land rolling beneath his feet, and servile negroes bowing and scraping on every side. For half his life he carries this vision before him, making his one goal the owning of land, and having as his chief asset his supreme faith in his own ability. But this faith fails him, just like his first wife who sends him to jail and then leaves him for a city-bred soda-jerker, and just like his land that taunted him with its dry, baked surface and refused to yield forth its harvests in return for his labors. At this point in his life, the vision faded before the eyes of Alvin Barnes, and though he married again, the stolid and faithful second wife only succeeded in dragging him back to the tenant class. Like his father before him he raised a tenant family—of no 'count, shiftless Barneses—and then died. His rise above the tenant class had only given him a longer way to fall.

Mr. Green knows his tenant farmer. He knows the grip that the land holds on a man, the grip that tires him out, wears him down, and always refuses to let him go. He knows the gnawing fear that fills the farmer's heart when he sees his crops drying up under the beating summer sun—he knows the thrill that the first drop of rain causes when it comes pelleting down to save those crops. He knows the tenant's eternal faith in the next year that will bring plentiful crops and

high prices, but which somehow never seems to come.

Its startling, convincing reality makes *This Body the Earth* stand out above the common novel. Everything in it, even the chain gang episode, has happened and will probably happen again, not only in Harnett county but also in any or every other county in the South. Yet in its reality there is nothing of the degradation that Caldwell and Faulkner have seen in the South. Instead the author has seen in the soil a drama, an endless human drama, whose beginning and end are lost in the shades of time, and like Ham-sun and Dostoevski he has caught this drama and set it down into words. He has singled out a human speck from the countless millions and has chronicled his life, putting down everything that happened, neither touching it up to make it glamorous nor shading it down to reduce the stark drama that makes it real. He has presented the life of a common man, sometimes designated as the forgotten man, but he has presented it from the viewpoint of an artist, and in so doing he has written a book that will live as long as there are men who subjugate their fellows and men who till the soil.

As a whole *This Body the Earth* is a challenge to North Carolina and to the South. Tenant farming is a scourge to civilization—what are we going to do about it? This book and others like it, written in an honest, earnest attempt to picture the real skeleton in the South's closet will afford at least a basis to start upon when Dixie awakes and begins to remove the blight of tenancy from her face.—ELMER D. JOHNSON.

## Thomas Wolfe's Short Stories

FROM DEATH TO MORNING. Thomas Wolfe. Scribners. New York. 304 pp. \$2.50.

The massiveness of *Of Time and the River* (which seemed, like the river, to roll on forever, and like time, to have no end) frightened many would-be readers from undertaking the job. Of the thousands who did read it, a large number no doubt became impatient at various points in the story, figured up the number of hours already spent on the book, and concluded that they had

better skim over a good bit of it if they were ever going to finish. In this way some of the best parts of the book were overskipped.

It is a keen pleasure to have a book by Thomas Wolfe of such a reasonable length that it can be read leisurely. Only thus can one fully appreciate his discriminating use of words, his artistry in repeating himself without seeming monotonous, his gusto and vitality.

Most unusual of the stories (which could more



accurately be called essays or sketches) is the autobiographical "Gulliver"—the man of six foot six, who lived forever in a dimension that did not fit, who wanted to choke people, knock their heads together, and snarl at them: "I'll show you that I am the same as you!" No one ever said a funny or witty thing about his height, and ten thousand people had their fling at it: "Hey-y, Mis-teh! . . . Is it rainin' up deh? . . . Cheezus! . . . Ho-lee Chee! . . . Will yuh lookut duh guy? What's dat guy standin' on, anyway?"

Wolfe's treatment of Brooklyn, where he is now living, is interesting. He tells of the sweet aroma of the old Gowanus Canal—"one huge gigantic Stink, a symphonic Smell, a vast organ-note of stupefying odor, cunningly contrived, compacted, and composted of eighty-seven separate several putrefactions." With almost stenographic accuracy he reports the voices he hears in the street at night: "Yuh gotta pay me, ya big bum!" she yelled. "Yuh gotta pay me now! Give me

my t'ree dollahs, or I'll go home an' make my husband beat it out of yuh!" "Staht actin' like a lady!" said the man in lower tones. "I won't pay you till you staht actin' like a lady!" he insisted, with a touching devotion to the rules of gallantry.

In "The Face of the War" Wolfe gives four unforgettable incidents showing the brutalizing effect here in America of the war; "Circus at Dawn" describes a familiar boyhood experience; in "The Four Lost Men" we once again listen to Eugene Gant's father.

A few of the fourteen stories in *From Death to Morning* are so mediocre that one might believe they were pared from the original manuscripts of *Look Homeward, Angel* or *Of Time and the River*. But on the whole this volume is worthy of the author; and these short stories are not cursed with Wolfe's greatest fault: failure to prune.—CHARLES A. POE.

### James Dawson's Poems

The only North Carolinian in the recently published anthology of young American poets, *Trial Balances*, is James Dawson, who was graduated from the University of North Carolina in 1932. While here Dawson was a regular contributor to the CAROLINA MAGAZINE. He is at present connected with the Greenville (S. C.) *Piedmont*.

An unusual feature of the book is the discussion by outstanding critics of each poet's work. Hildegard Flanner, who writes the critical article on Dawson's five poems, says in part: "The poetry of James Dawson gives us a young writer

of an interesting and intelligently tempered mind. . . . His talent is independent of any immediate influence, and he shows an inclination not to be unduly reverent. . . . Mr. Dawson's poems are free from pose or smack of literary enterprise. In spirit he is honest, doing without false help of the over-attractive-image or the bright word, and going without pretension about the business of what he means."

At our request for a contribution James Dawson sends us the following poem, which has not been previously printed:

### A Modest Proposal

(In Derision)

I say then let them bury us in the earth,  
If the earth will have us. It is not so exclusive  
As royal wedding or as virgin birth.  
Its slow decay is not so damned abusive

As standing rot to bodies torn and racked  
By bitter months. You say this may be only  
A hot unreasoning hate for all we lacked  
In penniless winters, but my God, it is lonely

Standing in line and crying for a crust  
On the frozen streets—it is lonely in the cold.  
You say we are fed now, but I say it is dust  
In starving mouths; it turns the body old.

Bury us. Strike the names out from the rolls.  
Divert the funds. Build monuments. Invest.  
Strike oil. Pay dividends. Give death the tolls  
Of war. But bury us, and spend the rest.

Bread's cheap, but in the long run spades are cheaper.  
We would dig, but we have starved too long  
And bitterly. We are mortgaged to the reaper.  
The reaper knows. The reaper is not wrong.

—By JAMES DAWSON.

# The World's Greatest Business

## College Football Carried to Its Logical Conclusion

By CHARLES A. POE

**S**ADLY the Old Alumnus (Class of '36) shook his head.

"It ain't what it used to be."

"What was it like when you were in college?" asked the Young Alumnus (Class of '66).

"Well, it was a sport, a game—and not a business. They played mostly because they liked to play—not to get their weekly pay check. The players weren't as good as they are now—they fumbled pretty often, and about half the time the passes were wild, and even when the pass was good the receiver would miss it sometimes—but it was a great game."

"Why, it couldn't have been as good as it is now," protested the Young Alumnus. "Football today is almost perfect. The scouts of each team scour the mines and the countryside and the slums to find the best players. And they have to practice the year 'round, except for a two weeks' vacation, whereas they used to practice only six months. They are bound to be better. They get paid well—and naturally a player will do better when he's getting paid for it than when he's merely playing for the love of the game and the glory of old Alma Mater. You never see a fumble today—they know a fumble means a \$25 fine. The efficiency and beauty and sheer perfection of a football game today are wonderful. And you say that it was a better game when you were in college! Won't you oldsters ever quit raving about the glories of the past?"

The Old Alumnus smiled. "You wouldn't understand it, but it was the very imperfection of it that made it so interesting—the fact that they did fumble once in a while, that the play didn't always click as it was supposed to, that the quarterback was liable to make a dumb mistake—it was all these things that made it thrilling. But let's forget that for a moment. I want you to tell me about some of the things that have been happening in the football world this year. I sort of lost interest and haven't been keeping up with it as I used to. I understand there have been several things to keep the reporters busy."

"Yes," said the Young Alumnus. "I'll tell you about them."

There was the Kay case. Kay was the star halfback who'd been winning all the games for Tate University out on the coast. It was said that he was even better than he looked—that after the second game the coach came to him and told him he'd have to quit playing so well or somebody might get suspicious. But Kay loved to hear the crowd cheer, and every time the coach put him in he'd tear down the field for a touchdown. So his eligibility was questioned, and an investigation was begun. The rumor spread that Kay was not himself but was his own cousin. It was finally discovered that Kay was really himself but had used the high school credits of his grandfather, who had the same initials, to get into college. They had to expel the poor chap, of course; but he got along all right. He had gained nationwide publicity and had become a sort of hero, with the result that a wrestling promoter wanted him, a professional football team offered him a job, Hollywood invited him to do a series of shorts, and a theatre manager paid him \$1000 a week to tell his life story.

I guess you heard something about Smithcock. Smithcock was our sophomore guard who was hailed as the find of the season. The only trouble was that someone asked where we found him. One of our opponents claimed that James Smithcock had played previously for another college, also for a professional team. Smithcock swore that this was his twin brother who went by the same name; but his story wasn't very convincing. However, before he was kicked out of school he got his revenge by revealing that two of our opponent's players had been with him on the professional team. I hear that Smithcock has grown a beard and is playing for some team out on the Coast.

What happened out in some mid-western state—I forget which one it was—was really funny. The legislature got mad at the state university and threatened to cut off its appropriation. And they were going through with it, until the university newspaper pointed out that if the university were forced to close up, the football team would also cease functioning—and the football



team was a Rose Bowl prospect and potential national champion. The legislature apologized profusely and raised the appropriation.

You'll always find somebody squawking about football—usually it's because they have a terrible team that year. Last week the president of some university whose team has won only two games in the last two years said in a speech that he knew "where and how to get a Rose Bowl team." He said that a salesman had offered him a complete team, just imported from Italy, guaranteed to win 90% of its games or your money back—but he had turned down the offer. It was difficult to tell from his speech whether he was denouncing the custom of buying football players or was appealing for funds so that he himself could buy some.

We've had plenty of trouble right here with the anti-footballists. One professor went so far as to demand a rule that all players be required to pass half their work. It's a good thing they had sense enough to vote this down. We've had trouble enough getting players as it is, because of the fool regulation passed last year by the Administration making every player attend each of his classes once a week. The players don't like it, and you can't blame them. The faculty certainly has its nerve—don't the profs realize that their salaries are paid out of profits the football team makes?

I happened to be down in the locker room right before the Middleton game talking to Steve Johnson, our great end. A boy came in and handed him a telegram.

"Read it for me, Joe," Steve said to me. "I—I haven't got my glasses."

"I didn't know you wore glasses," I told him.

"Well, I don't," he said. "But read it for me anyway—I'm busy dressing."

I read it for him. It said: "Thought you'd be interested in knowing conference rules committee is considering regulation requiring all football players to be able to read and write."

Steve muffed two passes over the goal that afternoon.

And he won't be the only one who'll have to quit if they pass that crazy rule. Whatta they think these guys come to college for—to get an education?

I was present also when the coach fired his detectives. It was right after the Maury game. You see, Coach knew that we didn't have a chance to win that game with Thompson, their brilliant



halfback, playing. He told the dicks to dig up some dirt on him so we could protest his eligibility. And all they could find was that he had been arrested once for speeding.

"Listen here, you mugs!" roared the coach. "You've been working, supposedly, for us all season—and you've only proved three of our opponents' players ineligible. Why, we've lost more men from our own team than that. You're through—get out!"

Those detectives really were flat-heads. But the dumbest thing of all was the way they let Carter University put one over on us. Those sleuths didn't know anything about it, but at every one of our games Carter took motion pictures—in color! And what no one knew was that they were sound pictures; Carter had an invention on the same principle as telescoping the picture so as to bring it closer—they could bring the sound closer and listen to our team talking in the huddle! Naturally I felt pretty bad about losing to them, but if they were all that smart they deserved to win.

"What you've told me sounds vaguely reminiscent of things that were happening in my own day," remarked the Old Alumnus. "It makes me feel that there was a good bit of handwriting on the wall, if I had only looked at the wall. But I didn't think that things would get this bad."

"Bad?" repeated the Young Alumnus. "What's bad about it? It's all part of the game. You can't blame the coaches for trying to get the best teams possible, and you can't blame them for trying to find out if their opponents are using any ineligible men. In fact, it all makes good newspaper copy and it's swell publicity—keeps

people interested in reading about football. Millions of people go to games every Saturday, and billions of dollars are bet every season on the games." A worshipful look came into the eyes of the Young Alumnus as he got worked up. "Collegiate football is the world's greatest business!"

"Extra! Extra!" shouted a newsboy. The Young Alumnus bought a paper. The Old Alumnus came up and looked over his shoulder at the headline.

"COLLEGIATE FOOTBALL BANNED BY CONGRESS."

The Young Alumnus broke out in a sweat as

he read how Congress, under pressure of lobbyists working for the professional football interests, had enacted a law prohibiting intercollegiate football contests. Senator Brown had declared in a lengthy speech that they were in unfair competition with professional football, that all the professional players had deserted their teams to enter universities, and that the supposedly amateur college football teams were in reality combinations in restraint of trade.

The Young Alumnus went into a fit of cursing. "It's unconstitutional!" he yelled.

The Old Alumnus turned sorrowfully and moved away.

## Into the Dawn

### A Short Short Story

*By* CECIL K. CARMICHAEL

There sleeps in Shrewsbury jail to-night,  
Or wakes, as may betide,  
A better lad, if things went right,  
Than most that sleep outside.

**J**ACK STARR filled a pipe and propped his feet on a table. He reached over to tone down the radio.

"Yeh, it kinda got me, the way that thing happened," he said. "Did you ever have the creeps all up your spine? Well, that's the feelings I had. For several weeks, every time I saw a campfire I was depressed.

I met Jim when we were both running from the bulls in Denver. We stayed together one night and rode the same car four or five miles, till the dicks shook us out at a water tank where all trains, freight and passenger, had to stop.

He was a likable chap. Not very talkative, but interesting when he had anything to say. And goodhearted! I remember when I first ran across him I hadn't eaten in two days. We were standing behind some box cars watching a cop. He kept looking at me and finally said,

'Say, lad, you look kinda peaked. Ain't you been getting enough to eat?'

'Sure,' I told him. But he wasn't to be fooled.

'Take this. It'll do you good anyhow.' And fumbling around in his hobo bag he pulled out some hardtack and a piece of musty meat. A queer kind of light kindled up in his eyes and

he laughed, not humorously, when with trembling fingers I took the grub and gobbled it down.

'Must've been hard going where you come from, Jack.' I didn't say anything and after a moment he added, 'or you ain't used to bumming.'

'I'm not, Jim. That is, I always had money to buy eats before now.'

'I thought so. But listen, lad. You can't live on the bum without being a bum. You got to eat. How long since you had anything?'

'Two days,' I said. He looked at me a minute. Then he laughed.

'And the world full of eats! Funny, ain't it?'

'Yeh, it is funny,' I agreed.

'Damn funny,' he said again, thoughtfully, and peeped around the corner of the car.

The bulls kept us off that night and we made camp. Jim fed me pretty good, the best I had had in a month. Then we stretched out on the ground, not to talk, but to watch the stars and think.

The wind began to rise, mingling the sound of trees with the purl of rock-broken waters. From the side of a mountain whose snowcap jutted toward the moon came the intermittent scream of some animal ridding itself of pent-up emotions. The loneliness of the cry sent a prickly wave through me, and with a murmured explanation I arose.



'Believe I'll sit behind this rock, Jim. It's warmer.'

'Sure, lad. We'll throw some chunks on the fire and sleep behind it, too. Gets pretty cold here in the mountains before morning.'

We sat for a long time thinking our own thoughts. My home and friends seemed like a dream of another world parading in marionette form. The months had lengthened into years and set me apart from all that I had known. Suddenly, I became afraid. What if my life should settle in such a rut! What if I should become like Jim!

'When you going home, lad?' The question startled me.

'Don't know, Jim. Hadn't thought much about it.'

'Pretty good place to think about when you ain't got one,' he said.

'I reckon so. Where's yours?' I asked. He paid no attention to me. When the tobacco was burned out of his pipe he knocked the ashes from it.

'If we aim to catch that train at daybreak, we'd better sleep a little.'

When Jim shook me by the shoulder I sat up and took the cup of coffee he offered. He had saved for me, too, some meat and bread.

'It'll keep you going till you can make the "sally" in Salt Lake,' he said.

The freight we were to ride had taken on its water and was standing waiting for orders from the junction tower. Presently the highball sounded—two long, wailing shrieks of the whistle. Cautiously, we slipped through the shadows of some box cars and stood ready.

'We'll climb to the top and look for a reefer, lad,' Jim said. 'It's too cold to ride open.'

'O. K., pal.' I tightened my belt and prepared to swing on.

'Watch for the bridge overhead,' he warned.

We waited until about half the train had passed. Then, nimbly, Jim caught the front of a refrigerator car and I took the one next to it. We climbed to the top and ran back, looking for an empty ice box. Suddenly, something inside me jabbed sharply. I turned. I stooped.

'Look out, Jim,' I screamed. 'The bridge!' The wind snatched my voice and scattered it through the sough of the trees, the roar of the river, and the rumble of the freight. For a second he stood, trying to hear me. I couldn't move.

I saw him fall. I saw his arms hang limp toward the waning moon. I saw the flare of a cop's flashlight searching the spattered switch post. I saw the dull red glow from the engine reflected on the smoke die slowly in the coming dawn.

## **Twenty-First Birthday**

Today I topped this hill of upward years  
Whose farseen crest I always strained to reach.  
And now I pause; and to my ears there comes  
But the fiendish shrieking of a wind  
That sweeps whirlwinds across an arid plain  
Into a rock-bound cave where stilly sits  
Fleshless Death, with dust about His feet.

—*By a conscientious objector who will have to go.*

## The Editor's Opinion

### Death, Take A Holiday!

It is hard to understand why college students, so many years removed from death, seem to think so much about it. Yet in four stories out of every five turned in to the MAGAZINE, there is manslaughter, murder or suicide. Evidently the writers feel that death is the most, if not the only, dramatic moment in life, and that no story is worth reading unless at least one character quits this Earth. And they also seem to believe that any story that is tragic is good because it is tragic. A good, bloody death puts life into the story.

Perhaps this is the natural reaction to the overdose of "happy endings" in the movies. Or perhaps it is fear of collegiate cynicism that drives the story writers to tragic fields: they feel less likely of attack if they are serious than if they try to be light. Or it may be that mortal stories are less difficult to write.

Easier to explain is the seriousness of this particular issue of the MAGAZINE. A great part of it was written, or rewritten, the tragic weekend of November 16.

### A Boomerang at Communism?

Rarely is the First Lady of the United States more than a hostess for the President. In most cases, this probably is fortunate; but when, as at present, the President's wife is a woman of ideas and energy, the country gains by her choosing to be an influence rather than a nonentity. Mrs. Roosevelt's latest activity is a scornful criticism of the District of Columbia ruling that before drawing each pay check teachers must sign a statement that they have not taught or advocated communism. Such a requirement places the instructor in a difficult and embarrassing position, says Mrs. Roosevelt, who foresees an economics teacher informing the class that "there is a place two times the size of the United States in which 150,000,000 people are living. I'm very sorry, but I can't tell you anything about it."

The law which Mrs. Roosevelt attacks is not only unfair but is unwise. Intended to suppress communism, it will on the contrary incite radicalism. Students, forbidden to ask questions in class on the subject, will reason that it must be a very interesting and thrilling topic to incur

such a ban; and, like youngsters ordered not to inquire about sex, they will discuss it eagerly with their friends and search diligently in libraries for information. And they will come to believe that there must be a great deal of truth in communistic theories; if there were not, why would the government be so anxious to keep down all discussion of the matter?

It was not so many years ago that a number of states prohibited the teaching of evolution (in fact, some states still do.) But the one-track minds who passed these laws had the tables turned on them. Such interdiction publicized the doctrine of evolution better than a score of books could have done, with the result that in no time the theory of evolution was commonly accepted. The bigots who tried to crush the teachers of evolution were thanked by the Darwinians for their trouble.

Those responsible for the District of Columbia ruling prohibiting teachers from telling their pupils about communism should beware lest the big stick they are hurling at communism turn out to be a boomerang.

### Lynching in Self-defense

The five new tenants of the jail in White Bluff, Tenn., were laughing. They had just avenged the slapping of a relative, and seemed well-pleased with the swap of a bullet for a slap.

Baxter Bell, Negro, had been drunk—so drunk, in fact, that he couldn't remember striking a white woman. But the white woman's kinfolks thought that there was no Tennessee law which would give them adequate satisfaction for this insult, and decided to hold their own court. Prisoner Bell was speedily found guilty of some crime or other deserving of capital punishment, and was accordingly shot.

Now the quintet are being held in jail for murder—and they laugh, claiming with astonishing humor that they killed in self-defense. Very probably the jury will let them have their little joke and will set them free.

And thus will be completed another incident of our good old Southern administration of justice. Lynching is really a very fine thing—saves the expenses of courts, dispenses with delay, insures the meting out of justice. And the lynching parties always get their man—they never let him off with a few years, as some of the damfool courts do. Lynching is a great old Southern custom—one that the South should take pride in.



# Was the Engineering Problem Solved?

## Trustees Begin to See Change Was False Economy

By JIM DANIELS

**W**HEN THE TRUSTEES last Commencement Day voted to transfer the Chapel Hill engineering school to Raleigh they fulfilled the intentions of the Capital politicians who pushed the consolidation bill through the 1931 legislature on the single, vote-gathering appeal that great economies could be made by consolidating the post-graduate resources of North Carolina's three educational institutions.

In the great confusion co-existent with the trustees' decision, there were many who questioned its wisdom. But since then these doubts have crystallized into the conviction that the policy adopted last June was so unwise that it should be abandoned for one more in keeping with economy and one which avoids the almost universal inflexibility of engineering education. It has always been apparent that consolidation of the engineering school at Raleigh would entail an incidental cost so great that many decades would have to pass before the resulting savings in running expenses could offset the initial costs. Now it is becoming obvious that combining the engineering schools at Raleigh, rather than being a step in consolidation, is a greater diffusion of resources and a catering to institutional pride and jealousy. But most discouraging of all, it now seems painfully clear that the plan of engineering education which the Greater University has decided upon is not the one best suited to serve the state of North Carolina.

Yet it is not too late to remedy the damage which has been done. In a few months the trustees of the consolidated University will meet again. Since the actual consolidation of the two engineering schools is a process requiring at least four years, so little will have been accomplished when the trustees reconvene that it will be possible to revoke the earlier decision and initiate an engineering program for North Carolina which will be flexible enough to serve the hosts of students who wish a technical training, as well as the comparative few who desire the professional engineering education which alone the University is now prepared to offer.

## II

The most reliable evidence that the engineering question was answered incorrectly is the disastrous effect its settlement has had upon the faculty at Chapel Hill. The dissension which has increased since last June can not be attributed to petty and professional jealousies. The faculty morale is in its worst condition since the beginning of the depression for a much more significant reason. To move the engineering school to Raleigh will eventually cost close to a third of a million dollars; to build up an engineering school there to the high standard of the one which has been abandoned will necessitate hundreds of thousands a year. Realizing this, the faculty here, which sees no immediate hope for the restoration of its drastic salary cuts, alternates between moods of cynical discouragement and savage resentment. Though Miss Nell Battle Lewis was thoroughly criticized for reporting the internal strife at Chapel Hill, it requires little perspicacity to see that the faculty here awaits the slightest provocation to fight—or the slightest opportunity to follow the example of the score of notable scholars who have been attracted from Chapel Hill by salaries which corresponded more fairly with the value of their services.

Nor is this the only place where the transfer of the engineering school is resented. The agricultural and other non-engineering departments at State, which have yearly watched the engineering department there taking more and more of a limited budget, can see no hope for the future—only the prospect of even more neglect in favor of an ambitious engineering school. The fact that State was founded as an agricultural and mechanical school only makes the outlook more ironical. Even in 1933 (before the engineering school at State received its most recent advantage) the agricultural and vocational training departments there had been so thoroughly neglected that President Graham admitted to the trustees that the public schools of the state "have to get most of their teachers of industrial arts outside of North Carolina" and that "North Carolina

makes no direct appropriation for agricultural research."

And as for the taxpayers whose representatives supported consolidation in the belief that it would save money, they are soon promised an unpleasant awakening. When asked to fund the tremendous expense of transporting and reinstalling thousands of dollars of equipment, to stand the loss of and replace other equipment which can not be moved, to suffer the loss of a \$200,000 building which is not needed at present and cannot be remodeled without tremendous expense, and then to pay more money to build up a very inferior school at State—they will probably be moved to protest and draw tighter their purse strings.

### III

Plainly, moving the engineering school to Raleigh is not an economy measure. Just as obviously, it is neither a necessary or advisable step in consolidation, nor one in harmony with the needs of engineering education.

The Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education, which takes some of its members from the faculties of the nation's leading engineering schools and some directly from large industrial employers of engineering talent, such as the American Tel. and Tel. Co., agrees with President Graham's contention that the professional engineer should have a cultural and economic background. However, its reports do not favor President Graham's plan to give would-be engineers at Raleigh a cultural and economic background in a two-year curriculum similar to the one which has been established at Chapel Hill for liberal arts students.

"Granted that a higher cultural ideal for engineers is greatly to be desired, it does not follow that culture must be detached from and precede professional training."

But—what is more important—the Society's report backs up the recommendation which was made to the trustees by a group of disinterested experts headed by Dean Alan Works of Chicago University. Dean Works, who was called in to advise on consolidation, had been in charge of much of the reorganization at Chicago after President Hutchins decided to tear down and rebuild that university. He had also done similar work at Texas, Utah and N. Y. U. His recommendation regarding the engineering schools was that the excellent professional engineering school remain at Chapel Hill and that a school of spe-

cific industries be established at Raleigh. Some \$13,000 were spent in the investigation—the conclusions of which have so far been rejected.

The Society for the Promotion of Engineering Education makes this observation: "The most obvious defect in our present general scheme of engineering education is its inflexibility, in that it affords little alternative to the standardized four-year program of the engineering college." To remedy the present system of engineering education, which "aims to fit everybody to get to the top and to fit nobody to be efficient in minor responsibilities," the Society suggests the establishment of another type of engineering school, the technical institute. The engineering colleges could continue to graduate a relatively small number of professional engineers; at the same time the distinctly technical institute would fill the at present unsatisfied industrial demand for men trained in specific techniques.

This second type of engineering school, possessing less formal admission and graduation requirements, would stress capacity and experience more than engineering theory. Teaching would be relatively direct, with emphasis on doing rather than "book study." Teachers would have "adequate scholarly preparation" but would be chosen "primarily on the basis of practical experience, personal sagacity, and ability to teach through programs of orderly experience."

Proof that this type of institution is greatly needed is found in the fact that more than three-fourths of the graduate engineers do not become real engineers. Most of them are soon employed as plant supervisors, drafters, designers, testers, inspectors and such. According to the Society's report, the potential industrial demand for graduates of the technical institute (as opposed to the engineering college) is at present not more than one-fiftieth supplied. Engineering colleges yearly graduate 9,000 men. But "25,000 to 30,000 graduates a year from technical institutes could be absorbed to great advantage."

Nor does the graduate of the engineering college, for all his more expensive and longer training, have an appreciable economic advantage over the graduate of the technical institute. "The median earnings of the two groups, for equal age and experience, show only a moderate margin in favor of the college man." Offsetting even this is the fact that institute graduates are "somewhat more stable in their early employment than engineering college graduates."



IV

Not the least argument in favor of a reconsideration of the question of consolidating engineering education at Raleigh is the knowledge which is now becoming wide-spread that the whole consolidation movement was largely directed towards procuring the Chapel Hill engineering school and its appropriation for the engineering school at State.

When Governor O. Max Gardner sent a special message to the 1931 Legislature advocating a consolidation of the state institutions at Chapel Hill, Raleigh and Greensboro, the only reason which he gave for consolidation was economy by combining the post-graduate resources of the three schools. There was no sense, he said, in the state's "attempting to maintain two graduate schools with two others in prospect as soon as the General Assembly can be induced to appropriate the money." Yet in 1934, Dean Riddick of the Raleigh engineering school, who most assuredly must have been in close connection with those who drafted and passed the consolidation bill, made this inadvertent remark in a moment of professional forgetfulness (the quotation comes from his report to the trustees) :

*"In accordance with the original plans of those who brought about consolidation, engineering education should be concentrated at State College of Agriculture and Engineering of the University and the financial resources and personnel now available at the two institutions be used to build up a greater school of engineering at Raleigh than has been possible at either of the two schools."*

This quotation naturally leads us to believe that moving the Chapel Hill engineering school to Raleigh was from the start a foregone (though unpublicized) conclusion in consolidation. It explains the rejection of Dean Work's recommendation that the professional engineering school be located at Chapel Hill and the technical institute be established at Raleigh. It also suggests the extent of the institutional pride and fears of disintegration which the legislature bosses aroused when they passed the consolidation bill. Furthermore, a knowledge of these institutional animosities helps explain why President Graham recommended to the trustees that the engineering schools be combined at Raleigh: as president of the Greater University he did not wish to appear partial to Chapel Hill.

But the author cannot believe that the mere

desire to be impartial could have caused President Graham to make his startling recommendation. Rather, it seems that his much criticized move was motivated by the same convictions which caused the New Curriculum. From unofficial sources, it is reported that President Graham hopes to build up the liberal arts at Raleigh until it will be possible for a State student to transfer to Chapel Hill any time before he begins his junior work. This means that President Graham expects to give agricultural and engineering students at State the same basic two-year cultural and economic course which has been established at Chapel Hill for freshman and sophomore liberal arts students.

This ambitious plan, like many educational dreams, exhibits no surface imperfections or deficiencies. In itself the idea of giving professional engineers a knowledge of their cultural heritage (even if superficial) and a social and economic orientation cannot be criticized. No one can deny that the men who have directed mechanical progress have been so intent upon scientific achievement that they have disastrously out-stripped cultural and social achievements. The discrepancy, known to economists and sociologists as the cultural lag, has resulted in such conditions as technological unemployment .

The plan of engineering education which is outlined for the Greater University is most defective in its assumption that every student with a mechanical leaning should have a professional engineering education. It makes no provision for the student who can afford a two-year technical education but not a four-year professional course. It does not take advantage of the unsatisfied demand for thousands of men with training in specific techniques. With his eyes fixed upon some distant point, President Graham hopes for a great engineering school at Raleigh, a branch of the three-fold university. Needless to say, the fulfillment of this hope is almost made impossible by this University's dependence upon a state appropriation which fluctuates with the quotations of the New York Stock Exchange, and without regard for the often irreparable damages which its violent changing causes.

V

The present administration constantly emphasizes the University's obligation to its supporting state. It cannot be seen, therefore, why President Graham, in recommending the course which the trustees approved last June, neglected the oppor-

tunity to serve the state by establishing at Raleigh North Carolina's first school of specific industries. The expense of such an action could hardly have been greater. Chapel Hill could have retained her already excellent professional engineering school. At the same time, Raleigh could have drawn large numbers of students by offering a type of training which is not now obtainable in this region.

The school at State would offer a strictly technical curriculum. This delineation of function would prevent its ever following the usual ambitious tendency for technical institutes to develop into engineering colleges, to the neglect of their original purpose. For this reason, the Raleigh institute could never duplicate the professional engineering school at Chapel Hill. There would never be any overlapping to arouse the legislature's ostentatious solicitude for the people's money. There would not be the expensive need for supplementing the Raleigh engineering school with the departments and resources which are already established in Chapel Hill. And finally, State College would be following the purpose for which it was established in 1887: to give "instruction in (the quotation comes from the legis-

lative bill which brought State College into existence) woodworking, mining metallurgy, practical agriculture, and such other branches of industrial education as may be deemed expedient."

By supporting the two distinct and non-competitive engineering schools, the Greater University would achieve greater flexibility. It would continue to prepare the few professional engineers whom industry requires. But at the same time it would train large numbers of strictly technical men whom industry needs in a proportion of three to every one professional engineer.

Therefore, we recommend to the trustees when they again convene that they reconsider the extremely important question of the engineering schools. If their purpose is simply economy, they will do well to return to the old arrangement—for any monetary savings under the present plan are highly problematical. But if they have in mind a system of engineering education which will give the Greater University of North Carolina a regional leadership in that field, they should do only one thing: consolidate the engineering schools at Chapel Hill and establish a school of specific industries at Raleigh.

## Bayonets for Yellow Bellies

### Campus Pacifists---and a War with Japan

*By* MAC SMITH

**WAR DECLARED** . . . Bill Hanover, Les Brooks, and I were really in a tough spot. We were pacifists.

"Looks like we get dragged into this thing, after all." Les Brooks rose from his chair and strolled to the window that looked out over the Well from our Old East room. The weather was clammy with fog.

Bill and I said nothing. We were against war as strongly as anybody on the campus, and this stir with Japan and the prospect of fighting in the Philippines had thrown us into despair.

"Snap out of it, you two!" Les ordered, lighting another cigarette. He was nervous too. "I've lost out as well as you, but whatta we gonna do? Sit around here on our tails and cry?"

"How 'bout a trip to Tony's to brace us up, maybe?" I suggested, and we filed out of the

room and found our way downtown through the maze of fog and running students, wildly excited over the call to arms. . . .

It was then ten-thirty, as well as I can remember. Classes had been temporarily suspended with the news of the war.

At Tony's we found a mob of other students and soon we were lost in the crowd of drinkers and drunks. By 2 o'clock Les and I were pretty well under. Bill Hanover was controlling himself better than we were. . . .

I faintly remember the big celebration that came off about three. Les said they had a parade down Franklin street . . . a column of infantry and a tiny drum corps that rat-atat-tat-ed with a zeal that was contagious.

We all piled out of Tony's and stood on the street and waved wildly at something everybody



else was waving wildly at. How long we stood there and cheered I can't remember, but it must have been an eternity. . . .

"We're not behind the plow . . . da, de-da, da, de-da . . . We're not, we're not, we're not behind the p-pl-ploow . . ." Les Brooks sang miserably and my head was being pricked by a million nervous headprickers.

"Shut up, you fool, you lovely little damn fool, I'm not drunk anymore, I'm sick! Move over," I ordered and slumped down on the floor of the Volunteer's registering warehouse and tried to forget that split in my head. . . .

Very little beside that one incident do I remember of that dreadful day and night when Les Brooks and I were trapped into the army . . and we, pacifists! Bill Hanover, thank God, kept his head and held himself to his convictions. Poor fellow, it was three years later when I heard what happened to him. He tried to stay at Carolina, but the younger boys who couldn't join the army, scorned him, publicly labelled him yellow, and made his life miserable. When he left Chapel Hill he was beaten in spirit, and everywhere he tried to stay people made fun of him. With his desperate evasion of the Third Month's Conscription, the government spirited him off to Leavenworth for treason. We thought we had it tough, Les and I, at the fighting end of the war.

I was mad as hell when I finally got back on my feet. Shamefully I admit I took part in the cheering of the colors that day; but I was drunk. I, who had helped lead the strike against war; I, who had shouted for a "peace sentiment" in Memorial Hall only three weeks before, was so swiftly converted into a patriotic maniac!

Everyone knows the story by now of those two months of heated discussion before America finally entered the struggle. President Roosevelt, on his second term of office, rallied the nation around him to "go out and make the world safe for Americans." And the University's program against war had little success.

Within forty-eight hours after the challenge from the White House and the roll of the six drums going down Franklin street, Carolina was either sending drunk men like me to the front or shipping wild freshmen home to spread the fightin' spirit.

## II

Camp Jackson was a factory through which boys and men were run to make them mechanical killers. I had a tough time there, largely because

I couldn't adjust myself to the idea of murdering and being murdered. The picture of human debris scattered in tiny, quivering, dirty bits over a fresh battlefield tormented me.

Les and I were both green as cucumbers, but Private Brooks caught on much quicker than Private Smith. At dawn we scrambled out of bed and whipped through infantry drills, target practice, trench warfare, and bayonet mockery . . . with rests for eating stuck in the schedule at regular intervals. It was strain, those six weeks of grind, grind, grind.

Les became a good soldier long before I even learned how to turn my bayonet in the dummy's stomach. Every man in the ranks was taught to attack his dummy bag with his rifle bayonet



and, as soon as the steel went home, to twist the blade sharply in the wound.

"Mad, get mad, I tell you . . . damn you, man, twist that stick . . .," said the drill sergeant. And weakly I managed to feint a twist in the bundle of dirty rags before me.

"Get a scowl on ya' face—use some force. Twist harder, growl harder. Cuss the bastard for all you're worth." The sergeant was exasperated. "Do as I say, you fool." He landed his foot in the seat of my pants and I was ready to fight . . . that devil of a sergeant, at least.

## III

Japan was in excellent shape for the war . . . in much better shape, in fact, than we were. While Les and I had been in training the forces of the enemy had attempted the expected transfer

across to the northern islands of the Philippines; and, unfortunately, the American ships rounded Cape Bolinao too late to prevent many of the troops from landing. The concentrated effort of the Japs had been successful in the first part.

Our regular army, stationed at Manila, moved up the island to meet the invaders at the same time we sailed on the transport from San Diego. . . .

I had known Les Brooks at Carolina—pretty well, I thought. But it was those six weeks before our transit to death that really brought us together. Les helped me at Camp Jackson over the matter of the bayonet.

"Forget it, Mac," he said. "After all, the old sergeant is in the business just to make us fighters. And you might as well put your soul into this killing game—you may never get a chance to put it into anything else. Either you kill the dummy or the dummy kills you."

We laughed at my getting mad with the sergeant. "And too," added Les, "that bayonet has got to be twisted in the body or else the wound will close and you'll have a dead stick on your hands. You'll never be able to pull it out if you don't twist!" Leslie Brooks was smart. I had never thought of a practical reason for twisting; I had always imagined the twist just part of the torture.

Even on the way over I was still chicken-hearted. I was scared stiff at the idea of being made to run a man through the guts to spread his bowels over a blood-clotted field—just because his skin happened to be an off-shade white. That was something I didn't have to worry about at Carolina.

"Brace up, fella," said Les to me. "We're all goin' in there and let 'em have it. I was against war, but now I'm tied up in it and I'm goin' to do my darndest to fill every yellow skin I can find with Du Pont lead . . . profit or no profit. I'm shootin' while I can . . . may not have the opportunity long. Kill 'em dead, boys, that's me."

I envied Les' attitude, almost. But I was to learn my lesson soon enough. We landed in Manila and in less than a week we were approaching the rear ranks on foot. Disastrously, the regulars in front were annihilated only eight hours before we arrived; and it fell our lot to close in the broken trench ranks and prepare for another drive on the Japs, who were well dug in their new positions.

Three nights later the stage was set for the

dawn attack. Les and I were together still and that night we had our last "bulling" together. Inwardly, I wondered how my pal felt about the coming test. I was anxious to see if he would appear as dauntless under fire as he appeared the week before when we were out on the Pacific.

"Tomorrow we get our first real chance to show 'em our wares," said Les with a friendly gleam in his blue eyes. "Yessir," he continued, "I'm going to be right in there, and I want you to be right at my side. Together we'll carve a yellow path to Tokyo and show these Japs where to head in!"

He was clearly drunk on excitement; I was suffering from inhibitions and took delight in his intoxication. The talk went back to school days and Bill Hanover whom we hadn't seen since Tony's.

Les couldn't lose his self-confidence and wild spirit. I was uneasy. I wasn't ready to fight and I knew it. I sickened at the thought of lying lost in the luxuriant mire of Philippine swamps, my seared skin mucked with jellied blood—my own body trailing off into the expanse of the mingled dead, half of me gone . . . the thinking half still alive with stumbling men falling heavily on me.

I was afraid I was gonna show up baby when the morning firing began and I really didn't want to appear yellow . . . with Les there.

At one o'clock we parted to snatch a bit of nervous turning in our cots before the early morning call. Already aides were stirring about before the hour for the attack.

Our separation that night was signally touching. Unrest and indecision marked my words, and with starved soul I feasted on Les' sparkling good night.

"Pleasant dreams, toodle-doo and a bit of tweet-tweet, or maybe it's twa-twa. Need rest before our crusade tomorrow. Goodnight, pal, and may we continue our pleasant chat tomorrow—as man of conquest to man of conquest. Sleep tight . . ." he said, and he slipped away in the mist toward his barren niche in the trench. I was cheered a little by Les' intimation that we meet again as champions—he did not even preclude a possibility that we would not meet at all. . . .

I had hardly laid down on my sweaty cot, it seemed, before the word was being passed down the lines that everything was ready to start. I managed to find my place alongside Les in our



Camp Jackson company. We were to follow three other companies over the top and make for a hundred-yards-away "low" where we were to drop and answer shot.

Company "A" moved up and over in the shadowy dawn. The misty air was damp and the dirt was soft, very soft, almost mud. Company "B" was piling out fifty feet or more down the line. In three minutes it would be our turn. There had been no firing yet. Les and I eyed each other; we wondered if the "A" boys were going to make it. . . . Crack! Crack! There went the first volley and the drive was on. We began to pile out. It was going to be tough and I was afraid to fight, still!

"Give it to 'em, pal," instructed Les. He hadn't weakened a bit. It was a good thing, for I don't know what I would have done. . . .

We made the top and started to run, head down. There was plenty of shooting down where Companies "A" and "B" were. We were still running, about half way there now. . . . The company after us was beginning to pile out behind us. . . . Crack! Louder cracks meant nearer shots. Zzzspt! Firing on us actually began. We were almost to the "low" now. More shots into our ranks and a couple of boys fell. I turned away. . . . Where was Les? There, on my right. . . .

Running faster now to get where we could answer those shots. More boys falling. "Give it to 'em pals," Les said as we reached the "low."

The bullets were coming thick now. "Get down, Les!" I shouted. He was too anxious to shoot. "Kill hell out of . . ." He was going to be . . .

I was afraid of if. They caught him in the head and he dropped to his knees in my arms. "Let 'em have it, pa—" The boy was bleeding badly where the shot had gone through his eye.

"Come on, Les Old Man," I said—but it was no use. The bullets were coming close over my head and I laid Les down in his own blood.

Without thinking I took my position and opened fire alongside the rest of my company. For two hours I fired and advanced, fired and advanced, fired and advanced. When I had a chance to draw my first deep breath, I looked around at the dirty, red, tear-stained faces about me. I hadn't even thought of not fighting, for Les himself had died to make me mad, make me a fighter and not a cowardly dog. . . .

I could have argued myself blue with intellectual facts against war, but Les made me a warrior. I forgot my sentiment for peace and I killed, I murdered, and I twisted my bayonet through yellow bellies.

## News Photos---Rush!

### Life Story of a Newspaper Picture

*By* DONALD BECKER

**S**O YOU'D LIKE to know a little something—not too much, but a little—about making pictures for a newspaper? Well, the best way to do that is just to make one yourself. What will it be? Let's make it this year's grid classic with Georgia Tech. Here's a camera; now let's amble down to the sidelines in Kenan Stadium.

You look a little puzzled; anything wrong? Oh yes, you've got to adjust the lens and shutter to suit both the light conditions and the type of picture you're taking. Well, there isn't much choice in this case. Football is a fast game, and your camera shutter has to be fast in order to stop the action. As a matter of fact (if you'll pardon the digression) speed is the keynote of newspaper photography. You'll find that out by-and-by; in

the meantime, just open your lens as wide as she'll go and time your shutter for about a three-hundred-and-fiftieth part of a second. That ought to stop most any ball carrier. Too fast? Nonsense! That camera you have there will take good action pictures at one-one-thousandth of a second if the light's right.

There's the kickoff! Sure everything's ship-shape? Lens, curtain aperture, tension, safety-slide, mirror release? O.K., Skipper, you can bury your nose in that hood from now on, and watch the play on the ground-glass. 'Tis a bit confusing at first, everything being backwards, but it won't take you long to get used to it.

You say you want to get just the touchdown plays? There's no way of knowing which ones

they are, until after it's too late. The only thing you can do about that is to shoot everything that looks like it's going to be good, and hope it will be.

There's something coming up now. In fact, it looks like you're in luck. That ball-toter is running straight at you—snap that shot quick, and then get out of the way; he may be knocked over the sideline and flatten out you and your camera. As a matter of fact, he wasn't. He just stepped into the end-zone for a touchdown. You got the scoring play. You got a break—maybe. He was rushing right at you, so it ought to be a swell picture if he didn't run out of your plane of focus. But there's only one way of finding out about that—we'll hurry down to the darkroom and develop the negative. After all, you know, we have a good bit to do before we catch that 5:30 bus to take the picture to the engraver's in Durham—and remember, as I said before, speed is the keynote of this racket.

## II

So this is the first time you've been in a darkroom? Well, it's really dark. You can use a dim red light when you develop ordinary film, but this new panchromatic we're using today has to be developed in total darkness. It's swell film, but trouble to handle. You'll just have to feel around for the tanks, and thank your lucky stars they have such things as time-temperature controls.

The films have been in the hypo long enough now, so you can turn the light on and see what you've got. Hmm, they look fairly good. Just as soon as the hypo finishes its job of eating off that emulsion we'll wash 'em a few minutes and then put 'em in the drying room.

Now that drying room is a big help. Remember the speed element. It's mighty handy to have a man-made desert to dry your film in—saves hours. In a few minutes now we'll be able to put them in a projector and blow them up.

That shot you made of Bershak coming around end isn't so bad—he's a little bit out of focus, but the picture will come up all right. Push that projector a little higher, and we'll make an eight-by-ten enlargement out of part of this negative. The editor says we can have a six-column cut today, and that means we've got to enlarge quite a bit.

Get a piece of that extra-contrast enlarging paper and we'll go to work. Newspaper pictures must have all the contrast you can get into them. Snap, brilliance; they're hard as the devil to achieve. Well, this thing here could be worse.

It'll make a six-column engraving all right. Just as soon as we run it through that contraption over there that looks like an improved clothes-wringer, we'll be all set to go to Durham. That's another time-and-labor saving device. It squeezes the water out of the print, the gas heat dries it in a hurry, and the smooth, chromium-finished steel boards give it a glossy finish that helps a lot to get that brightness we want so badly.

## III

You've never been in the photo-engraving plant at Durham before? Well, you'll be able to smell it before you see it. There are enough deadly chemicals in that place to kill an army. Here we are now. You're going to see some interesting stuff for the next two hours. And incidentally, you'll find out why pictures cost so darned much. This one here, when we're all finished with it, will set the P. U. Board back to the tune of about \$14.

You see, it's this way: we've got a picture here that we want to print in the paper. Now you can't print from a flat picture; you've got to change it into something hard, and raised up, so it'll make an impression just like a piece of type. That's the whole secret. What this photo-engraver has to do is change your picture into a series of raised points on a zinc plate. Then they'll be able to print the thing over in the Orange Printshop.

Well, the first job is getting the picture broken up into a series of dots—you can make raised points out of dots, you see, but you can't out of a smooth picture. So that enlargement you made has to be re-photographed. Only this time they do it through a screen. What's a screen? That's the glass plate over there with lines drawn on it both ways and crossing at right angles. It looks like a window screen, only much finer. They put that screen in front of the new film they're making, and when they re-photograph your football picture it will be broken up into a series of black and white dots.

There's the new negative now, all developed. How do you like a picture made out of just dots? Pretty clever, isn't it? Now let's see what our friend the photo-engraver does next.

He's taking that negative and putting it in a frame with a sensitized zinc plate. He's just going to make a print on zinc, that's all. After he turns that arc light on it for a time, and then develops the plate in a chemical, you'll see the picture on zinc.



There it is. Just a lot of dots on a piece of metal. But wait, we're not finished yet. We've got dots, but they're not raised points. Making this transformation is the next step.

It's done like this: the parts of the zinc plate you want to be raised are covered with a protective enamel—that was done when the zinc plate was chemically developed. The dark dots are covered with protective enamel; the white ones are left bare.

Well, you take that plate, set it in a contraption, and splash nitric acid against it. The black dots are protected by enamel; but the white ones are defenseless, and the acid just goes to work and eats away the white dots. That leaves the black ones in the form of raised points.

#### IV

So there's our picture, just about ready to print.

As soon as the engraver lines it up and mounts it on a wooden block we'll catch a bus back to Chapel Hill and deliver the goods.

Just for the fun of it, let's check up on the speed element we were talking about. We left the game after the first half and developed our picture. That was around 3:30, wasn't it? We caught the 5:30 bus to Durham, and got back to Chapel Hill around 9:30. Six hours, and we wasted well over an hour in traveling.

When you rub the sleep out of your eyes tomorrow morning and pick up your copy of the *Daily Tar Heel*, you'll find a three-hundred-and-fiftieth part of a second's time on the gridiron yesterday recorded permanently in black and white on the sports page. In brief, you will view one of the greatest scientific miracles of modern times.

### Black Glory Among Us

Out of the night he came. I say  
Out of the night because  
He came from behind an abysmal black curtain.  
One day he was a negro, the next day white.  
Cross the color line? Yes, just like  
He came across the tracks that day and  
Asked old Jeb Davis for a job.  
He got it. His frank blue eyes (blue I said)  
And his pale whitish face (it was much whiter  
Than Jeb's) got him the job.  
He went to the negro high school,  
(The finest in the South) and afternoons  
Worked at the store. He soon became  
The favorite clerk of patrons of the store  
Both white and black, and likewise  
The object of numerous charities white and black.  
That was years ago. Not long past  
I met him at a friend's in North Chicago,  
A student at Northwestern, I was told.  
I recognized the former grocery clerk,  
But held my tongue. First he paled, then his back  
Stiffened and he held out his hand. A smile  
Somewhat sardonic took possession of his face.  
"We've—." He started to say we'd met, but I  
broke it.  
"I'm glad to meet you," I said. "No, I'm sure  
We've never met before. Will you have a smoke?"  
A light I took for gratitude  
Came in his eyes. We talked  
For awhile of things in general  
Then I left the room and with it,  
Left him his white face.

—Elmer D. Johnson.

# No 'count

## A Sketch of the Tobacco Country

By EDNA MACDONALD SERREM

THE TRAIL, winding as a coil, crowded its spiral curves against tall old mulberry bushes and the glow of ripening peaches. Our heavy automobile, lurching along a way intended only for a team of mules and a wagon, suddenly bolted from the narrow passage into a large clearing.

Sheltered by a pine grove and a patchwork of scrub-oaks, a frame house, painted a soft gray by rain and sun, rested flatly on the ground. The pale green of tobacco leaves reached into limitless distance. I was all for turning back into the highway, for the strange, subtle dullness, the utter lifelessness of the place were singularly disquieting. But a lad came running towards us, his bare feet throwing up light clouds of sand. His overalls were faded to a dim blue. His red hair glinted faintly in the sun.

"Somethin'?" he asked. Wariness looked at us from pale blue eyes.

"Well, yes," my fellow-traveler admitted. "We were told that you would be able to fill an order."

The youth jerked his head backwards in the direction of a distant outbuilding. "Better ask him," he advised, turning and trotting along an extension of the road. "Come on!" He called back over his shoulder.

On what appeared to be an old porch floor extending from the barn a few feet, a woman squatted. A faded and torn blue garment hung from her shoulders, held closely about her thin waist by a leather thong, and fastened at the back of her neck with a single large safety-pin. I was certain no other garment defended her from the onslaughts of the sun. Her strong lean legs were visible somewhat above her knees as she worked over a bucket of water in which small green peaches floated. Her bare feet exposed soles tough as shoe leather. Faded light brown hair was drawn harshly upward and backward from her face, and screwed into a knot.

She smiled at me as I got out of the automobile and came towards her. The red-haired boy offered me a hickory-slat chair, and I sat down and looked at her faded figure. Her large light eyes were set in a network of wrinkles, yet there was about her a definite air of youngness and hard

strength. Several scrawny children stood about, silent and staring at me with red-rimmed eyes. The sun glared down, and I wondered why the woman was working here and not at the house we had passed. There was something very eerie about the whole scene. These were the miserable devotees; the fine strong barn with its impregnable door, a place of worship. Tobacco in flower exhaled its incense all around us.

The woman, smiling, said, "Hot, ain't hit?" her thin strong hands cutting steadily into the peaches with a large, black-handled knife. A small blonde child sitting beside her dipped her hands into the water.

"Don't do that, sister," she was admonished. "You cain't he'p me thataway, darlin'." Withdrawing her hands from the water, the child moved closer to her mother. The woman turned her smile from the child to me.

"That's my youngest," she said. "That's the only girl left, now. Hit makes hit right hard, too."

"Hit shore does make hit hard." A man whom somehow I had not noticed sitting on the opposite end of the platform, spoke without looking at us. His gaze was fixed on miles of cornstalks shaking tasseled heads beyond the pines. He was short and sleek-looking. His overalls were new. Above the opened collar of his good white shirt his full throat was wet and faintly glistening with perspiration. A puff of wind fluttered the soft black curls covering his head. With one smooth, rounded hand he pressed them down. Sighing heavily, he said:

"Our boys ain't no 'account, nohow. We ain't never been able to git nuthin' outen our boys." His large brown humid eyes continued to stare into the distance with such absorption that I twisted in my chair to see if something I had not been aware of was happening. He was only looking at his cornfields. Silence ensued during which my thoughts turned to what his boys were undoubtedly doing at that very moment. They must be working hard, filling jugs with the distilled green juice of those cornfields.



"No," he again lamented, "'pears like the boys is nuthin' but triffin'."

As the father delivered this verdict, a boy of fourteen or so rose from his seat near him. Throwing up his head, his eyes flashed into mine, their beautiful blue savage with scorn so eloquent he shared it with me. Without a word he walked towards the grove of pines into which his brothers had gone, and a boy a year or so younger slipped into his place.

"Well," I ventured, "perhaps the boys will do better as they grow older." The father snorted and rubbed his eyes with full brown fingers. "Cain't expect nuthin' of the boys," he maintained.

Smiling, the mother said: "Seems like nary a one of the twelve can take holt."

"Twelve! You haven't twelve boys, have you?"

"Yes, ma'am. Twelve boys and two girls. When the oldest girl wan't but sixteen she got married. Seems like there wan't no other way to do. She got all taken up with primpin' and fixin's. She was the only right smart he'p I ever had."

"Yes, the boys is no good. Cain't depend on them, nohow," the man said. "Cain't trust none of them perfect enough to watch the barn over night."

I dimly remembered something about "curing" tobacco. The woman was looking at the barn with the concentrated passion of a mother brooding over a delicate child. "Nice, ain't hit?" she smiled, her eyes bright. "I reckon you'd like to look in."

I rose and tugged open the door. Cemented on all sides to the hard clay floor, a long, barrel-like oven stretched across the width of the barn. A thermometer hung above it, and heavy warm air filled the room. Along a net-work of frame rafters, row upon row of tobacco cuttings clustered in tan-colored festoons, sweet-smelling and oddly impressive.

Shutting the door, I returned to my seat. The woman said softly: "That there lot needs only forty-eight hours more heat. I watched hit all last night. I'm feared the boys'll let the thermometer drop down. They don't stay awake good."

"No, the boys is just lazy," the man said, his eyes on his cornfields.

"I reckon you're ashamed of this old dress I'm wearin'," the woman's soft voice murmured. "But I had to hoe out my flower garden this

mawnin'. Seems like the weeds was about to take my Four-O-Clocks."

I was aghast. "After you had been up all night?"

"Oh, there ain't never been a time I didn't have to work hard."

"We ain't as young as we was," her husband reminded her.

The woman's smile widened and grew more loving. "Sometimes I say we'll have to move outen the house and let the tobacco have it. When the bedrooms is full the boys sleep outside. Rain won't spoil them."

"Well, the boys ain't much good," the father put in. And he added: "Seems like these gnats knows my eyes is gittin' poor. Seems like they want to pester me so bad I cain't read my Bible."

My mind dismissed the father and all his works. "That big boy—the red-headed one—looks helpful," I said to the mother.

She shook her head. "Well, he ain't right bright," she stated. "His mind ain't right."

I was astonished. He had at once become master of ceremonies, and was unquestionably bossing the job in the woods.

"He talks back," the father said, his bare feet moving slowly back and forth in the bed of sand partly covering them.

"He just cain't recollect right," the mother said in her tranquil voice.

"All our boys ain't much else but lazy," the father offered, removing his gaze from the cornfields to peer through the pines whence my fellow-traveler and three of the boys were now emerging. Each carried a large pasteboard carton. In solemn silence the business of stowing these receptacles in the automobile went forward. In a kind of ritual, packages were passed from hand to hand and cautiously arranged on the floor of the car. I saw that the boy with the red hair was bright enough to accept the money and quickly pocket it.

The woman went on peeling peaches as we said goodbye.

"Come again," she murmured. "We had a right nice visit."

"Thank you," I replied. "I enjoyed it very much."

"Well," the husband said, "seems like I cain't enjoy things like I used to. My Bible ain't the comfort it used to be."

"I'll come again," I told the smiling woman.

## Reviewing the Books

FELICIANA. Stark Young. Scribners'. New York. 259 pp. \$2.50.

Last year the author of several not particularly popular and (from what one can gather) not particularly good novels, wrote a story of the Old South which headed the best-seller lists for weeks on end. The man, of course, was Stark Young, in whom, oddly enough, no stark realism is discernible. The novel, of course, was *So Red the Rose*, a story of lavender and old lace and moonlight and four roses (pardon us—the subversive influence of modern advertising). *So Red the Rose* was popular because it was a beautifully written, well-constructed, highly romantic and sentimental novel of the South befo' de Wah and during the conflict, with many of the coming tragedies of the South casting their shadows before.

*Felician*a is a collection of sketches, many of them laid in the same locale as *So Red the Rose*, some concerned with the same period, others with the era of reconstruction, and still others set on foreign soil, but always looking with nostalgia back to the dear old Mississippi plantation. A few of the sketches are very effective indeed. But most of them read as if they were notebook scraps left over from the writing of the popular novel, gathered up at the publisher's insistence to keep Mr. Young before his public.

This necessity of keeping a well-known author before his public has been responsible for some of the worst drivel under the best names in American letters. The blame may not altogether lie with the publishers, since it has been judiciously pointed out before that even authors have to eat, and that if a hastily written inferior work can coast along on the merits of a good one, a penurious author may well profit by the sales.

This department regrets that it lacks the broadness of sympathy necessary to the encouragement of junk, even technically accomplished, beautifully written junk, so that Mr. Young may have his steak and potatoes and supply his children with shoes. We'd a lot rather Mr. Young had gone hungry and his children barefoot than to see him damage his reputation with the customary follow-up on a best-seller—a collection of sketches.

Unless you, or your dear Cousin Minnie, wept over the many real beauties of *So Red the Rose*, you'll probably weep for the wasted two dollars and a half you invest in *Felician*a. Our advice is to wait until Mr. Young has something to say, and then listen to it. It will probably be worth your while. *Felician*a undoubtedly is not.—NELSON LANSDALE.

A DIARY WITHOUT DATES. Enid Bagnold. Wm. Morrow and Co. New York City. 146 pp. \$1.50.

Did you ever dream of beating drums, flying flags, new uniforms, bright buttons, ambitious faces? Read this book about the war-time hospital and all you'll think of will be faces lacking eyes, lips, nostrils, or ears, suffering unimaginable pain; praying for the actuality, dreading the wait; mud-spattered, blood-spattered, tear-spattered uniforms on closed-eyed men on stretchers carried by gum-chewing stretcher-men, attended by expressionless doctors and nurses; flags draped around bodies on their way to

bugle taps, rifle salutes and forgetfulness. You'll catch a glimpse of Sniff—an empty space on his bed tells of the whereabouts of one foot—crying out, "Keepin' me here starin' at green walls this way! Nothing but green, nine blessed months." You'll see Rees, who says, "Me arm aches cruel," and is wheeled to the operating room to the tune of, "Jer want white flowers on yer coffin." You'll feel Gayner's torture: tetanus setting in, his mouth closing slowly ("my jaws want to close. I can't keep them open.")

Enid Bagnold, author of *National Velvet*, one of this year's best sellers, tells of this war-time hospital without fear or lack of reality. For writing this book, she was immediately dismissed from war-service. How humanity dreads the truth! She writes of the cold-blooded, stoic Sisters and nurses and doctors, who see those on the hospital cots only as animals wounded on the field of honor, not as men with homes and children and emotions forced into butchering and being butchered.

She pens in an extremely free manner, tossing away any bonds of form and convention. For example: "Pain . . . To stand up straight on one's feet, strong, easy, without the surging of any physical sensation, by a bedside whose coverings are flung here and there by the quivering nerves beneath it . . . there is a sort of shame in such strength."

Miss Bagnold's treatment of the horror of war, of those facts that are strangely left out of Generals' speeches, false headlines, and paid-for word-pictures, is without a mask of pretension. I have read quite a few books on war, but none is as frank, none points so directly to the futility and pain of war, as this *Diary Without Dates*.—MORTON FELDMAN.

OLD JULES. Mari Sandos. An Atlantic Monthly Press Publication. Little, Brown, & Co. Boston. 424 pp. \$3.00.

At twenty-five Jules Sandoz was tired—tired as only the beating summer sun and the freezing winter winds of the Nebraska flatlands can make a man. It was all so different, these endless plains, from Jules' native Switzerland, where in quiet Neuchatel he had spent his first score of years. Now he was a cripple, with a twisted foot where two of his pranking friends had let him drop thirty feet to the bottom of a well. His face was the face of an old man, prematurely aged with the worries of trying to make a home on the barren prairie. A dozen times Jules made up his mind to go back to his career as a doctor in the Old Country, but each time he hitched his crutch a little closer under his arm and once more tried to make real his vision of a happy settlement in this new Nebraska.

And in the succeeding quarter century of his life Jules made himself a part of the country he had planned. He wrote back to Switzerland for new settlers, brought his brothers and his sister out and settled them in sod huts; he fought cattlemen, organized vigilantes, made friends with the few scattered Indians, and at the same time managed to produce new types of plants suited for the dry sands, even exchanging horticultural prizes with



Luther Burbank. He was the first settler, the doctor, and the postmaster for the community. He arranged claims, delivered babies, and sold stamps with like equanimity, and in the evenings when the settlers gathered around his post office he settled the problems of the nation with the finality that only his gruff voice could achieve. Four times Old Jules ventured into the realms of matrimony, and three times he retired in defeat and disgust. His first wife divorced him, his second became insane, partly from the monotony of the land and partly from his beatings, and the third ran away with an accordion player. It was the fourth who stuck to Jules, bore him his six children, and finally buried him under the flat surface of the prairie that he had fought so long.

Mari Sandoz, daughter of the fourth wife, is the author of this biography. She is an associate editor of the Nebraska history magazine and an authority on the history of her state. She pictures her father as a rough man, a product of the frontier; and she admits that all her life she has stood in awe of him. But in him she portrays one of the strongest characters I have personally ever met in literature. He is a tyrant, ruling his family, and everyone else that he can, with all the power of his forceful nature. He beat a wife with a barbed wire whip when she wouldn't obey him; but men and women alike revered him and found in him a constant friend. He admitted that women weren't quite as good to have around a farm as a horse, yet he inspired his daughter to write his biography so that no doubt can be left as to the greatness of one Swiss pioneer, Old Jules.

The book took the Atlantic Monthly \$5,000 prize for the best work of non-fiction for 1935.—ELMER D. JOHNSON.

**THE STREET I KNOW.** Harold E. Stearns. Lee Furman, Inc. New York. 411 pp. \$2.75.

This straight-from-the-shoulder autobiography proves that one does not have to be a celebrity to possess a life that is of enough general interest to record in anecdotal detail. As a journalist, Stearns shines—but not brilliantly, having dabbled with short successes in all phases of the hardest of professions.

*The Street I Know* is devoid of all originality of expression. It reeks with newspaper simplicity; however, it manages to cover in a vivid sense the turbulence and immense range of Stearns' life. From this curious conglomeration of personal history, deep-down reminiscence, sophomoric philosophy, and careless writing comes an honest account of the dead bohemians and their strange era in American letters. As editor of the old *Dial*, a literary bi-weekly, Stearns' information comes first-hand; and the real value of this book lies in these intelligent comments on his own and human folly that only a genius-smitten, arm-chair strategist could write.

The work has a tragic aspect: The frank and unashamed accounts of his Parisian carousing as an elegant bohemian cause the reader to lose respect for the author; therefore, when temporary blindness attacks our hero, one hardly cares if he is ever able to see. But a more sympathetic reader would take the reasoning that Stearns merely surrendered to a lust for the freedom to be irresponsible so that he might escape the evils of oppressive stupidity and intolerance.

Mr. Stearns' now famous symposium *Civilization in the United States*, and his last book, *Rediscovering America*,

will always rate above this autobiography, for in the former two he did not substitute entertainment for good literary style.—NORMAN S. ROTHSCHILD.

**SECOND GROWTH.** Arthur Pound. Reynal and Hitchcock. New York. 347 pp. \$2.50.

A one-sitting novel, this.

Writing like the newspaperman he once was, Arthur Pound becomes a sympathetic puppeteer, with many representative dolls and many strings to each doll. It is the verisimilitude of these characters to the authentic types which they represent, and the journalistic accuracy, humor, and simplicity with which the author unravels their fates to his readers, that make this story of a closely-knit but heterogeneous Michigan family an interesting commentary on American life during the last two decades.

As a sort of sequel to *Once A Wilderness*, in which he told the story of the rise to wealth and power of Captain John Mark, Mr. Pound now writes of his children and grandchildren, beginning with the buzzing, prosperous days of expansion of the early 'teens and concluding in the midst of The Depression with the almost unanswerable question: "A cobweb of hope swaying in the wind between earth and heaven—what else is there for man to climb?"

The chief character is Ralston Gale, John Mark's grandson and a typical example of the ambitious, ingenious, short-sighted and involuntarily sinful big business men whose mania for expansion and power drove America into the collapse of 1929. Other Marks who share with him large parts in the plot are Artist John Mark, illegitimate grandson of the Captain; Ralston Mark, Jr., one of those War casualties who delayed dying until years after the signing of the Armistice; and Flora Mark, married to wise and human Professor Robert Alton, president of "Michigan Agricultural College."

Let us hope that Arthur Pound will again pick up the story he has left unfinished in this book and write the third novel of an American family trilogy.—W. P. H.

**THE LEES OF VIRGINIA.** Burton J. Hendrick. Little, Brown & Co. Boston. 433 pp. \$3.75.

"The family of Lee has more men of merit in it than any other family," modestly wrote John Adams in 1799.

*The Lees of Virginia* is a saga of one of the few real aristocracies ever established on American soil. Beside it the success stories of the Vanderbilts, Goulds, Astors and Morgans seem sterile and selfish.

The book carefully traces the ascent of the Lee oligarchy from the first Lee, Richard, who came to America as an immigrant in 1640, to the celebrated Robert E. Lee, last of the clan and doubtless the best-loved figure of the South. Mr. Hendrick gives an understanding and illuminating treatment of the turbulent life of Major General Harry Lee ("Light Horse Harry Lee"), as well as clear delineations of Thomas Lee, the founder of the family fortune, Rear Admiral Samuel Phillip Lee, Arthur Lee, and Richard Henry Lee.

Mr. Hendrick has made a definite contribution toward the understanding of dominant motives of the greatest of all the Lees.

"And this presents the ethical problem involved in Lee's career. Why, being such a lover of the Union

and believer in its principles, such a despiser of slavery and secession, a man of so little faith in the wisdom of the Confederate cause, of no great hope in its success—why did he resign from the Federal army and cast in his fortune with the South? Here again the great simplicity of Lee's character gives the answer. Lee, while obviously a man of intellect, was even stronger on the emotional side. And it was the emotions, not the logical faculty, that determined his action."

With all its minor faults, this work is rich, ambitious in scope, and a colorful picture of the rise of a great American family—a history of the cultural greatness of the South.—BERTRAM LEWIS POTTER.

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### Tri-Angular Mooning

Although it must now seem that *Three Cornered Moon* is ancient history, still it may behoove us to say a word about it. To this reviewer it looked very much as if the Playmakers had bitten off more than they could comfortably chew. The farce needed greater intelligence and more experienced handling than most plays would, due to its delicate nature. Over-acting was required to make the characters fully ridiculous, but equally true is the fact that over-over-acting was worse than playing the parts straight. The mercurial and temperamental Rimplegars are only comic if they are acted as caricatures of human beings. When acted in such a fashion that they lose all resemblance to *homo sapiens* the play immediately becomes sticky. The Playmakers' performance was sticky through all three acts, with a slight improvement at the last. There were two exceptions: the part of Elizabeth, played by Mary Haynsworth, was capably and intelligently handled, and Fred Rippey, although apparently new to the stage, gave a very satisfactory performance as Ed. The others were uniformly bad, all variations being differences of degree rather than kind; but it must be remembered that, with the exception of Mr. Wang, all were making their first appearance.

The sets were well done, as were the costumes. All that was lacking was acting . . . or rather, there was so much superfluous acting flying about that one's head swam. In spite of all this, we look forward with considerable anticipation to the coming premiere of Paul Green's *The Enchanted Maze*. It is more in the Playmaker line, and should turn out to be the season's best bet in the way of amateur entertainment.—RICHARD WAYMIRE.

### WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE HONOR SYSTEM?

(Continued from page four)

in the case, and this report would be filed at the council office. If reported a second time, the offender would be called to face trial before the council. The routine surrounding this set-up should not obscure the emphasis on individual honor that must be the keynote of the entire program.

The appointment of these ex-officio members to the council would not render it cumbersome and ineffective. The original members of the council would still conduct the actual business of the group. The greatest care would have to be exercised by the student body president in selecting these new representatives. The entire effectiveness of the suggested set-up would depend entirely upon the efficiency, dependability, and interest of the men chosen. A student president who knows the abilities and characters of his fellow students is indispensable to any attempt toward effecting a program such as the one that has been suggested.

The choice is between hypocrisy and honesty, between the confusion and inefficiency of the present system and a planned campus democracy that seems our only hope of continued self-government.

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### Relief Administrator Relieved

Mrs. Thomas O'Berry, State relief administrator, was much disturbed one morning recently to see on the front page of the *Raleigh News and Observer* an excerpt from Erwin Davidson's article, "Flies in the Alphabet Soup," which appeared in the October issue of the CAROLINA MAGAZINE.

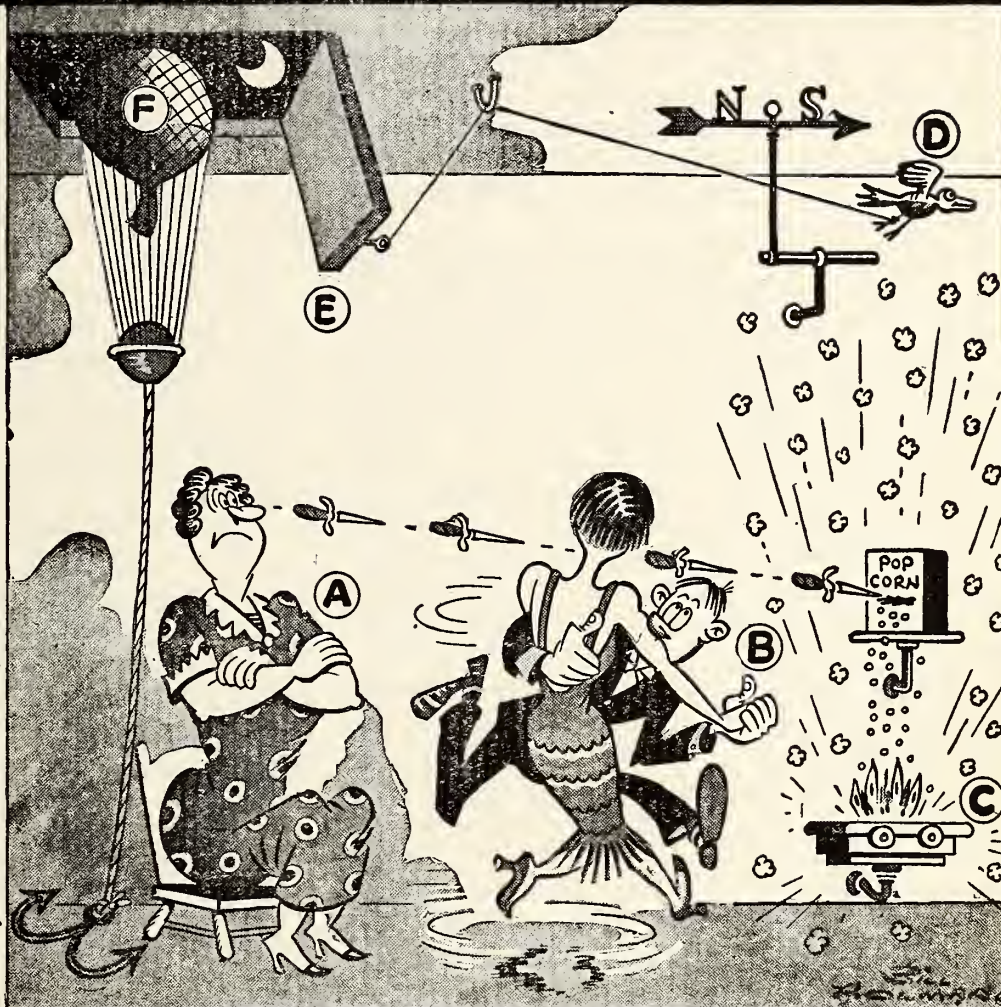
Mrs. O'Berry called over the telephone and was told that Erwin Davidson was a *nom de plume* and that the inefficiencies recounted in the article occurred in a Northern state and not in the North Carolina ERA. Although the author nowhere specifically stated just where he had been working, it was apparent from references in the article to the South and to this state that he was not writing of the North Carolina ERA.

"I was going right after it," said Mrs. O'Berry, relieved. "We may have things like that happening in our organization, but if we found it out there'd be a lot of firing done right away."



# EASY WAY TO HANDLE A CHAPERON

CHAPERON (A) LOOKS DAGGERS AT STUDENT (B) DANCING WITH GIRL IN LOW-NECKED DRESS. STUDENT DUCKS DAGGERS WHICH STRIKE BOX OF POP CORN AND PIERCE HOLE IN BOX. POP CORN LEAKS OUT ON TO LIGHTED STOVE (C) AND IS IMMEDIATELY POPPED. BLUEBIRD (D) SEES POP CORN AND THINKS IT IS SNOW. STARTS TO FLY SOUTH WHICH RELEASES TRAPDOOR (E) AND ALLOWS LITTLE GIANT SUPERCHARGED STRATOSPHERE BALLOON (F) TO ESCAPE HOOKING CHAPERON AND TAKING HER UP FOR A BETTER VIEW OF THE MOON



## ... AND AN EASY WAY TO ENJOY A PIPE

I GET MORE FLAVOR,  
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THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!



## THE GOOD PILGRIM

(Continued from page seven)

shot the dog last Christmas. He had killed a rooster and a pig and another dog since then: he found it necessary, every time one of the potent attacks came on. There had been but two during the last four months, but he never could tell when one was coming. They might come now, Ray thought.

There was Cora and her religion. Maybe that would do it. . . . He reckoned he needed a woman.

So that Saturday night he went to the Barrelhouse. The negroes there were surprised and rather afraid, seeing him who never came there, not even once during the entire two years. He broke in on a young boy dancing with a girl named Sarah whom he had been watching for some time, on days when he came down to the store. (He knew that almost any girl would be glad to come with him because of his successful year, and because she would know how he worked, and had his own land.) He did not try to dance with her, but walked her outside, onto the porch; told her what he wanted, that he would give her of what he had.

Charky did not mind at all but Cora did not like her, said she would have no whore under her roof. Charky asked since when was it her roof? and she got quiet. But often Ray saw her looking from under lowered lashes at Sarah, with bright hate gleaming through the short hair, and knew she had itching hands. He often watched the two of them as they together washed the dishes after the late meal; Sarah humming in her high good voice a barrelhouse song, and Cora clinging tightly to a dishrag to keep herself from shouting at the girl and ordering her out of the house, and even from tearing at her face and hair by way of getting her to the door and on out into the night. He would sit back from the fire and spend evenings watching the growing of this hate; but he knew nothing would come of it. Charky liked her; and, God knew, she was a big help to him.

Sarah seemed to be pretty well what he needed, but he was afraid he would wake up some night, with one of the wild needy attacks and find her breathing heavily beside him there in the darkness, and use her instead of some baser animal. He feared it.

Then: one hot night: he did awake to find the moon beaming thickly down onto the big bed, and turning his head he could see Sarah lying

heavily breathing beside him there in the brightness. He clenched his fists and waited for it to come, and his heart and brain began to beat loudly with the fury he had grown to know, and he could feel the spinning and throbbing.

He stretched out his hand for her and felt her hard back; the stiff, scantily-haired firmness of her thigh with its lean muscles and tendrons. She did not waken. He half-growled and grabbed her roughly.

She started, and listlessly out of her sleep looked up at him through shuttered dark lids; then she moaned, half-groaned sleepily and rolled over against him. He drew back in surprise: and it was gone. He took her as she showed and fell heavily onto his back breathing the sheer moonlight and the heavy odor of their bodies, the drying sweat. Sarah lay hard against him and soon was sleeping again.

He guessed the night was short and wondered if this was what it had been all along and knew his troubles were all over and he was very glad there with the pale moonlight spilling onto the bed, over him and her he loved.

## Craftsmanship



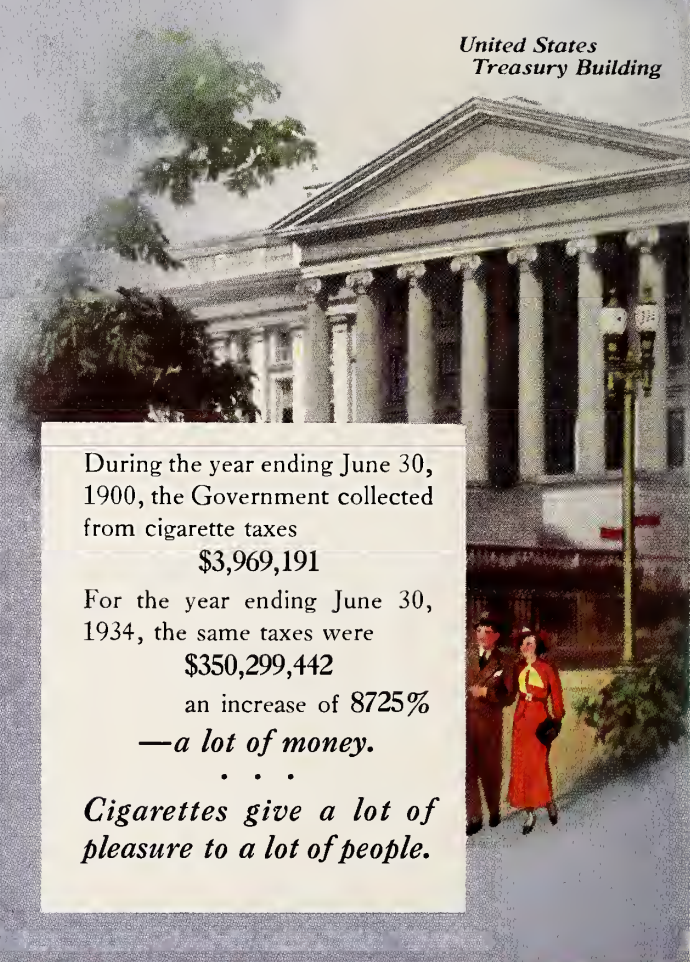
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## The Orange Printshop

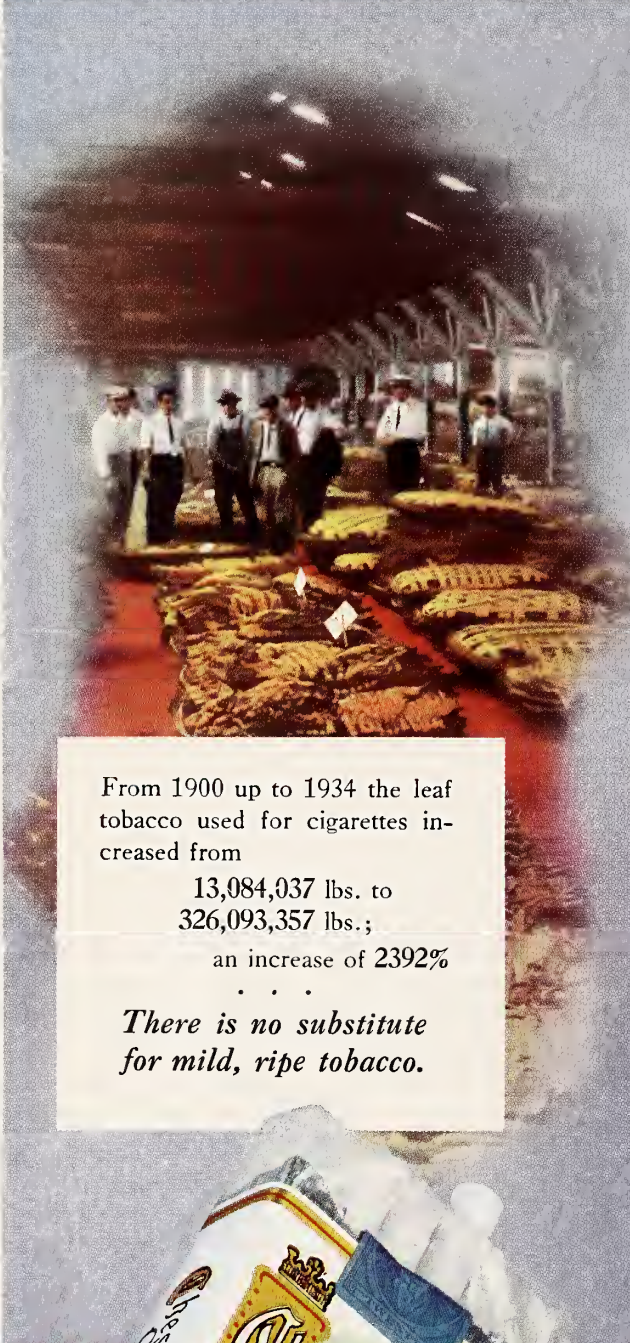
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United States  
Treasury Building



From 1900 up to 1934 the leaf tobacco used for cigarettes increased from

13,084,037 lbs. to  
326,093,357 lbs.;  
an increase of 2392%

*There is no substitute  
for mild, ripe tobacco.*

During the year ending June 30,  
1900, the Government collected  
from cigarette taxes

\$3,969,191

For the year ending June 30,  
1934, the same taxes were

\$350,299,442

an increase of 8725%

*—a lot of money.*

*Cigarettes give a lot of  
pleasure to a lot of people.*



**M**ore cigarettes are smoked today because more people know about them—they are better advertised.

But the main reason for the increase is that they are made better—made of better tobaccos; then again the tobaccos are blended—a blend of Domestic and Turkish tobaccos.

*Chesterfield is made of mild, ripe tobaccos.*

*Everything that science knows about is used in making it a milder and better-tasting cigarette.*

We believe you will enjoy them.



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DECEMBER, 1935



ESTABLISHED 1844



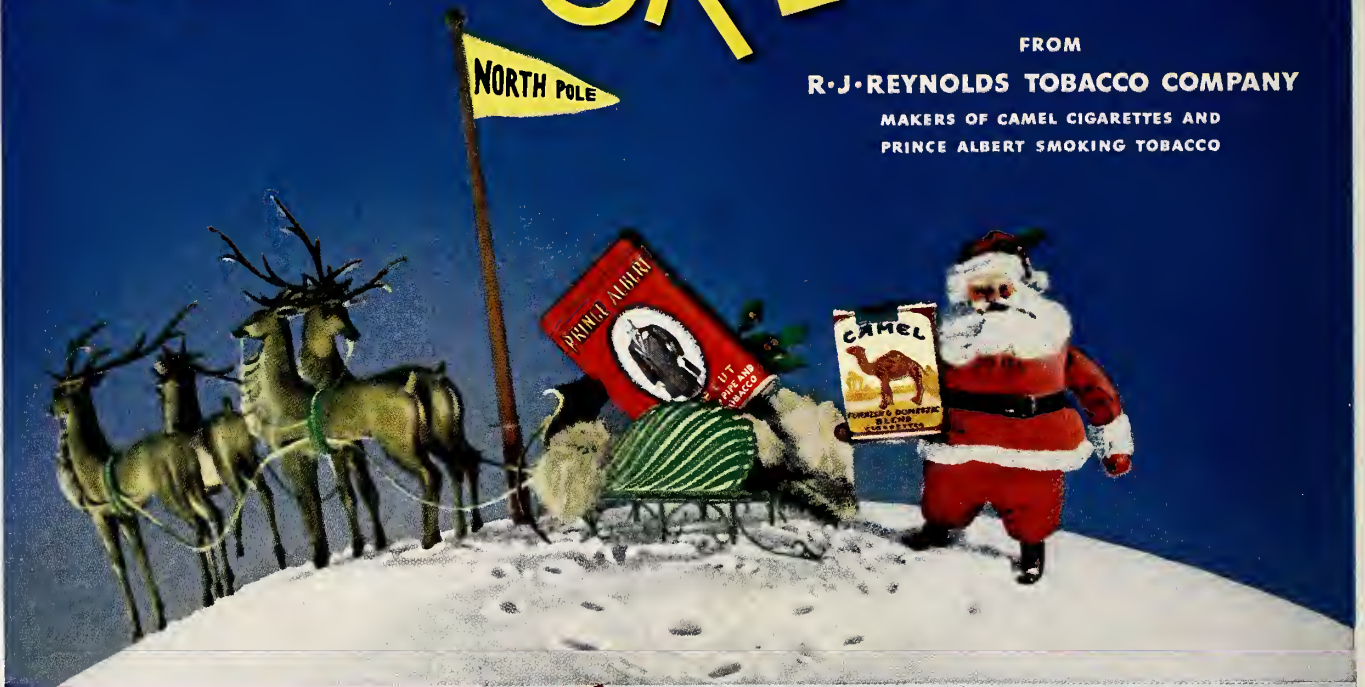
VOL. LXV, NO. THREE

# SEASON'S GREETINGS

FROM

**R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY**

MAKERS OF CAMEL CIGARETTES AND  
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# Let's End the Hypocrisy

## Graham's Plan vs. Southeastern Conference Ruling

By JACK LOWE and JIM DANIELS

Listen for a moment to the usual bull session about athletic subsidization in American colleges.

In a typical discussion, one man tells about the captain of a great northern football team who recently held a year-round job at a dollar a day winding the university president's timepiece—which was an eight-day clock. Somebody else next comments on the elegance at graduation of the wardrobe belonging to a southern player who had entered school with only the clothes on his back. Then a third party holds his sides and tells about the conscientious football player who earned his college expenses by jumping over his suitcase once a month. By this time, everybody is either laughing to think how coaches have hoodwinked their faculties, or is indignantly declaring that college football has grown too powerful.

The blame for these scandals belongs, not entirely with the coaching staffs, but also with the college officials who have wished to court alumni approval and public attention with athletic prestige, but have never been willing to discard a false face of athletic simon-purism. Small wonder they have appeared as ridiculous hypocrites.

Our President Graham now proposes a seven-point program to end this hypocrisy. At present, an effort is being made to have these proposals added to the Southern Conference's rather skimpy rulings against giving athletes preferential treatment in the awarding of scholarships, jobs, and loans. We applaud Mr. Graham's desire to clean up the athletic situation. But we are convinced that he proposes an undesirable solution, which, because it transects the tough-grained opinions of the majority which is interested in college athletics, invites further dishonesty. The entire problem is so much more complicated than many people have yet seemed to realize.

### II

Specifically, Mr. Graham demands the ineligibility for athletic participation of "any student who, because he is an athlete or prospective athlete, receives preferential consideration in the matter of tuition, fees, room, board, books, clothes, job, etc." Proposal number two backs this regulation by saying that the "rate of pay for

any college job open to an athlete shall be at the regular rate paid other students for the same work. A list of any and all awards, when made, shall be published in the student newspaper and daily press."

The third rule drives a few more nails by providing that each athlete must write and submit to the faculty committee a detailed statement of his earnings and income in order to be eligible for any contest. The fourth endeavors to make the defenses impregnable by providing that the coaching staff shall not in any way seek to procure athletes or have anything to do with the awarding of scholarships, loans, or jobs. The fifth, sixth, and seventh points circumscribe athletes with further restrictions: coaches can accept no compensation, award, or favor unless offered through the regular school channels; athletes must declare their eligibility in writing before being placed on a team; and post-season intercollegiate athletic contests are prohibited.

Obviously, these regulations are designed expressly to end the practice common at many institutions, of recruiting—to take an extreme example—220-pound coal miners who happen to be whizzes in the line though not especially bright in the classroom. We disapprove of the practice, too, but we wouldn't take a swipe at it which would incidentally work a hardship and humiliation for the other members of the squad. Offhand, we can foresee many cases where the enforcement of Mr. Graham's points would be unpleasant or difficult.

For instance, even though the seven-point outline does not specifically state that alumni or other university patrons shall not financially aid athletes, it is understood by those who have talked to Mr. Graham that such is the intended implication. Help from an alumnus, then, would constitute "preferential consideration in the matter of tuition, fees, room, board, books, clothes, etc." Therefore, an alumnus who is sending a promising and needy young debater to school must counsel him, in parting, that financial support will be withdrawn if he makes any move to get on an athletic squad.

Or again, a professor is giving room and board



to his wife's nephew, who is—in this case—not an athlete. But if he were, would it be necessary to turn him out? Or should the regulations be amended to say that a professor or alumnus may aid an athlete who is related by marriage?

Everyone is entitled to a modicum of privacy—justified in a minimum of reticence. Who would have no resentment if he were forced to prepare a "detailed statement in writing of the amounts of his financial earnings and income . . . and their source?" It is immediately obvious that his honesty has been questioned and his rights have been abrogated.

Members of an athletic staff shall have nothing to do with the awarding of any scholarship, loan or job! Surely Mr. Graham couldn't have intended it, but his sweeping prohibition has made it impossible for a coach to recommend a player for a job in a down-town eating place which has no connection with the University.

However, for each of these obstacles we can see some simple evasion. The alumnus who is interested in the debater-athlete may avoid any trouble by putting the money secretly in the hands of the boy's father. Or if the boy receives his money directly, he can easily lie about it. And finally, the coach could have his neighbor put the pressure on the restaurant operator. All would be well, and none would be wiser.

### III

Joe Travis was speaking. "Sure, I'd like to go to college with you, but if I go to Colburn instead I'll have a nice bank account at the end of the year."

One of the authors had just been trying to induce Joe to come to his alma mater. Joe was a desirable prospect, having been hailed as the best high school athlete ever to be graduated in his home state—and he was better in football than in any other sport. Furthermore, Joe had always been a good friend. Your co-author thought that he had finally persuaded Joe, even though Joe was swamped with a multiplicity of business propositions and offered—it was rumored—a Naval Academy appointment. However, money's voice is persuasive in proportion to the attractiveness of her figure. Joe was lost to Carolina; he has just completed his first year on the Colburn varsity as a sensational performer.

In other words, good athletes are desirable students. The competition for them between colleges is already very great. To take the stand that ath-

letes are a separate caste liable by nature to dishonesty, and therefore unworthy of any financial assistance—well, it's institutional suicide. While we do not vainly regret the loss of athletes who have been lured with dangling bank accounts, or desire to bid for them competitively at the auction block, we still can't see the benefits from publicly donning a misfitting cloak of false purity. But if this view point seems too worldly, consider this one:

The recent talk about ending "subsidization" (the word now has such an unpleasant flavor that one who has just used it makes a wry face and wipes his mouth with the back of his hand) is aimed directly at subsidization in football. The prohibition against "post-season intercollegiate athletic contests" applies to football: who objects when a half-dozen track stars enter an out-of-season meet? Football is the specific target because, in most minds, it is the ogre which is swinging American education by the tail.

Admitting that many institutions have made themselves ridiculous by not even upholding the necessity for athletes to pass their work, everyone still understands that football has always been the greatest, almost the only, money-making collegiate sport. Its gate receipts have usually supported the entire athletic program. Carolina, in reams of publicity, is proud of her intramural sports (financed largely, probably, by football money). She is also known for her excellence in the minor sports.

However, football teams with a great drawing power cannot be had by an institution which weeds its athletes from among its other students and then tells them that they are suspicious characters not particularly worthy of financial assistance. Pretty soon, such a school has no football team. We must remember that the Athletic Association here, during the recent years of football losses, stayed off the rocks only because a money reserve had been built up during the good days of Johnny Branch.

### IV

The Southeastern Conference has just done a very sensible thing. To eliminate "hypocrisy" and prevent further "discrimination against athletes," the conference has adopted a ruling whose meaning is clearer than its expression:

"Athletic ability should receive consideration in determining student value and in the assignment of scholarships, loans, and opportunities for remuneration."

nerative work with the understanding that such assistance shall never be granted primarily for a reward for athletic success; such aid, however, shall not be in excess of the legitimate expenses of attending the institutions as represented by tuition, fees, books, board, and lodging; and provided further that records of such assistance be open to the inspection of the administrative offices of the colleges and the officers of the Southeastern Conference, and also provided that these athletes be held to the same scholastic requirements that have been established for other scholarships."

To this statement nothing need be added. We would only call attention to the adequate safeguards which the Southeastern Conference has included with its simple statement that athletic ability is a legitimate student value. Observe that such ability is to be considered secondary to the larger values of intelligence and character: financial assistance "shall never be granted primarily for a reward for athletic success;" nor may it be given to athletes who do not make the grades required of other recipients. Observe, also, that the faculty is to remain in control: athletes may be helped only by the regular faculty committee in charge of scholarships, loans, and jobs. Lest this committee misconduct itself, its records are to be open to investigation by administrative and conference officials.

This University has all of the restrictions on athletics which can be found in the ruling of the Southeastern Conference. The faculty is in perfect control of the athletic policy of the school; no professors are accused of passing football players who should flunk. Usually, they are said to be unusually stringent with them. Furthermore, the self-help administration at Chapel Hill is the most centralized in the country—in little danger of being thrown into the hands of the athletic staffs. Why, then, should athletics be denied the dignity to be had from a public and frank definition of its position and importance?

This should be the University's athletic policy: Although we won't administer, either officially or unofficially, the contributions which an alumnus may wish to make to athletics, we will not attempt to tell him where he can't spend his own money. Attending to our own affairs, we will recognize our athletes as students whose particular talents are of no less value than the abilities of the publications man, the debater and the Phi Beta Kappa student. We will not discriminate against them by placing them in a special class, subject to a special discipline.

For the competent interpretation of this policy, we will rely on the intelligence and honesty of those officials to whom we have intrusted the administration of our athletics.

## «Mill Yap»

### A Story

*By* STUART RABB

WADE MINTER scratched the nail of his big toe against the white table leg in the nurse's office. The nurse glanced up impatiently from the smallpox vaccine she was preparing. Wade twisted in his chair and wished that he was fourteen years old instead of nine so he could go to work in the cotton mill. His mother wanted him to be educated—he remembered what she told him—"You run on down there and get that vaccination so you can go to school." His father got terribly mad when they said he would have to be vaccinated. "They ain't goin' to put none of them germs in my boy," he had shouted. But his mother's quiet determination had carried the

point. As he started to leave she leaned down and spoke to him softly. She seemed very tired—it hadn't been three hours since she was working with the night shift. "I want you to be real educated," she told him. "You don't know what I mean now, but I don't want you to be like Earl and Tom. I don't want you to work in the mill all your life." That made Wade curious and somewhat angry. "Why, Mamma? Why can't I work in the mill and get paid on Saturday?" But she smiled and told him to go on to the health office. He lagged along the way and felt lost. What would he do if he didn't work in the mill?

The nurse motioned him over to the end of



the table. He flinched as she swabbed something cold on his arm. He was surprised later when he found that it didn't hurt so much when she scratched him—not half as much as when his papa whipped him. The nurse wrote something on a card and told him to come back Friday. He ran out of the office as fast as he could. . .

## II

The third-grade teacher called Wade's name again. But Wade was listening to the hum of the cotton mill through the open window and wishing he were in there making time on his Saturday pay check. He heard the "backety-clack-clack" of the looms as they kicked the shuttles back and forth. He guessed his papa was the best weaver in the mill. He ran 42 looms on dimity and made \$28.50 a week.

The teacher shouted shrilly. Wade looked at her and squirmed in his seat. He would have to stay in after shool and write "I must be attentive" 500 times. Maybe he could get his papa to let him work in the mill when he was fourteen. He hated this crazy English and arithmetic. Anyhow, his papa had told him that "there ain't no use in learning them things." But always his mother had been there to see that he stayed in school. He wished they didn't have schools.

## III

The big argument came on the morning of Wade's fourteenth birthday. Wade had known it was coming. His father's half sincere remarks about "taking Wade to work with me next Monday" and his mother's serious replies were bound to clash sometimes. After breakfast his mother gave him a book for a birthday present. As he stood there unwrapping it, his father dropped a hand on his shoulder.

"Come on, son, we got to get you a job this morning—never mind looking at that book now."

Wade looked anxiously at his Mother. She was very pale, very tired. "Wade has to go to school this morning."

The man's eyebrow's dropped, his levity disappeared. "If I say he's going to work, he's going to work—d'ye hear me?"

His Mother told Wade he'd better go out and chop some stove wood. He wanted to linger, but he dreaded what he knew was going to happen.

He put a pine slab against the chopping block and made a half-hearted swing. Last year he

would have rather started work than anything. Now he was not so sure. There was something about his teacher—the clothes she wore—her way of speaking—that he envied. In history he was studying how the United States was a land of opportunity—how everyone had a chance to become rich—rich like Mr. Weldon, the manager, with two cars and a big house. His teacher said some men made a thousand dollars a day. He didn't believe that, of course, but even if it were only a hundred—that was as much as his father made in a month, since the last wage-cut.

Then he heard something fall in the house, felt



a numbing fear. He rushed for the door. His father met him in the kitchen. Beads of sweat stood out on the man's forehead. His hand fumbled nervously as he reached in the pantry for a saucepan. "She—she fainted, I guess," he faltered. His mother lay on the worn carpet in the living room. As he knelt beside her he saw where a blue bruise darkened her cheek-bone. He wondered if she hit something when she fell. His father looked at him strangely when he came in with the water. "You better go now—git off to school," the older man said uncertainly. Cold terror gripped Wade. He wanted to stay, wanted to help his mother. But before he realized it, he had turned and walked down the street toward

the school. Not until he had taken his seat in the classroom did he finally see the thing clearly. He felt as if his throat would burst. The teacher was saying something about the singular and plural verbs. He tried to listen.

At recess Wade could no longer bear the suspense. He went home. As he came close to the cottage, he saw three cars parked. He ran up the steps into the arms of a man who wore glasses. "Mama—is she dead?" choked Wade.

"No, but she is very sick," said the stranger. "She was so weak from over-work."

In a few minutes they called him into his mother's room. She was lying very still. His father stood at the foot of the bed. His face was drenched with agony. He saw Wade, said nothing.

Then as Wade came closer, she took his hand. Her fingers seemed like ice. Wade heard her speak to his father. "Lester, remember, Wade is going to school—to college. If you do anything to stop him you'll break your last promise to me." She held his hand tighter. "Wade, don't fail me. Use the insurance money. My sister has the policy. It's for \$1,000. Maybe it will help. Now go back to school." She released his hand and smiled. The doctor pointed to the door. Wade went back to school.

His mother's funeral was on Tuesday. It was raining. Wade tried to forget all that he saw there.

#### IV

Wade and Bob walked out of the high school together. Of the ten mill boys who had gone up to the town school with them as freshmen, they were the only seniors. Wade was thinking of the principal's speech to them on that first day of high school. "Young men and young women," he had intoned, "You begin here with a clean slate. Your previous record means nothing to us. What we think of you here will depend upon what you do while you are here." There was a lot more, too. About how America was a democracy where everybody had a right to an education and how that right could not be denied. Wade smiled as he thought of Lawrence Johnston. His record had preceded him into high school. His father was the town's biggest lawyer, and (irrelevant, of course) chairman of the school board. What Lawrence did at school was best expressed in his own words—"I do as I damn please and that better be good enough." And for those about him it was good enough. He was very popular,

During his own four years in high school, Wade reflected, the only social functions he had attended were the football banquet and the junior-senior dances. It hadn't been so bad while the ten of them from the mill village were together. But when Bill had to go to work, Sam flunked out, and all the rest except Bob had gone, his position became more and more sharply defined. They were polite to him—the town students. They knew he was a good football player. They didn't notice Bob—he didn't play football.

He had asked Sara Morrow for a date once, too. She was dated up, it seemed for the entire month. Rather strange, he thought, when he saw Lawrence Johnston ask the same question a few minutes later and receive an entirely different answer. He hadn't tried after that—he knew the whole story.

Bob was saying something about how tough the final exams were going to be. They were going to be bad for Bob, all right. A six-hour job at the mill lunch-room didn't leave him much time for study. They walked on toward the mill village. Somehow, Wade felt better there. The people around him at the village—they were his own. They didn't vaguely resent his presence. He could stretch himself and talk freely. No more carefully studied conversation or unforeseen embarrassment. Wade was at home.

Wade hadn't heard his father speak an unnecessary word since his wife had died. To Wade he was more of an inn-keeper who never gave advice or counsel. When he was asked for money, he simply said "yes" or "no." They were two strangers, Minter and his son, living in the same house.

#### V

With his stock smile, the principal handed Wade the diploma, and shook his hand mechanically. Wade sat down among the other members of his class. Bob wasn't there. Bob had failed to make the grade. Now Wade was the only "mill boy" on the stage. He felt marked with an indelible brand. The principal was talking about democracy again. Was that all he could think about—that democracy? Wade knew his father wasn't in the audience. There was no one who cared whether he graduated or not—except maybe his mother. He felt that old lump in his throat and tried to forget. After all, he was going to the University, he was going to be educated—what more could all the rest wish?



VI

That money lying there on the University cashier's desk had been wrung from heavy sweat, Wade reflected, as he paid for his first quarter's tuition and room. But the cashier counted it just as lightly as he had thumbed the crisp notes Lawrence Johnston had carelessly flung on the counter a few moments sooner. The money Wade had carefully counted out represented a summer's work in the weave room of a cotton mill where heat and humidity combined with bedlam to make a steaming hell. Lawrence had been spared even the difficulty of asking for his money. Wade turned from the office window and went toward his dormitory.

There were seven of them from his "home town"—six town boys and one "mill yap." Six of them were close together—they talked, worked, joked together. They also spoke to Wade when he was too obvious to be ignored.

Wade's room-mate was born in Charlestown. His dad was a doctor—one of the best in the south, they said. He, too, spoke to Wade when he was spoken to. Maurice—that was his name—was fraternity material. Already several sleekly-attired representatives from the greek lodges had visited the room to do a little "pre-season poaching." Maurice often declared that he would be glad when rushing season was over and he could move out of "this stinking dormitory" into a fraternity house.

Wade resolved to see about that job he had applied for at the café.

VI

For an early November day it was sleeting very hard. Wade pulled the blanket over his face and decided to cut his first class. "Flunking it anyhow," he muttered. There was no one else in the dormitory room to disturb him: Maurice had fulfilled his desire and was the proud possessor of a fraternity pledge pin. But Wade couldn't sleep.

At first he thought the homesickness would wear off—that he would get used to everything. He couldn't believe that now. At the University, his position was the same as at the high school—with no return to his own people when classes were over. Here he was denying himself the old freedom of expression and action that he knew when he was in the mill village. He was slowly starving himself. He was the very small part of a very large student body that didn't know him

and that didn't want to know him. Wade had felt this loneliness eating into him day after day. He wondered how long it would be before he could no longer resist it. The bitterness was beginning to get a foothold—bitterness against a system that promised so much and gave so little. Sure, they would feed you an education—if you would eat at their table. And his place-card at the table was marked "mill village boy." He wondered if his mother had known—if she had realized the class inequalities they would bring against him.

Then suddenly he knew—he saw it all. She had believed what the educators said. She had been fooled just as he. *She hadn't known.* Her simple belief that education was within the grasp of all had so misled her. Wade dressed slowly and began to pack.

VII

They had called him "the greatest labor leader in the south" at the Union convention, Wade remembered. He smiled wryly. It had been so simple. His own people were so easy to lead. They believed whatever you told them if you made it sound reasonable. And his business was making unreasonable things sound reasonable.

It was no sequence of luck breaks, that career he had carved, thought Wade. He remembered each step vividly. First the old job in the weave room, then promotion to second hand. This was his job when the Union was organized. They didn't want to let him in at first—they said that he was too much of a boss. But after the big strike he was president of the local. He was the only one who had known how to deal with the management. After that the Union said he would be more valuable as a full-time operator. Then it was stump-speaking in a new mill village every night, organizing, rioting, answering questions, quoting the Bible—it hadn't been so easy on the nerves.

They made him state president of the Union. The salary was quite enough, he thought. So he married a girl from one of "his" villages. He was almost completely happy. Still, he wondered—he wondered what his old home townspeople thought of him. Had they changed? Maybe their opinions of him were different now. He decided to go back and see.

VIII

There was no chance of their not recognizing him, Wade thought, as he walked past the old

high school on to main street. His photograph had been too often displayed on the front pages of the state dailies. There was a sign that bore a familiar name: "Lawrence Johnston, Attorney-at-Law." Wade pushed open the gilt-lettered door and stepped inside.

"Mr. Johnston will be out in a moment," the secretary informed him. "Won't you sit down?"

From the deep armchair, Wade glanced about him at the lavishly appointed office. Either the law practice was mighty good, or Old Man Johnston had died, he reflected.

Lawrence came in slowly, talking with a client.

Not until after he had ushered his customer out and closed the door did he turn.

Wade rose to his feet. "Hello, Lawrence."

Johnston drew his breath through his teeth. "Can I do something for you, Minter?" he rapped in a business-like manner, offering neither hand nor chair.

Wade smiled slowly. "Not a thing, Lawrence," he said softly. "Not a thing." He turned and walked away.

In his car a few moments later, Wade turned back across the railroad tracks to the mill village—and home.

## The Cheltenham Papers

Carolina Merry-Go-Round

By RICHARD WAYMIRE

"EVENTS OF THE PAST YEAR should be enough to make anyone think seriously of World Problems," said my earnest friend.

"I suppose so," we answered, "Pass the lemonade, please."

"But seriously," our friend persisted, "the Ethiopian situation deserves a lot of thought. And I don't approve of Laval's attitude at all. Eden is right, and after the approaching crisis——"

"Biscuit, please," we broke in.

Our friend is a little sensitive. He slammed the plate down in front of us, muttered something that sounded very like, "incorrigible idiot—gland case, probably," and stalked away up the garden path. We repressed the desire to shout the *cliche* farewell, "Abyssinia," at his retreating back, then relaxed in our chair and mused. Our friend was quite right. Epoch-making events occur in a swirl of African dust. In the East, little brown men build warships and commit hari-kari. In the West, a nation of shopkeepers build warships and drink whiskey-soda. La Roque in France and Hitler in Germany bawl their fool heads off to mobs of crazed followers. Nearer home, the Government conducts an electrical display in the Tennessee Valley, and in a few months nine men will decide whether it is constitutional or not. A biologist named Wiggam deplores the degeneration of the race because chorus girls don't have children. Stuart Chase prophesies immediate dis-

aster unless waste is stopped, machines controlled, and abundance distributed. Norman Thomas sees no hope unless the government owns the street-cars. Everywhere, apparently, new problems rear their noisy heads.

But we sat lazily under the trees and smiled. A leaf fell into the biscuit plate, and a fly buzzed about the empty lemonade glass. Dr. Zimmermann beamed from a passing Ford, and Dr. Caldwell stalked past and growled an inquiry about the tennis team. We let our eyes close, and wondered how much world chaos mattered. It didn't seem to matter much—in the fall, in Chapel Hill.

\* \* \*

Some two years ago, a friend received a postal money order for the amazing sum of one dollar. It wasn't cashed immediately, and lay about the house until last summer. On taking it to the post office, he was told that it had expired, but if he sent it to Washington they would make out a government warrant for him, and he could get his dollar that way. This was done, and after about two months he received an important-looking document with explicit directions for endorsing. Our friend read these carefully, endorsed the warrant, and handed it in to the post office here. They wouldn't cash it. He fussed a while, then asked for an explanation. "Well," said the clerk, "we used to cash them, but about a year



ago they told us to stop cashing any checks on the United States Treasury."

\* \* \*

It's pleasant, after five years in Chapel Hill, to reminisce a bit, and look back over the things that have happened and the things that might have happened. For instance, there was our first roommate, who had twenty suits, four overcoats, and one sheet. His pillow case was sewed on, too. We stood him for six weeks, then moved out. Then there was the time that we decided to go to Washington at 10:30 one Saturday morning, and left at 12:00. That was the week-end of the blizzard, and we spent 17 hours driving and had eight hours in Washington. It was worth it, though. The night we were taken on our ride during hell-week was fun, too. The other sufferer had climbed a tree trying to see the lights of Chapel Hill. He forgot how high he was, and letting go suddenly, bounced from branch to branch as he came down, and then reported he'd seen nothing. And there was the freshman tennis trip to Washington. . .but that's too long a story to put into one column. Two years ago, Don Shoemaker in his column said there were three stories he'd like to tell, but couldn't. We became obsessed with the desire to find out what they were, and we did, two of them. We've told the Jap story, and the one about the student trek to Raleigh, but we don't know any-

thing about the inter-fraternity council scandal of two or three years ago, and never will, we fear. And just three weeks ago we found out that Don wrote that column just to fill up space, and not because he cared thing one about the stories.

On the whole it's been five pretty good years, but everyone says that, of course, and we'd like to say good-bye to the campus, Old East and Old West, the Davie poplar, and all the rest, and especially to those few profs and friends who have managed to drive an idea or two into our heads. We couldn't name them, or we'd be accused of boot-licking. Anyway, we do say good-bye, and we don't think we'll come back ever. Much better to remember it as it was than to come back and see new faces and new buildings, better to remember old friends as laughing students than to see them as members of the Lions Club and Fuller Brush salesmen, slapping each other on the back and getting drunk trying to feel once more that "first fine careless rapture." Never mind. This has gone on too long now. . . .

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(Editor's Note: This will be the last of the Cheltenham Papers by Richard Waymire. We regret to announce his death, which occurred December 8, 1935. He was found seated at his typewriter, having been engaged in writing the above when an attack of chronic inertia carried him away. *Requiescat in pace.*)

## Impressionist

He wears the faces of a thousand men,  
And none know which one to anticipate.  
For one day it is Puck, Goodfellow, Pan;  
The next day brings him ponderous as hate.  
And thus we meet him as we would meet fate,  
Uncertainly, with dubious elan,  
Knowing some stranger will be there to prate  
Of darksome mysteries beyond our ken.

But once I met him twice in the same day—  
The first time he'd a stilted English drawl  
And filled out all his pauses with an eh  
And gave each vowel a labored diastole—  
The second time a man could plainly see  
That he'd been chatting with a man like me!  
—John Coulter

# Playmakeritis

## Local Actors off the Stage

By PETE IVEY

"ARE YOU a Playmaker?"

Ten persons selected at random, were recently asked that question. Five of them, giving the interrogator a hard look, doubled their fists. Four others merely said "No!" and walked huffily away. The tenth belligerently admitted his association with the Carolina Playmakers.

If we diligently peruse the newspapers, we are informed that the Carolina Playmakers, a University dramatic organization, incessantly produce plays for the esthetic consumption of University students and for the public of North Carolina. Widely heralded as leaders in the Little Theatre movement, the Carolina Playmakers are synonymous with the best type of culture our State affords; and hinterland peoples gaze with something approaching awe at the achievements of North Carolina's leaders in amateur theatricals. The Carolina Playmakers have a Statewide and National reputation; and as they say of a popular brand of cigarettes, such popularity must be deserved. Why, then, to the average Carolina student should the Playmakers be disreputable?

In this criticism there shall be no attempt to give the Playmakers the credit they are due. A defense of the Playmakers is published in this issue; and Irving Suss and Robert Nachtmann, Playmakers who are exceptions to the general run, are capable writers and well equipped to make a strong defense of anything they choose to defend, although they have backed the wrong horse on this occasion.

This is not an attempt to disparage the plays of the Playmakers. Their performance on the stage is well done. Jack Pool, President of the Student Body, said, "They do a good job." Beyond that statement, Rufus Adolphus would not commit himself. Probably in his official capacity he could not be quoted in saying what he thought of the Playmakers offstage—besides, Jack is a politician and is careful about his statements.

Jake Snyder, University Senior, who is active in campus affairs and is Chairman of Student-Faculty Day, is President of the S. S. C. P. (Society for the Suppression of Carolina Play-

makers). Mention the word Playmaker around Jake and see him perk up; his booming voice will denounce disciples of Koch as being guilty of sins against human nature, artistry, and the *status quo* of masculinity. "The Playmakers ought to leave their theatrics on the stage," says Jake. "They Take Shakespeare's line, 'All the world's a stage,' entirely too seriously."

Discussing his con-Playmaker organization, Jake said the members are dedicated to eradicating every semblance of Playmakeritis, a dread disease that affects most of the students who enroll in a playwriting class or who are connected for any length of time with the Playmakers in an acting, writing, or technical capacity. Jake is chief of the organization and membership is by invitation. The function of the organization is shrouded in secrecy so that the anti-Playmaker propaganda may more efficiently materialize.

Jake expatiated further concerning his attitude toward Playmakers. "They are superficial," he said. "They act all the time. They go around by themselves, never associating with anybody else. They profess to know more about art than other students."

Jake is willing to compromise on several Playmakers; he admits there are exceptions which he will name—on the fingers of his left hand. But Jake's opinion of the rank (very rank) and file of Playmakers is low.

Accusations have been made, and the mud thrown upon the hallowed name of Carolina Playmakers must be explained. This article will attempt to prove that most of the Playmakers are vulnerable to the previously advanced aspersions.

### II

Perhaps what ails most of the Playmakers is their not-yet-dry-behind-the-ears Bohemianism, which makes them cluster and array around themselves a fabricated atmosphere of glamour. They have formed a clique and seldom associate with other students; and when they do, they are regarded as effeminate, pains-in-the-neck, or asses.

"You can always tell a Playmaker when you  
(Continued on page thirty)



# The Playmakers Are Not Bohemian

## A Defense of Drama Students

By ROBERT NACHTMANN and IRVING D. SUSS

IT IS ONLY MEET that the attacked underdog should have an opportunity of looking over the perpetrator of the attack before he attempts to bite back. For that reason we took the opportunity of examining a rough draft of Mr. Ivey's article before composing this. It was with the idea of trying to correct the biased and ignorant opinion of those critical individuals who have in the past and are at present deriding the efforts, belittling the accomplishments, and decrying the personnel of the Carolina Playmakers, that the authors petitioned to come to the defense of that organization.

It shall be our attempt to view the matter in the serious light it deserves, rather than to cloud our conclusions behind a half-baked humor. Mr. Ivey, representing as he does what is probably a majority of the uninformed portion of the campus, can afford to cloak reason with attempts at wit that often approach confusion. This is a privilege reserved to the attacker, and against which any reasonable statements on the part of the defense usually are not considered. Such immaturity as is evidenced by the S. S. C. P., headed by an individual who has never had any contact with the Playmakers whatsoever, does not merit concern or discussion.

The defense will present its case in an objective and provable fashion. The group as a whole will be considered, and not the few hangers-on who offer nothing to the organization, and who are responsible in the main for the poor reputation attached to it. This is the only logical and intelligent manner of approach. It is impossible to condemn the whole on the basis of an opinion reached by a consideration of a select few, just as it is unthinkable to discard a whole basket because of four or five rotten apples.

### II

With the exception of a very few, an inconsequential number in the whole, the people connected with the Carolina Playmakers are as natural, as unaffected as any other group on the campus. The very select number of esthetes, who Mr. Ivey considers make up the total, are condemned just as vociferously, if not more so,

by the others associated with the Playmakers as by the rest of the campus criticizers. Such a small number of prima donnas are found in every extra-curricular activity, not excepting the football field.

The Playmakers organization, it is felt, is composed entirely of the very few people who wear long hair and affect the Oxford broad "A." Not considered, for example, are the seventy-eight members of the cast of the "Enchanted Maze," the sixteen crew men associated with that production, the actors, technicians, and directors of the experimentals and tour plays, all of whom undeniably are "members" of the Playmakers. The organization has no actual functioning membership: participation in any production is tantamount to a membership card. The great majority of these individuals, many of whom hold the respect and admiration of the campus, are never considered as part of the group.

On these grounds the criticism that "Playmakers talk too much on class," that "they bore other students by their long digressions into matters philosophical," etc., etc., are unfounded. Rather let it be stated correctly that there are certain students—some connected with the dramatic group, the great majority of whom are not—who are guilty of these faults.

At times, however, individuals who have had some experience on the stage have good ideas. By reason of their experience, they do not hesitate, as do others of a more timorous nature, to make them known—others who do not have the poise or the capabilities for facing a group with unflustered calm to present views which contribute to the discussion at hand. If this is the case, as it often is, the Playmakers should be congratulated on an accomplishment.

### III

The Playmakers, it is asserted, are artists, impractical, ethereal creatures detached from practical reality and the affairs of the average man. If we leave out of consideration that great majority whom Mr. Ivey and others decline to take into account, we are faced with the fact that those

majoring in the drama, for example, are required to go through a period of practical training that enables them to "fit a pipe with the best of them." This is literally true and no idle figure of speech. The intensely practical nature of stage training—carpentry, electrical work, shifting scenery, to mention a few—is a point not often realized, or perhaps too often overlooked.

For majors in the drama there is no insistence on staying in that field or the allied arts as Mr. Ivey maintains. It is true that often the heavy demands of the Playmakers as an extra-curricular activity, and the actual course studies, discourage participation in other activities. But this is only to be expected and is not a cause for denunciation. The same holds true for athletes, publications men, law students, med students, engineering students, and the ordinary grind in the A. B. school.

Drama majors, naturally, expect to go on in their work on the professional stage. In this respect, the department of drama is comparable to a law school, med school, or any other graduate division. The practical necessity for intensive study during the four years of college cannot be disregarded.

But a great many of the students connected with the Carolina Playmakers also indulge in other extra-curricular activities. Athletes, cheer leaders, publications men, debaters, Di and Phi men, graduate instructors are all represented on the Playmaker programs for the past two years. This alone attests to the fact that the Playmakers are not clannish, as Mr. Ivey would have us believe. And if Mr. Ivey can demonstrate the mannerisms or speech qualities peculiar to the hundred or hundred-and-fifty now on the campus who were at one time or another connected with the group, he is deserving of the highest praise.

It is no small body that is being attacked. As a matter of fact, by actual numerical count, the "membership" of the Carolina Playmakers exceeds the total of any other single campus activity, not excluding any single sport. How, in the face of such evidence, can Mr. Ivey maintain that people are afraid to affiliate with the Playmakers because

of the erroneous opinion held by some unknowing individuals?

It can be seen, therefore, that the prosecution has distorted facts to fit a preconceived notion; that by actual and demonstrable proof, the epithetic condemnations of a large portion of the campus are unjustified; and that the attempts of a certain few (the S. S. C. P.) to create a sensation, with themselves as the center of the exhibition, are based upon unintelligent, illogical, prejudiced opinion. From certain sources, it is indicated that most of the members of this "suppressing" group are affiliated merely to enjoy the spectacle of the leaders' making fools of themselves by the very fact of the seriousness with which the leaders view their mission.

#### IV

On the other side of the picture, we see the very definite values that accrue to the Playmakers. The organization is, without doubt, and as many authorities have stated, one of the foremost collegiate dramatic groups in the country for practical theatre. On Broadway, it is rated along with the best semi-professional theatres in America—definitely not amateur. Its reputation is attested to by the fact that students from all over the country are attracted here without subsidization and without promises of any kind.

The attempt to form a native American drama (and in this connection it might be mentioned that "native American" is anything from the Chinatown of San Francisco to the Park Avenue apartments in New York) has been recognized as an outstanding achievement. Finally, campus approval of the work of the group is seen by the relatively large audiences which its productions attract.

The practical values to be derived from the work itself are too obvious to bear repetition. The indication of these is seen at best, perhaps, in the professional theatre people which the organization has produced. There is, all in all, a large positive balance contributed to the figurative audit books of the University: to cut that balance down is inconceivable.





# Entertainment Enigma

## Students Want Quality Rather Than Quantity

By NICK READ

"GOING TO the Student Entertainment tonight, Art?"

"Naw, I never heard of these people they've got this time. Chances are they won't be any good."

"You'll let me use your book, then? I didn't bother to get one."

"Sure, I'll sell you the damn thing for a dime."

And after the program . . . "Well, what did you think of it?" "Oh, I thought it stunk." "You did? I thought it was pretty good." . . . "It was inspiring." . . . "It bored me stiff" . . . "I only went because I had paid to see it . . ."

One does not need sharp ears to overhear remarks such as these passed around after *most* of the Student Entertainment programs. We say *most* of the programs; there are exceptions. We doubt if there was anything but reverential praise spoken after the performance of "The Green Pastures" here last season, or after the last echo of song from the Don Cossack Russian Male Chorus had died away in the airy vaults of Memorial hall, when they appeared here four years ago, or when the final strains of Albert Spaulding's violin sank away into a whisper. But the exceptions come too seldom.

The Student Entertainment Committee is baffled by the diversity of student tastes. They try to overcome this by bringing here varied programs of music, dancing, dramatics, and occasionally lectures. As Dr. J. Penrose Harland, chairman of the committee, puts it, "We try to please all of the people some of the time." We say, "Try to please all of the people all of the time." You will not entirely succeed in this, but you can come nearer succeeding in this higher aim than you are right now in your less ambitious endeavor.

### II

What is the purpose of the Student Entertainments? Obviously, one purpose is to entertain; this is implied in its name. But that is not the only purpose, nor the most important. When President Harry W. Chase and Dean Addison Hibbard of the Liberal Arts school conceived the idea of the Student Entertainment back in 1928, they had another aim in mind. They saw Chapel Hill, a lit-

tle college town isolated from the theatrical and musical advantages afforded by a big city. They saw a great university in this little town failing to afford its Liberal Arts students the opportunity to profit by the cultural advantages of art expressed by great artists. They knew that most of the University's students came from this state and from the south, and that these students, unlike those coming from larger eastern and mid-western cities, would not have the opportunity to attend the theatre, the opera, the concert, the dance, or the lecture when they returned home on vacations or after graduation. The very fact that at first only the students in the A. B. school and in the school of education were asked to vote on the assessment fee testifies that it was the realization of this cultural need, rather than the need for mere entertainment, which prompted the birth of the Student Entertainment Committee.

Is this purpose of fulfilling a cultural need being attained? Is even the purpose of providing entertainment being achieved? In exceptional cases it is; as a rule, we believe, it is not.

We maintain that if the main purpose behind the programs was achieved, the secondary purpose would likewise be fulfilled. If a program is of real cultural value it cannot but be entertaining. It does not follow if the proposition is reversed, however. A burlesque show may be good entertainment, but it is not necessarily artistic and cultural. The Committee Chairman, Dr. J. P. Harland, says, and he is correct, that the committee could pack Memorial hall if they brought a burlesque show to Chapel Hill. "But," he judiciously adds, "that would reflect on the University." Yet it is the desire on the committee's part to satisfy this propensity of the students which has motivated them to bring a number of entertainments here. Why did the committee bring Miriam Winslow and her Dancers? "To give the boys some pretty legs and pretty faces to look at," says Dr. Harland. The committee doesn't seem to realize that most dancers' legs are too muscular. They just don't have appeal that the boys want.

There is one way and only one way to satisfy

the artistic and cultural requirements of a student audience, and but one way to get their united approval. That is by bringing to them the best artists, the highest ranking performers in the field of drama, dance and concert, or almost any field, for that matter.

That brings us face to face with the question that has had the committee scratching their heads: Should the Student Entertainment Committee have three or four expensive programs a year, or should they have eight or nine cheaper entertainments? We say, cut the quantity and raise the quality. That seems to be the desire of the students; everyone whom we have asked has agreed on this point. But the committee as a rule has followed the quantity policy.

Glancing back at past seasons, however, we see that great artists have come to Chapel Hill under the committee's sponsorship.

### III

Paul Whiteman appeared on the first program the committee sponsored in the fall of '28. Of course that was in the good old pre-depression days and the \$1,000 allotted the committee by the state that year helped to allay the \$2,000 chunk Paul carved out of the entertainment fund. Bertrand Russell made a memorable appearance here the following year and only charged \$400. The Cincinnati Chamber Orchestra (Spring Quarter, 1930) was a high spot in that year's entertainment.

The Beggar's Opera (\$1,200) and the Don Cosack Male Chorus (\$1,750) followed one after another in the fall of '31. Both these performances, we are told, were as good as the renowned reputations of the performing artists. In the winter quarter, 1932, Ted Shawn and His Dancers appeared here. We have heard that they were not worth the \$1,000 they were paid, but they had a wide reputation at the time. In the spring of 1932 the Abbey Theatre Irish Players acted here before an enthusiastic audience. Their brilliant appearance climaxed a year of four stellar programs costing altogether \$5,450.

When you consider that there were then fewer students holding entertainment tickets than today and that less money came in from these student tickets than now you may wonder how the committee could afford to spend \$5,450 that year. The explanation is this: The sale of box office tickets that season was exceptionally large due to the appeal of the first class attractions. Perhaps the

committee was taking a chance in engaging these expensive attractions. Perhaps—but the risk was small with the calibre of the programs at such a high level.

There have been some good attractions since this memorable season of hits, but they have been scattered. Albert Spaulding heads the list of attractions brought here in 1932-33. There were that year two other entertainments of a high order—Shan Kar's Hindu dancers and Cornelia Otis Skinner's Dramatic Interludes, at a cost of \$1,000 each. But peering into the valleys between the high spots we see \$200 spent here for V. L. Granville's Dramatic Interludes, \$100 there for Axel Boethus, unknown archaeologist, and \$250 for John Mulholland, magician. We do not claim that these lesser artists did not give commendable programs. Some pleased many, some pleased few, but none pleased all. The point we make is this: Why should the students pay to see second-rate artists when by conserving and concentrating their funds they could see the best?

In the year 1933-34 there were eight attractions costing \$4130. We have heard favorable and unfavorable comments on all the artists that appeared here that season. Certainly none of them was so outstanding as to receive wide acclaim—except Ibsen's "Ghosts," which everyone acclaimed as terrible! Only one artist received as much as \$1,000 that season; the rest received from \$850 down.

Last season there was one outstanding attraction which will be a lifelong memory for those who were fortunate enough to see it (and some two thousand packed Memorial Hall that night.) We are speaking of "The Green Pastures." This attraction was secured at the remarkably reasonable price of \$1,500—it would have been reasonable at twice that figure. Efrem Zimbalist and the Russian Symphonic Choir were generally accepted as the second and third choices. Last year the committee spent \$4550.

### IV

We have seen that in the year 1931-32 four first-rate attractions were brought here. Why couldn't the committee have another season of hits like this? The problem of bringing the best artists here is more complex than it would appear on the surface, but we do not think it is impossible of solution. However, to find a solution we must consider the difficulties the Entertainment Committee has to face.



In the first place, the best artists charge a great deal of money. Fred Waring wants \$3500, Nelson Eddy and Grace Moore \$3,000. The Gilbert and Sullivan company which played in New York last year made the extraordinary demand of \$24,000 guaranteed and a six-day run. But the Student Entertainment Committee could bring Fred Waring, Grace Moore and Nelson Eddy here in one year were it not for one obstacle—the size of Memorial Hall. Memorial Hall seats comfortably 1800. Uncomfortably 2000 can squeeze in as they did for “Green Pastures.” Last quarter there were 1410 students holding entertainment ticket books. As the year progresses there will be fewer due to the decrease in enrollment, but with the additional 260 odd season ticketholders among the faculty and townspeople, there are left only about 350 seats to be sold at the box office. If there were a large enough auditorium here an artist like Rachmaninoff, who attracted thousands to the Page auditorium at Duke, would easily draw 800 to 1,000 box office sales in Chapel Hill. Eight hundred seats at \$1.50 apiece would add \$1200 to what the committee could afford to pay.

But we must deal with actualities. There aren't 800 box office tickets to be had after the season ticket holders and students are accounted for. The committee receives at most around \$5,000 a year from student fees and the sale of season tickets. Last year, \$600 went for incidental expenses such as the purchasing of rope for “Green Pastures,” the wages of stagehands, the printing of programs and posters, the renting and tuning of pianos, etc.

The Student Entertainment Committee complains of the difficulty of finding out what the students like and want. Unquestionably, as the committee operates now, this is a difficulty. On the committee are supposed to be four students (two seniors and two juniors), and three faculty members. At present there are three faculty and two student members. There have been several methods employed by which students are put on the committee, the one usually followed being election by the A. B. and Commerce schools of one student representing each school. Last year the president of the student body, Virgil Weathers, appointed the junior members to serve for two years. Whether the powers-that-be have been unable to decide on the method of selecting the junior members, or whether they just forgot about it in all the football excitement, we are unable to

tell. At any rate, there are but two students serving on the committee at the present time. If this ratio continues the committee, we venture to suggest, should be called the Faculty Entertainment Committee. We urge not merely the election or appointment of the two juniors who are already supposed to be serving on the committee, but the addition of four to six students to the committee. This would give the committee a broader conception of student tastes through the wider contact the enlarged number of students on the committee would have on the campus.

V

One reason why the committee hesitates to secure the best attractions is the bad habit some of them possess of breaking engagements. Last spring, for example, “The Mikado” was scheduled to appear but cancelled its engagement. The fact remains, however, that in the past most of these outstanding artists have kept their engagements and appeared in Chapel Hill. In order to secure superior programs, the committee should be more than willing to take a chance of cancellation. After all, the committee loses no money to speak of; and by having an extra program in a later quarter this cancellation could be compensated for. It makes little difference to the students whether the programs are spaced evenly; what really matters is their quality.

Allowing \$500 for incidental expenses, we have left \$4,500 for securing artists. It seems to us that one excellent attraction each quarter could be brought here for this sum. And if not, here's our suggestion: Let the students pay their regular fee of \$1 per quarter. Make everyone else pay \$1.50 per quarter, or per production. There are approximately 1,400 student ticket-holders giving \$4,200 a year. There would be 600 seats available for others, bringing in \$2700 (if all were sold) which added to student fees makes \$6900 a year. Of course there's a chance that they won't all be sold, but it's a slim one if the attraction is a “humdinger,” and we are basing these calculations on that assumption.

Six thousand nine hundred dollars! If three good attractions can't be brought here with that, then something is wrong somewhere. And even if this suggestion is not put into effect (and there will be opposition to it from the faculty and townspeople) we would rather see three \$1,500 performances than a whole lot of \$200-\$800 programs.

## The Editor's Opinion

### Swallowed Statements

We remember schoolboy squabbles where the bully grabbed the little fellow by the neck and made him eat his words.

Recently the University of Virginia *College Topics* in an editorial was so bold as to state that "The dormitory problem still exists. The plan now in effect is not working." It further declared that the restrictions placed on freshmen in the new dormitories were being violated, that drinking was not at all unusual, and that women were not unknown there.

Whereupon the touchy administration cleared its throat, summoned the upstart editor and delivered an ultimatum: (1) A retraction of the editorial could be printed and a guarantee given that no such "inaccuracies" would appear in the future; or (2) The staff could resign and allow the administration to reorganize the personnel of the paper; or (3) The publications fee would be given to another publication.

Five days later, under the heading "Retraction," *College Topics* had this: "The counselor system now in effect in the new dormitories is working."

Which means that *College Topics* is perfectly free to say what it likes—as long as the Powers That Be also like it. Nazi principles seem to have invaded this country.

We can imagine what Virginia's Thomas Jefferson would say.

### The Fifth Commandment

Surely 21-year-old Edith Maxwell deserved to be called "fast." According to her neighbors in the Virginia mountains, she often violated the unwritten law that no unmarried woman may stay out after 9 P. M. And she a schoolmarm, setting that example for young folks!

Her Pappy had tried as best he could to learn her better, but Edith had read too many books and thought she knew more than her own Pappy. So when she came in disgracefully late one night, Pappy, braced by whiskey, grabbed her by the hair, threatened her with a butcher knife, and knocked her down. She picked up one of her mother's high-heel shoes and hit him over the head as hard as she could. "Jesus, Jesus!" he moaned. "Why can't a man whip his own child?"

He went to bed, got up to get a drink of water, fell down—and an hour later he was dead.

It took the jury less than an hour to uphold a father's autocratic rights. Edith Maxwell was found guilty and given a 25-year sentence, which judgment the mountaineers approved. As one of them said, "It's a lesson in what's sinful, all right."

This and other patricides in North Carolina and Virginia have led some to the conclusion that the sacred institution of home is disintegrating and that modern parents are not being accorded their due respect. Rather they indicate in their gruesome way that youth is more than tired of foolish and outworn conventions based on the arbitrary domination of parents, and that continued efforts to enforce such antiquated conventions must inevitably lead to revolt and sometimes to tragedy.

### These Radical Universities

That college seniors are five per cent more radical than freshmen and that denominational students are substantially more conservative than those at non-denominational colleges was revealed by a survey made recently in the mid-west.

All right, David Clark, oil your typewriter and start pounding. Facts and figgers show that we will be more radical when we graduate than we were on entering college—especially since this is not a denominational university. You were right all the time, weren't you—the professors here are crammed full of subversive doctrines which they are eager to feed us on the slightest provocation; and if we don't go out into the world as atheists, free lovers, communists and birth controllers it won't be their fault, will it?

Or is it possible that they are just making us do a little thinking for ourselves instead of allowing us to rely complacently on memorized formulae to guide our conduct and thoughts into proper channels?

### Too Dixieotic?

In an earlier issue we slung a few brickbats at *Tobacco Road*, claiming that it was slander on the South. Since that time we have talked with numerous Georgians who have told us that conditions there are much worse than we had any idea they could be, and that in certain rural sections the picture was just about as horrible as Erskine Caldwell painted it. If this is true, we recall the brickbats and sing Caldwell's praises.



# Trumpets Left on Broadway

## The New Theatre Challenges America

By JOE SUGARMAN

THE MOST EXCITING MAN in the current New York theatre is Clifford Odets. And Odets is a radical. Just what kind, neither Odets nor his critics have ever agreed. But the fact remains that Broadway's major headache and delight stems from a playwright and a theatrical group which represents a sharp break with the tiny tradition American drama has been able to gather unto itself.

Odets and his producers, the young Group theatre, have forced critics and audiences to take sides on the question of whether or not his play *Paradise Lost* presents an accurate picture of the liberal element of the American middle class. The drama attempts to show that that class is torn with confusion as to its social aims and debilitated by a traditional gift for inaction. Some of the older critics have tried to dodge the issue, mouthing nothings about the acting, the production, etc. For all alert folks, however, the problem is clear. Is the dramatist dealing fairly with this great segment of the American population?

Now even to a youngster in theatregoing such a question is comparatively new. Until recently people have been occupied with so-called dramatic issues in approaching drama. The injection of this vigorous social problem into the Broadway bloodstream is producing a reaction which might be termed convulsive. Theatregoers are being obliged to recast their notions about the plays they see. The ancient contention that the theatre exists primarily to entertain moulders in a refuse can at 45th street. Even the less hoary notion that drama's prime purpose is an effective mirroring of the personality of the human race has been discarded. Odets, called by some "The Red Hope," and his colleagues have thrown down the challenge that the theatre exists to stir audiences to definite social and political action. If that's not revolutionary then neither was Victor Hugo's presentation of *Hernani* which called out the Paris gendarmes.

### II

Naturally this development did not come overnight. Although brought to florescence by the depression, it has its roots in the enduring philos-

ophy of social protest that constantly trickles along thru periods of prosperity and its twin, indifference to social problems. Without going back too far, one can recall that in 1927 Upton Sinclair offered *Singing Jailbirds* which stormed at the frame-ups of Industrial Workers of the World organizers. But few, if any, listened to Sinclair or practically any of the other dramatists who were seeking to vivify the front page on the stage.

People weren't so smart back in the late days of 1928. At least not the people around New York town. If they had been they would have realized that the crack-up of the Broadway theatre that season indicated something in the scale of national culture and welfare. In the midst of the early lushness of Coolidge-Hoover wealth the theatre was beginning to starve.

What it lacked, as is now known, was vitality. Without quite knowing why, audiences were growing weary of neat Viennese comedies, even if they were acted by the Lunts, bulbous-nosed revues, and twin-brother "dramas." The ruling dramatists of the day such as Eugene O'Neill, Philip Barry, and Sidney Howard were making money on "art" but not quite so much money as they had been making. Here and there a befuddled critic or playgoer was muttering that we needed something new in the theatre.

It was not until the depression had run almost two years that the first major note of the new spirit was sounded. And feebly at that. 1931—by Paul and Claire Sifton astonished audiences when it charged them with the blame of the breadlines and enjoined them to work out a social system which would banish such evils from society. The play closed in a week and a half. Earnest supporters of such plays sighed that after all Broadway really wasn't the place for such a play. The old distinction between "entertainment" and seriousness in the theatre was being rigidly maintained. For a time they were right. Even when the Theatre Union burst into action in 1933 with *Peace on Earth*, a drama which leveled an accusing finger at the bankers and politicians as the instigators of war, they were down

on 14th street, long the home of those "damned radicals." The same group's *Stevedore*, picturing the legal injustice to the negro in the South, brought the old-line critics and top-hat audiences down to the slums. Radical or not, the play was as Robert Benchley said, "A hell of a good show."

The peculiar success of the Theatre Union was based largely on its ability to marshal organized labor into a theatregoing body. Thru theatre parties and benefits, for the first time the working man was encouraged to go to the play—not a church tableau, not a high school performance, but a full-blown theatrical effect. That was the Theatre Union's contribution to the growing American theatre.

### III

Meanwhile the Group Theatre, an off-shoot of some ambitious young Theatre Guilders, which had started life as a placid, almost "arty" group, was bringing the class-conscious play to Broadway itself. First with a brace of angry jabs at the capitalist economy by John Howard Lawson, then with *Gold Eagle Guy* a biting satire on the rise of a politician under the present system, and finally with the work of Odets the Group moved toward radicalism. Today it stands as the champion of the new order which demands that a drama create the urge for social change in its audience. While the Group did not cater especially to labor unions, it found itself the host of a large number of workers, bent on seeing plays which advocated an improvement in their living conditions.

It must not be forgotten that *Tobacco Road*, that phenomenon of the recent stage, squarely belongs to the new theatre. As the most successful play of the last ten years, it is perhaps the surest indication that Broadway is undergoing a change. Erskine Caldwell drew Jeeter Lester and his filthy tribe not to hold the South up to ridicule but to incite it and the rest of the country to eradicate such a loathsome blot from the American scene.

Completing the list of groups actively engaged in furthering a drama dedicated to the economic problems of society are the Theatre of Action, avowedly Communist, producer of *The Young Go First*, a speculation on the militaristic possibilities of the CCC; Artef, a Jewish group distinguished for its technical excellence in presenting class-conscious plays; and innumerable amateur organizations, serving community needs.

Worthy of note is the fact that the two leading

figures in the WPA theatrical project are Hallie Flannagan and Elmer Rice, both pioneers in the new drama. Daisy-chained Vassar got something of a shock when the brilliant Mrs. Flannagan in 1931 produced a tale of impoverished and drought-stricken Arkansas farmers, hunger-driven to militant action. The daughters of Wall street barons watched the leader of these farmers send his son to a Communist workers' school to learn the basic causes of their plight. Rice's *We, the People*, an impassioned plea for group action to protect constitutional rights, stands with John Wexley's Scottsboro dramatization, produced by the Theatre Guild, as the outstanding inroads made on the commercial theatre by leftists in 1933-34.

### IV

Of what stuff does this new theatre consist? First, it has assumed and, to its own mind at least, improved upon the entire technical and mechanical apparatus of the traditional theatre. By and large, these plays are well-staged-directed-and-acted. The necessity for economy by these new groups has often produced strikingly fine innovations in costume and scenery.

More important, for present purposes, is the ideological content of the new drama. Broadly all groups agree that the stage should act as a dynamo for the audience. Specifically the divergences are myriad. Such plays as *Waiting for Lefty* and *The Young Go First* bluntly advocate the program of the Communist Party as a solution to the maladies of the middle and working classes. *Stevedore* looks to a third political group in the South born of the intelligence of whites and the social awakening of the negro. And so on down the line goes the voice of protest, ever one in being at odds with the existing social and political arrangement.

The groups also unite in a common effort to thwart the growth of Fascism in the United States. By emphasizing traditional, constitutional liberties and the right of society to change for the better by revolution or otherwise these new playwrights offer audiences the opportunity of seeing what might happen in a country where they say, "it can't happen." The opposition which many groups, seeking to produce *Waiting for Lefty* in Chicago, Detroit, Newark and elsewhere, have encountered indicates how seriously the potential fascists regard the new theatre.

The leftist theatre has given rise to scores of new critical problems. What, for example, ask



many, happens to individuals in the new drama which is so eager to work out all problems along class lines? To date, it must be admitted that, except in the case of Odets, dramatists have failed to create many flesh and blood characters. Their people have been highly stylized, generalities in costume, speaking well enough for a group, but often failing to win the audience to them as persons. It may be that in working toward a collectivist society of some kind (as we surely are!) the richness and variety of the individual will drop out of literature and life. More likely not. Odets and the authors of *Stevedore* have already shown flashes of the ability to develop people as well as mouthpieces. As the new theatre grows older, this dramatic need should be fulfilled.

At the moment the stage of the new theatre may be too much of a forum. Debates, bookish discussions, the gospel of Marx often supplant natural, healthy dialogue in these new plays. As the dramatist adjusts himself, however, it is entirely conceivable that this sophomoric difficulty will be eliminated by a newer realism. Economics will be fused with psychology instead of replacing it, as is now the practice. Odets will not point to Lewis Corey's *The Crisis of the Middle Class* for verification of his work, as he did recently, but will say, "Here are the very people I am talking about, look at them, yourself!"

Remembering always that the new theatre is very, very new, its greatest contribution to date may well be a negative one. It has stripped off the idle sophistication and *laissez-faire* of the traditional play. It has shown that economics and politics are as much determining factors in society as psychology and education, the pillars of the recent American theatre. The old refuge of a supine, entertaining theatre has been crushed. Critics like Robert Garland are now roundly booed when they say, "*Let Freedom Ring* made me think and I don't like to think."

At the moment the new theatre is unquestionably burdened, for the interests of the best drama, with economics. That, however, is merely a birth pang. The leveling process is bound to come. And when it does the theatre will be dealing with a new man, a completely rounded individual, the latest quality of which, his social consciousness, will be in part the gift of the theatre of revolt.

Almost sixty years ago Gerhart Hauptmann wrote *The Weavers*, a study of the psychical crack-up of society under economic stress. Hauptmann passed on to less controversial subjects. Today we are witnessing a new group picking up where he left off, destined to achieve eventually not only his artistry but smashing results—in the form of a more sensible, more equitable social order.

## Sad Hiatus

### A Short Short Story

By SHELBY FOOTE

WE WATCHED WIDE-EYED as he tottered for a moment and then went over the side screaming and clawing at the air about the docks with moribund insistence. Then he was gone, amid a brief disturbance of the water around all the adjacent tarstreaked pilings, leaving the moiled surface placative. McWard peeled and went over-side but came up swearing he could see no sign of him down there: so we all went over; one by one at first, then all together, bobbing like six corks in the oilstreaked water. We did not find him and I went and told his mother so and they dragged our surreptitious Gulf that night, but when that too failed to produce the body we laid it to the crabs and shrimp and sharks. One

garbled shoe was all the oozy bottom yielded us to show of what had been Willy.

Four months later in an addled jungle just outside Fargo, as I was taking my turn at tending the fire, I looked up and saw him across the way, through the smoke, sitting there as though he had been there all night and I had just walked up, sitting there somnolent and vacuous, carelessly superintending the desiccation of a shoe. He looked up at me and nodded through the smoke. He said

"What are you doing in North Dakota?"

"What am I doing?" I said. He said

"I shant be here long."

"Wont you?"

"No," he said. "Just as soon as this gets dry," nodding at his steaming shoe.

"Where did you go?"

"Go?" he said.

"Yes," I said: "go."

"I havent gone," he said. I said Oh, he didnt want to tell me, and he said No, he didnt, and besides there was nothing to tell. We turned over and went to sleep but the next morning when I waked up he was not there and I left the



jungle trying to forget him, but when I got a way down the tracks I heard about it. They had found the body lying one half on one side the tracks and the other on the other and they were patting the loose, avid dirt into a mound when I got there. I found the ruined shoe by the tracks,

the acrimonious concomitant evidence, like the closing clue of a Poe mystery.

So when he sat down beside me barefooted in Minsky's in New York I just nodded like I had been expecting him a lot longer than three months. He drank deep and handed me back the bottle and he had taken about half of it. I said

"You shouldnt do your mother like this."

"She's dead," he said. "She died last May."

"I'm sorry."

"Yes," he said. "So was I."

"Did you get to see her?"

"No. I got there too late."

"What delayed you?" I said.

"The train."

"Yes," I said.

"It ran over a man," he said.

"Yes," I said. "Yes, I know." He didnt look surprised at that. "I was there right afterwards."

"I knew you were," he said. "But I couldnt see you."

"I reckon not," I said and turned to watch the show, the new blonde. When I turned to point her out to Willy he was not there. This time I had had enough. "Willy!" I cried. "Willy, come back here!" The men behind me almost went crazy. Because I had stood up at the crucial point of the three-sheet-billed strip-act.

After the show I went back to fill my date with the new blonde. The parochial stageman was at her dressingroom door, smoking a corncob pipe.

"Oh," he said. "You wanna see Mabe."

"Yes," I said. "I have an appointment."

"No," he said: "*had*. You mean you *had* an appointment. She went off with a guy called himself Willy."

"Yes," I said. "Yes." I just looked at him talking with a cool head, pronouncing the words firmly and distinctly: "I expected that. Even before I came back here. I knew it all along. I expected it even before I came back here."

### Somewhat Ironical

"'Peace on earth,' the Angels sing,"  
And holly berries are red.  
Christmas Cheer!—In far-off fields  
The blood of men is shed.

—Ellen Deppe.



# Pennsylvania "Detectives" in North Carolina

## Do We Need These Men to Enforce Our Laws?

By W. T. COUCH

[Editor's Note: Although the CAROLINA MAGAZINE disagrees with this article on several points, Mr. Couch speaks a number of undoubted truths of which our state should be anything but proud.]

Chief Justice Stacy, who wrote the opinion in the Burlington dynamite case, is far from being reactionary; he has been often praised by labor papers for his fair and just treatment of the workingman. Nevertheless the wisest of men may err in individual cases, and it is the privilege of any citizen to raise the question as to whether any particular decision may not have been unsound.

Because he feels that these workers have been unjustly and severely dealt with, Mr. Couch has devoted much time to studying this case. A man of his fine public spirit should be given the opportunity of presenting his findings.]

A SHORT TIME after the midwinter of 1934, three or four men came to my home and asked me to let them tell me about some trouble they were in. They were all from Burlington, about 28 miles from Chapel Hill. They came at the suggestion of a man who knew I was interested in labor problems.

I had plenty of other things to do, but felt that I could not turn them away without hearing their story. What they told me was the sort of thing I had read before, but had never seen first-hand and had never expected to see. I doubted seriously the truthfulness of what they said and thought it would be easy for me to check up and find they were misrepresenting the facts.

I spent several evenings thereafter consulting others who were involved, and found to my surprise that substantially the same story was told by others, including an attorney for the prosecution. A detailed account of the material on which I checked was given in *The Carolina Magazine* for April 1935 in an article entitled "Dynamite in Burlington."

Prior to publishing this article, I attempted to secure the interest of Federal authorities in the case. I felt the facilities which I had and even the combined facilities of all those whom I knew to be interested, were totally inadequate to any really exhaustive study. I was able to go into the matter far enough to be fairly certain that the law had functioned in a haphazard manner and that it had left the way open for prejudiced persons to se-

cure the conviction of possibly innocent men. But I did not learn the truth about the dynamiting in Burlington.

### II

Who threw four sticks of dynamite at the E. M. Holt Plaid Mill about 3 o'clock in the morning on September 15, 1934? Who broke into and stole dynamite from the Kirk Holt Hardware Company's dynamite storehouse on or about September 13? Did John L. Anderson, one of the defendants, receive stolen dynamite and hide it on his mother-in-law's farm? Did John L. Anderson and eight other men conspire to blow up the E. M. Holt Plaid Mill and the Duke Power substation at Glen Raven?

In the trial beginning November 28 and ending December 4, 1934, the State of North Carolina answered these questions by giving John L. Anderson and six others sentences varying from two to ten years each. Of the two who turned state's evidence, Furlough got one year on the chain gang, seven or eight months of which he served; the other, Pruitt, got two years, suspended sentence and five years good behavior—that is, he is a free man until he displeases the authorities of Burlington. Both of these men, Furlough and Pruitt, confessed to conspiracy. In their confessions they said that Anderson and the six other defendants conspired with them, and it was on the basis of their testimony that the others were convicted. These two confessed conspirators now have, and have had for months, jobs with mills in and near Burlington. The mills, it might be said, have chosen the praiseworthy course of forgiving and rewarding men who were misled and confessed to their errors. Can this be the true explanation? If so, other problems remain to be solved.

### III

It is not possible here to discuss fully the legal validity of the evidence offered in court by either side. Nor is it possible to discuss in any detail certain questions of legal practice which the United States Supreme Court may be called upon to decide as a result of this case. But it will aid in understanding if we discuss briefly one sample

of the evidence offered by the prosecution, and one sample of the superior court procedure. The trial opens with the testimony of Sheriff H. J. Stockard who had much to say about tracks from the dynamite house to the road, who testified that certain tracks were made after a rain, but who, so far as the record shows, might have blunderingly made tracks and then observed them. The testimony of the sheriff is first supported by state's witnesses following him, then these same witnesses are later called by the defense and give evidence directly refuting that given by the sheriff.

In all the discussion of tracks there is no awareness whatever of the fact that everyone makes tracks. So far as the record shows, no defendant's shoe or track was ever measured. Yet the Supreme Court of North Carolina in its opinion on the case cites the finding of tracks as if this fact has weight against the defendants.

The record is full of inconclusive evidence of this kind. It would be possible to write an interesting book on this subject alone, but limitations of space will not permit my going further with this subject here. Equally important conclusions may be drawn from an examination of North Carolina judicial procedure in this case. For instance, the defense objected to the manner in which the jury was selected. The court over-ruled the objection of the defense and stated that the jury had been selected in the following manner:

"... immediately upon the adjournment of Court, Tuesday (November 27) the solicitor, for the State, approached the Court and stated to the Court that there were numerous defendants in the case he proposed to try the next morning and suggested to the Court that additional jurors be summoned; having only one panel of regular jurors, the Court instructed deputy sheriff John Leath to summon 15 to 18 men to serve as talesmen..."

This means simply that the selection of the jury was left partially in the hands of deputy sheriff John Leath. It is not unreasonable to believe that Leath would be inclined to select men designated by his superior officer, Sheriff H. J. Stockard. Now Sheriff Stockard may be a person who would not allow any previous enmity to affect his conduct in a matter of this kind; but before we come to any opinion on this, let us first ask whether he has had any occasion for resentment toward any of the defendants.

Sheriff Stockard is a Democrat; John L. Anderson, the defendant who got the longest sentence—eight to ten years—is a Republican. Anderson has been an active party worker in Alamance

County. In the 1928 local election he made a house-to-house canvass over a large part of Alamance County for Frank Rudd, Republican candidate for sheriff. Rudd was elected. Stockard, who was deputy sheriff at that time, lost his job. It is of course possible that he may bear enmity toward Anderson for Anderson's part in Rudd's victory and his consequent loss. Whether he bears enmity toward Anderson or not, it would seem beyond question that the law should not permit Stockard, a possibly prejudiced person, to have any power in the selection of a jury trying Anderson.

#### IV

When the defendants in the case first told me four coal and iron police from Pennsylvania had been employed to collect the evidence, I felt there must be some mistake. Surely no North Carolina jurisdiction would pay any attention to evidence brought into court by former coal and iron police of Pennsylvania.

Why did I have this opinion? Because I was not entirely unfamiliar with labor struggles in Pennsylvania. In 1931 Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania revoked 1,015 coal and iron police commissions. In 1934 he appointed a commission on special policing in industry to investigate brutalities resulting from the employment of deputies through county sheriffs by private companies. According to Governor Pinchot,

"Both the Republican and the Democratic Parties in Pennsylvania have now solemnly pledged themselves to abolish the private armies of private employers. We have endured long enough these relics of a more barbarous age. The coal and iron police and the company paid deputies ought to rest with the dinosaur and the great auk before the General Assembly adjourns next spring."

Of all the counties in Pennsylvania no one has a worse record for thuggery and brutality on the part of private police than Fayette County. The four "officers" who came to North Carolina from Pennsylvania testified that they were from Uniontown, Pennsylvania, which is in Fayette County. One of them said he had been employed by the H. C. Frick Coke Company as deputy sheriff for about six months. Prior to that he said he had been with the coal and iron police and had been an "officer." Another one testified that he had been a "police officer" for about twelve years. The two others simply indicated that they were from Uniontown.

It is a fact, and one which has been known for many years to those interested in labor problems,



that the agencies furnishing detectives and strike-breakers to industrial concerns frequently employ men with criminal records. There have been several investigations of this subject, perhaps the best one being a recent volume by Edward Levinson entitled *I Break Strikes: The Technique of Pearl L. Bergoff*. Levinson gives the records of numerous criminals who have been employed as detectives. It was not unnatural that one of the first questions which should come up in my mind, after I learned that detectives from Pennsylvania were actually employed in the case, was: what is the previous record of these detectives?

I do not yet have any complete answer to this question, but I believe I have a beginning toward it. The four men who testified they were from Uniontown, Pennsylvania, gave their names as S. E. Howard, D. P. Stewart, K. R. Delph, and J. R. Jones. In response to enquiries I have made through responsible channels, I have secured the following reports on men who have passed under these names in Uniontown, Fayette County, Pennsylvania.

S. E. HOWARD, deputized by the sheriff of Fayette County during the 1933 strike. Assigned to duty under the direction of the H. C. Frick Coal and Coke Company police. Lived with a woman not his wife and subsequently arrested for bigamy. A brother-in-law of J. R. (Randy) Jones, referred to below.

DONALD P. STEWART, deputized by Sheriff of Fayette County at the request of the Weirton Steel Company and served at the Isabella, Pennsylvania, mine of that Company during the strike of 1933. Convicted of assault on a young girl and her escort. Sentenced by Judge Henderson to one year in the Allegheny County Workhouse. Later appointed constable by the same Judge following completion of the sentence. Stewart is an admitted perjurer. He served as a deputy during the strike of the employees of the Latrobe Electric Steel Company at Latrobe, Pennsylvania, during 1933, and in a riot generally believed to have been provoked by Stewart and his associates he was shot in the leg by one of his fellow deputies, it is thought, during the melee. He drew compensation for that injury.

K. R. DELPH, deputized by Sheriff of Fayette County for service in the 1933 strike at the request of the H. C. Frick Coal and Coke Company. Assigned to the Frick Company mine at Edenborn, Pennsylvania. Has the reputation of being a gunman. Former marine. Had Marine Corps insignia stencilled on his car which bore New Jersey license. One night during the strike he fired into a group of pickets sleeping near the roadside, seriously wounding one near the hip. He immediately got into his car and escaped, but not before one of the uninjured pickets recognized the New Jersey license and the Marine Corps insignia stencilled thereon. Information was filed charging him with felonious shooting with intent to kill.

He was subsequently indicted. It was impossible to locate him to serve him with a warrant. When the officials of the H. C. Frick Coal and Coke Company were pressed as to his whereabouts, they offered to produce him in court which they subsequently did, and likewise put up cash bail. The indictment against him still stands. It was noted that when he was returned for a hearing, he had shaved off his mustache in an evident attempt to disguise himself.

J. R. (RANDY) JONES, deputized by the Sheriff of Fayette County and worked directly under the Sheriff as a roving deputy during the 1933 strike. It is understood that Jones secured the car and took Howard, Stewart, and Delph with him to North Carolina in September, 1934. The exact date, however, in that month seems to be impossible to ascertain.

Stewart and Delph are looked upon as dangerous characters and are considered as experts with the use of dynamite.

I have indicated above that I doubted the accuracy of the defendants when they told me there were four detectives from Pennsylvania in the case. I felt even more certain they were in error when they stated that these four detectives kept the three chief witnesses for the State in the Alamance Hotel during the course of the trial. But again I found that the defendants told the truth. According to the court record, the four detectives kept the three chief witnesses for the State together in one room in the Alamance Hotel from the Monday preceding the opening of the trial on November 28 through the whole trial. The names of these three men are Charlie McCullom, H. F. Pruitt, and Jerry Furlough. All the evidence I have been able to find on their past records indicates they must have been boon companions to the four detectives during their stay together in the Alamance Hotel.

## V

Who are these three witnesses on whom the State rested its case against the defendants? First of all let us not ignore the fact that they were located by the four detectives. In view of the character of the detectives and of these witnesses, this is a matter of great importance.

It is not necessary to go outside the court record in order to discover the character of McCullom. Let us quote from his testimony:

"Up to the time the strike was settled, I had not drunk anything; since then I started to drinking. I have been arrested in the City of Burlington for being drunk and having a pistol on my person since then. I have been arrested twice by these detectives or Government men. I haven't had anything to drink this morning. It was Wrigley's Spearmint that I am chewing. On each of the occa-

sions that I had conversations with Blaylock or Hoggard I had been drinking a little. When we went down on the levee both of us were sober. I be doggoned if I know how much liquor we had. We didn't have a full jar. Florence and I went down there together. We got the woman that was with us; Florence got her and I goes off with her too. I am a married man and I live with my wife. The character of the woman was bad. We went down there about 8:00 o'clock and I got back to Bill Payne's somewhere around 4 o'clock. We had liquor that night and we were drinking out of a jar.

In addition to this, McCullom is said to have the following to his credit:

40 days on the chain gang in Rockingham County in 1907 for assault; convicted of stealing chickens in Rockingham County; run off Aurora Hill in Burlington in 1920 for attack upon Negro woman named Tessie Wilson.

Jerry Furlough testified under oath that he had never been in any trouble (that is, trouble with the law), and that he was not dishonorably discharged from the army. According to one of his close relatives, while in the 6th Field Artillery at Fort Hale, Maryland, he served a sentence of six months imprisonment for stealing an automobile and left the army with a dishonorable discharge.

H. F. Pruitt is reputed to have to his credit a conviction for breaking and entering Dehart's Cafe in Draper, Rockingham County. In this case he is said to have turned State's evidence, paid a small fine, and received a suspended sentence. When I was in the Alamance County courthouse attempting to get access to the court record to check up on the accuracy of statements made by the defendants, Pruitt was in court being tried for carrying concealed weapons. This was the second time he had been in court since the State relied on his testimony to convict the defendants in this case.

I have in my hands an affidavit to the effect that Jerry Furlough and not John L. Anderson or any of the other defendants, at least two days prior to Saturday, September 15, 1934, and on several occasions, previous to and about this time, invited strikers to go with him to dynamite the E. M. Holt Plaid Mill and the Duke Power Substation at Glen Raven. According to Furlough's sworn testimony, the first conversation he had with John L. Anderson with reference to dynamiting was on the Sunday or Monday following the dynamiting at the Plaid Mill on September 15. Were there two separate conspiracies prior to September 15, one of them being led by Furlough and the other being led by Anderson? It is not impossible that there were.

I have been able to give only a few of my evenings, Saturday afternoons, and Sundays to study this affair. If in the comparatively short time and with the extremely limited facilities I have had, I have been able to discover material of the kind given above, it seems to me pertinent to ask what could be discovered by a trained investigator working full time. It was the realization of this possibility which made me write last March to the Secretary of Labor and suggest that a careful investigation should be made by some Federal agency. Miss Perkins wrote to me that her department had no authority in the matter and that she was bringing my letter and accompanying statement to the attention of Judge Walter P. Stacy, Chairman of the Textile Labor Relations Board. I heard nothing from Judge Stacy and if he has ever made any original investigations or caused any to be made, I know nothing of it.

Judge Stacy, it should be noted, wrote the decision of the North Carolina Supreme Court affirming the decision of the Superior Court with the exception of one of the defendants for whom a retrial was ordered. Let us consider just two instances of his reasoning. "The evidence upon which the defendants have been convicted," he says, "comes in the main from their own alleged co-conspirators and associates." This sentence is beyond question correct. Now contrast the meaning of this sentence with the meaning of the next sentence which reads as follows: "*If this be untrustworthy, as they now contend, it should be remembered the defendants were the first to repose confidence in these witnesses, and their appeal [was?] to the jury.*" This sentence states as a fact the question at issue, namely, whether or not the defendants ever reposed confidence in the witnesses who appeared against them. This is the heart of the question at issue.

Again, the Chief Justice says: "A free and voluntary confession is deserving of the highest credit because it is presumed to flow from the strongest sense of guilt, but a confession wrung from the mind by flattery or hope, or by the torture of fear, comes in such questionable shape as to merit no consideration." But does it not follow that any "confession" secured by the four Pennsylvania "government men" from men of the character of Pruitt and Furlough, from unquestionably guilty men who have been rewarded with light punishment or none at all, with jobs and



other favors, merits no consideration? If the Chief Justice had applied this excellent reasoning of his own, he would have written a different opinion and reached a decision favorable to the defendants.

The possibility remains, of course, that the defendants may be guilty. But the important point is that while they may be guilty, they have not been proved so beyond a reasonable doubt. On the contrary, the state's legal system has created against itself a most damaging record.

And this is not the first of such records. In recent years, on several occasions, unarmed strikers have been shot down in broad daylight in the presence of numerous witnesses. At Gastonia the Chief of Police was shot and killed and seven strikers, who may or may not have done the shooting, got sentences of from five to twenty years. But no one was convicted for the shooting of Ella May Wiggins. At Marion, twenty-one strikers were shot, six mortally wounded. All six were shot in the back. Not one of the twenty-one was armed. The sheriff and his deputies who did the shooting were all acquitted. During the months of this trouble, five anti-unionist mobs engaged in flogging, kidnapping, and otherwise maltreating strikers. The headquarters of strikers have been raided by armed mobs and their meagre supplies destroyed. For all these crimes against workers on strike, no one has been punished.

The record of the last twenty years is not a good one. Nor is the record of this last case better.

It will not be possible to hide this fact. In the few hours I have been able to spend in Burlington, I have collected enough new evidence to make me think it probable that only a small part of the story of dynamiting in Burlington during September 1934 has yet been told. This remains to be done.

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Note: At the date of writing this article, December 19, 1935, four of the defendants are out on bond, one (Blaylock) was never able to secure bond and is in jail, one (Overman) is serving a sentence for another offense committed since the trial in the fall of 1934, and one (Kimrey) is out on suspended sentence. Efforts are being made to secure a new trial for the four defendants who are out on bond and for Blaylock. In order to secure a new trial, the law requires that new material evidence has to be discovered; and evidence that merely impeaches the testimony of witnesses in the first trial is not sufficient. Thus it is that all of the material I have given above may be true, yet because of the technicalities of the law, it will probably be impossible to secure a new trial unless some one can be found who knows and is not afraid to testify to what happened when Pruitt, Furlough, and McCullum and the four Pennsylvania "officers" got together. If such testimony should show no conspiracy to convict Anderson and the others, and if there was actually no such conspiracy, then, of course, Anderson and the others are guilty. There is no doubt now that there was a conspiracy on the part of some of the group. The question is whether Anderson and other defendants, or Pruitt, Furlough, McCullum and the Pennsylvania "government men" were the conspirators. If the effort to secure a new trial fails, as it probably will, an attempt will be made to carry the case to the Supreme Court of the United States on the basis of deprivation of rights under the Federal Constitution.

## Burials: Paid in Advance

### 500,000 North Carolinians Are Members

*By* GEORGE BUTLER

To make a coffin of pine  
For that sweetheart of mine,  
Oh, they cut down the old pine tree. . . .

**T**HESE LINES from a song popular some years ago are filled with pathos, but they tell of an occurrence which has been prevalent enough in the agrarian sections of the South—that is, prevalent until the burial associations made their advent.

No longer need we bury Little Nell in a rough coffin of pine-slabs. Instead we notify the local morticians (the trade name for undertakers) and they look on their books to see if Little Nell was

a loyal member. Having discovered that she has paid her past assessments, they are ready to see that she gets a highly respectable funeral.

It seems almost an egregious mistake to give the name of hearse to the smooth-running, immaculately-polished limousine in which Little Nell takes her "last ride." The velour casket is placed on a velvet-hung catafalque during the funeral solemnities; she is lowered into her final resting-place by a metallic lowering-device; artificial grass—more verdant than the real—which is flanked on all sides of the grave provides an appropriate background for the flowers. A funeral

tent, with the name of the morticians in bold letters on it, will protect the floral tributes for days to come. In all, the last rites for Little Nell are such as would make the kings of olden times envious. This is a far cry indeed from the rude and primitive ceremonies which the poorer classes have had to give themselves for generations past, when it was not unusual for a saucer to rest on the breast of a lifeless body containing coins contributed by acquaintances to help defray the meagre burial expenses.

None of the mourners expects that these wonderful rites carried out for Little Nell will accomplish a Lazarus miracle nor do they think that the ceremonies will speed her faster toward the New Jerusalem. What they are cognizant of is that her family feels somewhat assuaged in their grief by seeing such attention given Little Nell.

## II

As the name indicates, the mutual burial associations are operated on a mutual basis—all members sharing together the expense of another member's funeral.

Before these associations came under the supervision of the state, no little amount of underhand methods was carried on. Many such organizations had no age limit for their members and solicited them from both the cradle and the death-bed. Obviously such tactics were unfair to the members, who were assessed each time another member died.

Some associations also used the "twisting" method; that is, the inducing of a member of one association to leave that organization and join a rival one—perhaps offering the membership gratis.

There was a case recently of a person of low sales resistance who had joined two associations and was buried twice when he passed away. After succumbing in one town and being buried by a local association, his family, some weeks later, requested that he be brought back to the "God's Little Acre" in their own town and undergo once more the burial rites. Thus members of both burial associations were assessed for the interment.

These maltreatments and others were stopped, however, when the state began to regulate the burial associations. These units were licensed and a tax placed on them according to membership. The tax runs:

With a membership of less than 5,000.....\$ 50.00

With a membership of 5,000 and less than 15,000 ..... 75.00  
With a membership of 15,000 or more..... 100.00

A membership of 15,000 may look very large for one burial association, but few people realize the extent to which these organizations have swept North Carolina and the entire South. At the present time there are 160 licensed burial associations in this state alone with an approximate membership of 500,000. In other figures, nearly one person in every six in the state is a member.

The assessments are based on entire membership, the frequency of assessments reducing or advancing as the membership may decrease or increase. The state laws require a membership of at least 800 before a license can be secured for an association.

The funeral and burial service given by these associations is, of course, at a fixed price. A member, under age ten, is assured a \$50 service; over ten, \$100.

## III

It is said by authorities that North Carolina is the cheapest state in the union in which to secure a respectable burial. This economy may be attributed to several things. Perhaps the abundance of wood and the proximity of textile products—both articles used in making caskets—are the two principal factors which make burials less expensive in this state.

Certainly if it were economical to be buried in North Carolina years ago, it is even more so now that the burial associations have had their mushroom growth. Due to the increased demand for a fix-priced casket, the several casket factories in this state have been able to give the morticians a nicer product, as well as a 10% discount. The morticians in turn have secured, along with the necessary equipment, all the distinctive accessories; they are now sure of their money and can afford to give a much more elaborate burial service than they could when many of their cases were either charity or credit.

## IV

Why are the poor folk so desirous of having a nice, even ostentatious, funeral and yet seem to content themselves with the bare necessities of life? Indeed, many of them regard their poverty and denials of luxury as a positive indication that they will receive "more than their share" in a better world. Haven't their preachers told them from the pulpit of the pitfalls and temptations



which stand in the path of the "rich and mighty"? Thus these faithful followers have become reconciled to a life which has few amusements, few goals toward which to strive.

These same people, however, who have learned to live with so little amount of life's material gain, desire upon death a funeral which is far apart from their every-day simplicity, seeking

instead one which is suggestive of wealth and power.

The reason for such an attitude seems to lie in a plea which a bereaved farmer made recently to a mortician: "My little boy jiss died, an' I wants you to see he gits put away in decency an' order. You know hit's th' last thing we kin ever do fer him."

## **The Amazing Enchantment**

### **A Review of Paul Green's New Play**

*By* RICHARD WAYMIRE

NOT SINCE PAUL GREEN had spirits garbed in flowing robes dancing lightly about an out-house in "Shroud My Body Down" has a play created such comment in Chapel Hill as did "The Enchanted Maze," presented December 6, 7, and 9 in Memorial Hall. And, I think it is fair to say, no other play since then has caused the bewilderment occasioned by the first Paul Green play without a death. "Shroud My Body Down" was perhaps intended to bewilder. In this it succeeded with every spectator, with the possible exception of the fifteen-year-old prodigy whom "Proff" unearthed, and who understood it all, even the vague references to "seven long years ago," and why the little negro leaned over the fence and cried "chee, chee, chee."

On the other hand, there is nothing to cause confusion in "The Enchanted Maze"; yet confusion there seems to be in the mind of all beholders. Maybe we're wrong.

In the first place, the play itself is the best presentation of college life that this reviewer has been privileged to see. Admittedly, it is rough in spots, and will need much re-writing before it will stand the lights of Broadway; but the idea is there, and it is gotten over effectively. Also, it has the double distinction of being a problem play with a strong emotional appeal, and, with the epilogue, a solution. What possessed the Playmakers to remove the epilogue no one knows. Without it the play is more satisfying emotionally, as it leaves a breathtaking climax in the auditor's ears; but it is not complete intellectually, and the thinking audience must inevitably feel this incompleteness. In the epilogue the author gives his own philosophy of education, that facts should be presented for their significance, rather

than for their own sake. The epilogue, as we see it, is definitely an optimistic and constructive note, not a proof of Parker's intellectual submission to the system.

But perhaps a brief summary of the plot is needed. Billy Parker, honor student and president of the student body of a large university, finds that education leads him only to doubt and confusion, and does not set up any guiding principles of conduct or thought. He feels that he is spending his time learning unrelated and trivial facts, and that the courses tend to break down rather than create any faith or philosophy of life. He is chosen to make the valedictory address at graduation, and he speaks his mind freely, to the consternation of his audience and the faculty. Parker's speech rises to a frantic and dramatic appeal: "But I want something besides these facts, I want something to believe in, something to inspire me, something to keep my faith in myself and in the human race." In the version as presented Friday night, there is an epilogue following this scene which shows Parker, some years later, as a laboratory instructor in Psychology. He lectures to his class about the rats in the maze, and in this speech Green expresses his own philosophy, "to develop ourselves, to go forward." Parker tells his class, in substance, that they should not watch the rats merely to learn how rats act, but through proper interpretation to discover basic principles of human behavior, and thus to push back, if only one step, the mystery that surrounds the purpose of life.

It may be easily observed that the only purpose of the last scene is to offer the author's own views. Certainly it is an anti-climax, but one that is so far below the heights reached in the preceding

scene, and of such short length, that it does not destroy the effect, and it does give the inestimable advantage of suggesting a definite answer to problems the author raises throughout the play.

Much could be said about the actual presentation of the play. It shows to what tremendous heights the Playmakers are capable of reaching with a proper vehicle. Bedford Thurman, who was so disappointing in "Three-Cornered Moon," gave the best performance that this writer, in his five years here, has seen on the Playmaker stage. His handling of the first few scenes was a bit rough and overdone, perhaps, but his execution of the graduation scene was the most stirring thing we have ever witnessed on any stage. He lost himself completely, and for some five tense minutes was Billy Parker, a hurt and bewildered student crying defiance at the system and the men that had reduced him from an idealistic and confident boy to a doubting, perplexed young man. More than one person in the audience echoed Pratt's cry, "You tell 'em, Billy."

Charles Lloyd, as Henry Pratt, also did a remarkably fine piece of work. His interpretation of an underprivileged and bitter student, more or less forced to radicalism, was sincere and con-

vincing. Among the lesser lights, Frank Durham, as the Old Workman, and Eugene Langston, as Dr. Walton, professor of Biology, were especially noticeable. Langston made Dr. Walton hateful to everyone in the audience, and there was a spontaneous ripple of applause as he left the stage. His precise enunciation and perfect make-up, as well as his understanding of the part, contributed to make his characterization one of the most effective of the evening. All others were very satisfactory, with the possible exception of Miss Bernhardt, and we think it was her part, rather than her acting that was at fault. One felt that very little thought or time was spent by Green on this part.

The technical side was adequately done, and the sets were well designed and executed. On the whole, the Playmakers are to be congratulated highly, both individually and as a group, for not only giving the campus remarkably good entertainment but also for giving the whole student body matter for intelligent reflection and discussion.

P. S. I hereby resign from my former position as First Vice-President of the Anti-Playmaker Association.

## Porcelain Lines

Lady Ling said to servant boy Marng,  
"Take this package over to Scholar Warng.  
Teacher Warng lives just across the street—  
He may be at home or at the Soul's Retreat."

Marng was ushered to the scholar's courtyard  
Where Warng and the magistrate, gravely and hard,  
Were discussing the number of sides to each scale  
Of the dragon's armor, and the color of tail

A dragon of this sort should rightly possess.  
Over this, Teacher Warng was in slight distress.  
They augustly discussed it from its horn to its claws,  
And Scholar Warng said, "There are five toes because

Five's a natural number as everyone knows—  
Five planets, five virtues, five fingers, five toes."  
Then the magistrate said, "It seems to me  
The number of toes on each foot should be three.

Three is a number truly divine,  
Standing for God, Earth, and Man; for lovers and  
wine."

And thus they discussed philosophical things,  
From Taoist gods to gold dragon rings,  
From the "Princely Man" to a bandit, escaped—  
And the whole time they talked, the boy stood and  
gaped.  
—Wm. T. Wheat.



## Reviewing the Books

**SAVAGE SQUADRONS.** By Sergei Kournakoff. Hale, Cushman, and Flint. 360 pp. \$2.75.

From the pen of a New York riding academy owner comes an autobiography which approaches the perfect blood-and-thunder novel to a startling degree. The reason is easily explained. That riding academy owner was once Lieutenant Kournakoff of the Caucasian Native Cavalry, which was better known to friends and enemies as the "Savage Squadron."

Seven centuries of fighting forebears preceded Sergei Kournakoff, and he grew up with their glories constantly paraded before him. A Kournakoff was with a henchman of Genghis Khan when he first conquered the Caucasus. Another helped three hundred years later when the new-formed Kingdom of Russia conquered Siberia. Still another helped drive Napoleon out of Russia in the long march of 1812, and Sergei's grandfather got his Cross of St. George in the Russo-Turkish wars of 1877. But even though his father was a Cossack of the Royal Guard, Sergei's mother decided that the fighting profession of the family should become merely a tradition, and so the young aspirant to military honor found himself merely a student of engineering when the World War broke out.

The Savage Squadron, composed of Mohammedan horsemen, Russian machine-gunners, Cossack officers, and a Jewish band, was despite its heterogeneity a fighting unit; and even in engineering school Kournakoff made up his mind to join it, for there, in a Caucasian regiment, was where his fathers before him had found fame. So after two months in an officer's training school, a year and a half sidetracked in an automobile squadron (from which it took no less than a brother of the Emperor himself to remove him), and then finally a month with a telephone corps, Sergei found himself at last a member of the Savage Squadron. And as such he fought his way through the war and the succeeding Revolution, finding that war had another side besides the glorious, and at the same time making lifelong friends (who ranged all the way from an American razor salesman to a royal Persian prince).

Humorous incidents, striking personalities, exciting tales, and fighting forever go to make *Savage Squadrons* one of the most interesting biographies of the season.

—ELMER D. JOHNSON.

**ENTER PSMTIH.** By P. G. Wodehouse. The MacMillan Company. New York. 247 pp. \$2.00.

More than any humorist of this day, P. G. Wodehouse possesses the power of making his readers laugh out loud. His latest book has more than the usual quantity of healthy belly-laughs.

*Enter Psmith* tells of the early life of one of his most engaging characters, who, when he realized that it would be difficult to achieve distinction with such an ordinary name as Smith, immediately remedied the matter by placing a silent "P" before his name. But he need not have done so, for everything about him is distinctive: his lazy, languid voice, his monocle, his ability to get things done without physical exertion.

From the moment of their arrival at Sedleigh, an English preparatory school, Psmith and his roommate are in constant trouble, from which only Psmith's amazing

ability to cope with any situation can extricate them. He is a super-specimen of the schoolboy favorite: the one who successfully violates all the rules except those dealing with honor. And he has that unusual knack of being able to get people to do things for him while leaving them with the feeling that he has done them a favor.

Wodehouse has written scores of books, collaborated on many plays for the London and New York stage, and done scenarios for several motion pictures. Just as eccentric as some of his characters, he once declined an invitation to tea from a gossip woman by saying that he was leaving for America that afternoon. True to his word, though he had entertained no thought of leaving England, he quickly packed his bags and sailed for America!

As for *Enter Psmith*, Wodehouse fans will snap it up with relish. And those unfortunates who are not familiar with this great contemporary humorist will have an opportunity to meet him at his best. They should be warned, however, that a Wodehouse book is as habit-forming as a drug.

—WILLIAM D. POE.

**STALIN.** By Henri Barbusse. The MacMillan Co. New York. 283 pp. \$3.00.

Barbusse is comprehensive. He omits nothing from this study of one of the most important figures on the world scene—nothing, that is of Stalin's life. But the book is much more: it presents in a simple, almost too simple style, the ideology of the Russian experiment, the justification of the procedures used to achieve the Communist state, and the historical background that led to its formation.

It can almost be said that any study of Stalin must contain the history of the period in which he lived, just as was true of Milton. But long personal digressions on the part of the author on the philosophical and actual (if such differentiation can be made) implications of the great movement in which Stalin is the central figure should have no place in a biography or what pretends to be a biography.

Despite the emphasis which Barbusse places on Stalin in the early portion of the book, the character fades into insignificance beside the giant of the whole Russian experiment. The study of Stalin himself is complete and presents every phase of that man's character, ideas, ideals, activity, and the ramifications of these. In the main it is a factual picture tinged ever so slightly by the author's obvious bias. The discussions of the work going on and being planned in the U. S. S. R. are frankly and patently emotional.

The book cannot approach the author's magnificent war novel, *Under Fire*. It was probably the merits of this previous work that led to the publication of this later work which the author completed just before his death last September.

—ERWIN DAVIDSON.

**WITH BENEFIT OF CLERGY.** By Octavus Roy Cohen. New York. D. Appleton-Century Company. 265 pp. \$2.00.

Here is another of Octavus Roy Cohen's stories of life down in Dixie. The author, born and bred below the Mason-Dixon line, falls below his usual standard in a story that does not ring true.



But the book has some characters who really live, and these drawn first-hand from Cohen's own South Carolina environment attract the sympathy of the reader. The novel will appeal to the Yankee who knows nothing of the southland and its people, save what he has gained from those mediocre talkies, "Carolina," and "So Red the Rose." He should lap up this kind of balderdash.

The plot hinges around the rise of a beautiful and intelligent "swamp angel," Justine Vernet. Courageously, she has climbed from the depths of her community's social strata, the "poh white trash" of Four Holes Swamp, to a position of comparative prominence as a school teacher in the county's consolidated school. She falls in love with gentleman planter Larry Winthrop, who is, of course, a man of means with a plantation and all its trite cinema trimmings.

On a 'possum hunt, Jed Goring, swamp half-wit who fancies himself in love with Justine, catches Larry and Justine "spooning." In an unreasonable rage of jealousy, Goring stabs Winthrop, and flees fearing that he has murdered our dashing hero. To the billiard parlor bums Goring relates that he prevented an assault; and he tells old Sam Vernet, father of the "wronged" girl, that he has kept clean the family escutcheon. From here on we have a fast moving tale with local politics becoming involved and finally bringing about the denouement which, in all justification, is certainly exciting.

As a present to your maiden Aunt Emma, this book is o. k., but beware of giving it to your scholarly southern history professor—you may insult his intelligence. Auntie won't mind the inconsistencies, and besides, the gossip angle of the novel will mete our more juicy conversation for her mission circle.

—BILL ANDERSON.

**SOMETHING ABOUT WORDS.** By Ernest Weekley. E. P. Dutton. New York. 233 pp. \$1.75.

Probably because of a desire to rid his portfolio of several cluttering odds and ends of lecture notes and previously printed articles, Author Weekley has compiled what he calls a "rather chaotic farrago." After laboriously discovering from Webster that "farrago" is nothing but a mixture and not Italian at all, the reviewer finds himself prepared to delve into word-lore.

The first few chapters, even though somewhat disassociated, do contain a multitude of small and large facts about the English language that is very nice to know. For instance—Did you know that the word "robot" first came into the English language soon after Karel Capek's *R. U. R.* (Rossoms Universal Robots) was played in London in 1923? Elsewhere the author categorizes the Americanism "mugwump" as "an animal that sits on the fence, with its mug on one side and its wump on the other."

Towards the end of the collection the writer gets involved in a skirmish with "Etymological Maniacs," leaving the reader dazed and uncertain. As the wording gets more technical, the soporific quality of large numbers of italicized words makes itself evident, and the ending comes as no great surprise.

Author Weekley's tag-ends of etymology may interest some, bore the rest. Whether the reader's opinion be favorable or not, he cannot help but see the lack of unity that results from a series of isolated articles on so broad a subject as words.

—LYTT GARDNER.

## PLAYMAKERITIS

(Continued from page ten)

see one," is a common expression. He will identify himself or herself by sight, sound, or odor. A smelly pipe oft proclaims the Playmaker. It is no refraction of social rules to smoke a pipe, but it does seem unusual that so many of them are constant pipe-smokers. The Playmaker's pipe is almost as permanent a fixture as his nose. The situation can perhaps be explained by the frequent remark of Professor Frederick H. Koch that "a man who smokes a pipe is usually a pretty good fellow." And Koch's word is more sacred to the Playmakers than the Constitution is venerable to the Republican party. The female of the species smokes cigarettes, frequently through long holders. The way the female Playmaker may be distinguished from the garden variety of co-ed is by the method of smoking. The Playmaker is able to hold the cigarette more insipidly and puff it more dramatically than the ordinary female.

Playmakers ill with Playmakeritis are inordinate dressers, employing all sorts of colors and designs and welding them to effect an improper amount of ostentation; for the Playmaker does not believe in camouflaging himself like other students—he must be unorthodox, and that with a bang. One Playmaker used to parade around in a "gay nineties" turtle-necked sweater, creamy white; and he was often seen wearing a beret. He was probably the acme of Playmaker haberdashery.

The speech of the Playmaker is stilted, ultra-precise, and often dramatic. When in literature classes the Playmaker is asked to read aloud, the elocution-sounding expression is an abomination to the ears. The voice strives to be sonorous, the speech exact, and the pitch and movement oratorical. Many Playmakers are considered queer because they cannot or will not speak naturally.

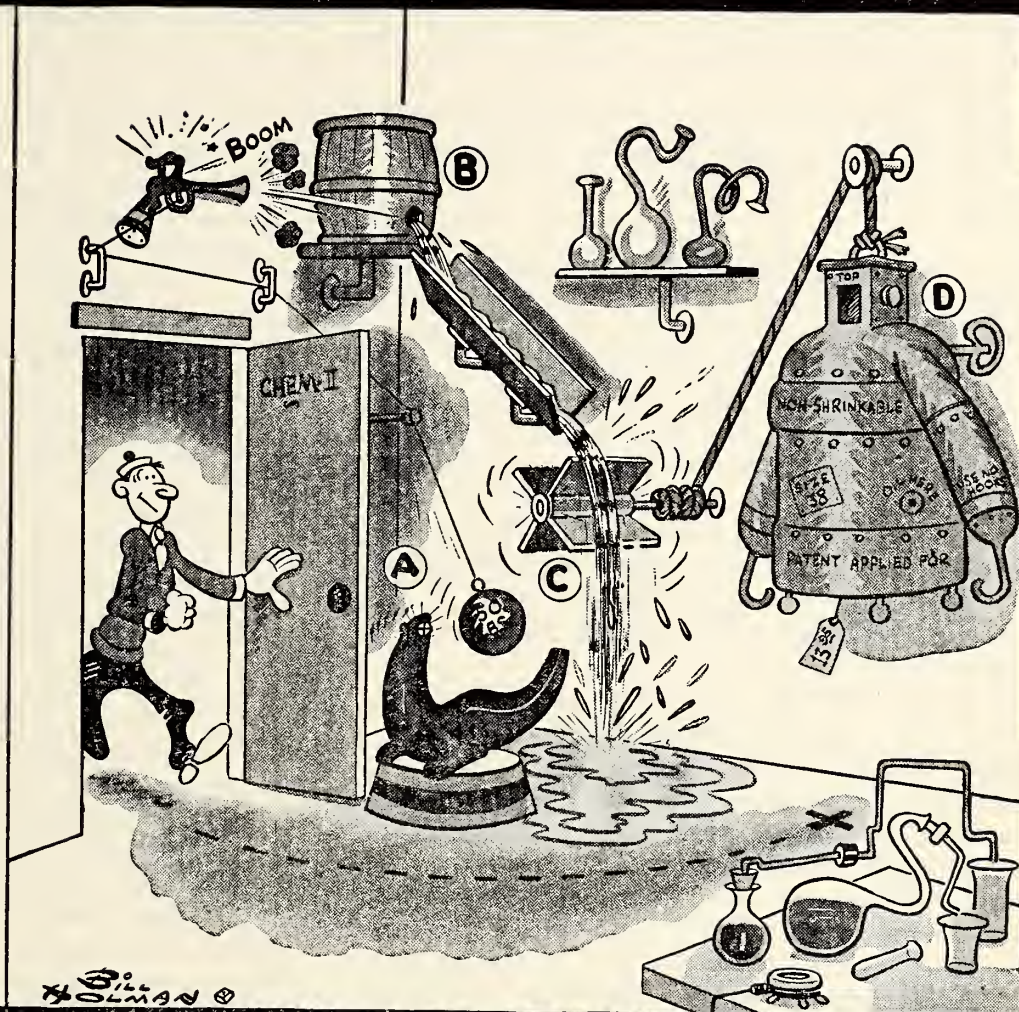
Of their own volition exiled, Playmakers admit they are cliquish and are proud of it. They insist the campus doesn't understand them, but the campus has their number too well. From their air-castled pedestals they believe they have a deeper appreciation of the "finer things" than do other students.

At night they frequent their "Moulin Rouge" chiefly to make noise, sing boisterously, make half-witty remarks and do other attention-attracting antics peculiar to stuffed shirts. Their



# EASY WAY TO STUDY CHEMISTRY SAFELY

STUDENT OPENS  
LABORATORY  
DOOR CAUSING  
TRAINED SEAL  
(A) TO DROP  
BALL — FIRING  
PISTOL AND  
PUNCTURING  
BARREL (B).  
WATER RUNS  
DOWN TROUGH  
ON TO WATER  
WHEEL (C) WHICH  
TURNS AND  
LOWERS ARMOR-  
PLATED SUIT (D)  
OVER STUDENT SO  
HE CAN PERFORM  
EXPERIMENTS IN  
SAFETY. IF THIS  
DOESN'T WORK  
DIVE OUT NEAREST  
WINDOW —



## ... AND AN EASY WAY TO ENJOY A PIPE

I WANTED MILDNESS  
AND REAL FLAVOR—  
FOUND 'EM BOTH IN  
PRINCE ALBERT



THE BIG  
**2**  
OUNCE  
RED TIN

**MEN PREFER THAT  
P.A. FLAVOR!**

PRINCE ALBERT IS RICHER —  
YET SMOOTHER AND Milder.  
ALL "BITE" IS REMOVED. IT'S  
"CRIMP CUT" FOR SLOW BURN-  
ING. AROUND 50 PIPEFULS  
IN EVERY 2-OUNCE TIN. NO  
WONDER MORE MEN SMOKE  
P.A. THAN ANY OTHER BRAND!

**PRINCE ALBERT**  
THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

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repartee is a collection of dumb puns tossed back and forth with the bored sophistication of a half-baked Greenwich Villager. That's the pity of it, that the Noel Coward in the Playmaker is signified by puns.

With it all, the Playmakers have built up illusions of grandeur about themselves and are lost in these fancies.

### III

"It is true that some of the Playmakers are superficial, but it is a harmless situation," a defender of the Playmakers said. "They don't hurt themselves and no one else is injured."

This argument might appear logical, but it is fallacious. Why won't they be harmed by setting themselves off from the rest of society and—to put it gently—acting "quare"? Some of them probably realize their attitude is an affectation, but others seem obsessed. Some may recover—but psychiatrists say an obsession is hard to treat, especially when the patient does not want to be cured.

Straight-thinking, ambitious students have come to Chapel Hill, drawn by the Playmaker mirage and after several months' exposure to Playmakeritis have returned to their hometowns so "upstage" and artificial their friends were certain something had interfered with their mental arrangements. Some Playmakers cannot speak an ordinary sentence without dramatizing it. A certain graduated Playmaker is so far in the late stages of Playmakeritis he cannot say he is going to the postoffice to buy a three-cent stamp without using such tones that one thinks surely James A. Farley, himself, must be in for a conference with the Playmaker.

If such disasters are awaiting students who wish to learn playwriting and acting, but who have no desire to be artificial fops, it seems obvious they had better not learn their dramatics from the Carolina Playmakers. Of course, one may not succumb to Playmakeritis, but the risk is too great. There are probably many students who would like to take part in college theatricals but who fear to associate with the Playmakers lest they be bitten by the Bohemian dramatic bug that has chewed on our amateur actors. They don't want people pointing fingers at them and saying, "That fellow is a Playmaker."

### IV

"He's just a dumb cluck engineer," said one Carolina student of another. The average tech-

nical school of engineering is deficient in the "humanities," and graduates of such schools usually know as little about grammar and questions of sociology and economics as persons who have never been to college.

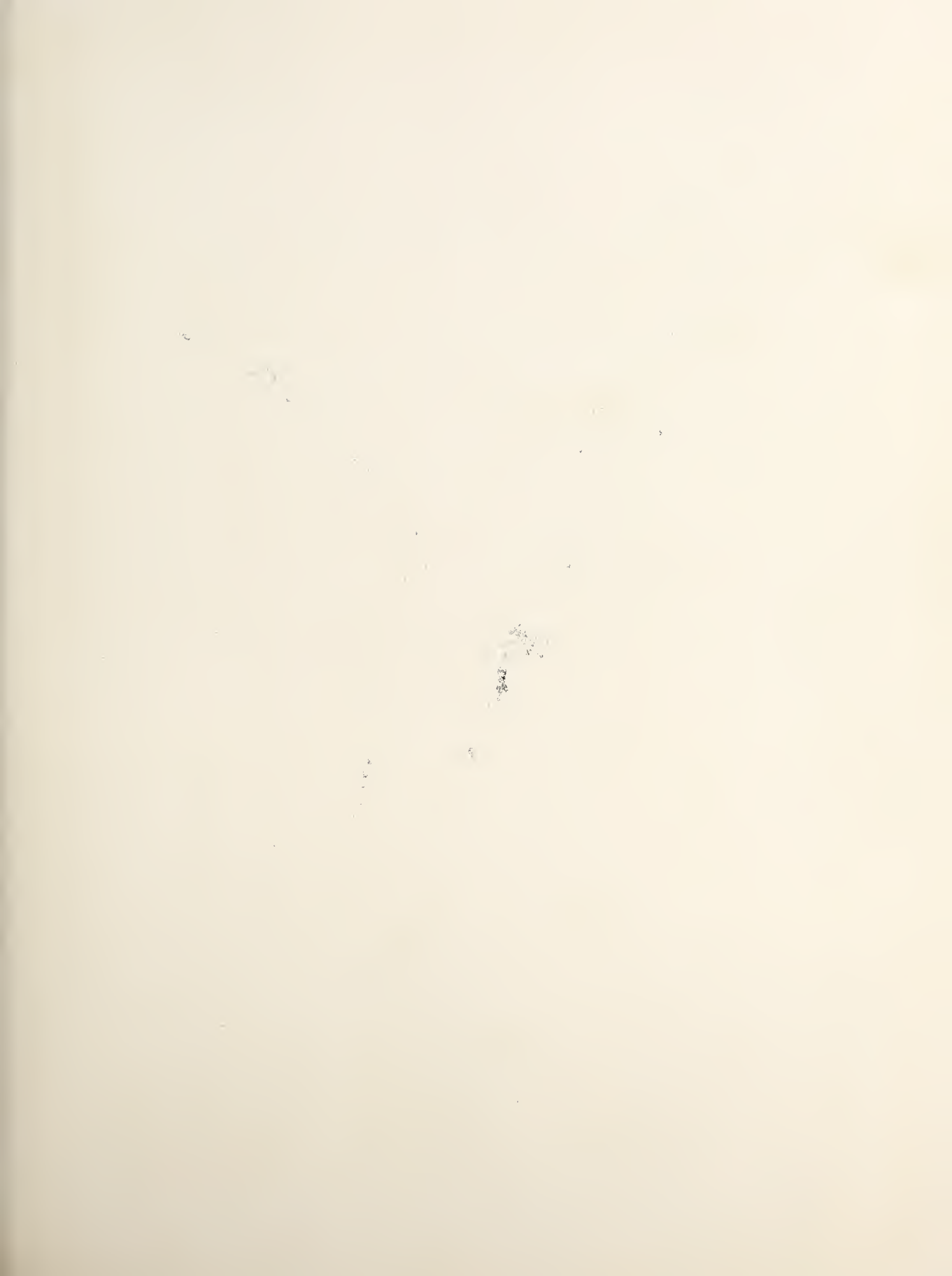
At the opposite extreme from the technical man is the Playmaker. He has been submerged in too much of the humanities. He is the *artiste*, the esthete, the martyr to art. The technical man is ultra-practical and the Playmaker is ultra-artistic. Changes in curriculum are made to prevent lop-sidedness in education and most of the efforts tend toward polishing the roughness of students; but not enough attention is put to roughening the esthetic students. Too much polish without the substance underneath has resulted in a disease which in its worse form is Playmakeritis.

The best actors and writers among the Playmakers are unafflicted. Thomas Wolfe, Paul Green, Shepperd Strudwick and others do not have Playmakeritis, because they are balanced between practicalities and artistry. When they were students, they took part in other activities besides the Playmakers. Thomas Wolfe was editor of the *Tar Heel* and the *Magazine* and was an adept public speaker. Paul Green played baseball and worked on publications. Shepperd Strudwick wrote for the campus publications and had numerous other interests.

And that is the cure for Playmakeritis—interest in things other than drama. Professor Koch insists that Playmakers spend most of their time and study on dramatics and on other subjects that will enhance the success of Playmaker productions. Participation in other campus affairs is discouraged by the heavy demands of the Playmaker organization; but if that policy were abandoned and the Playmakers were urged to avail themselves of other interests, it would be a tremendous forward step in the development of the Little Theatre. Other students would become interested in making plays and taking part in them without fear of becoming a bit of a Bohemian. Bohemianism is and always was a false and evil attraction on art. The Carolina Playmakers should forget their sensibilities and get to work.

It is admitted that a prophet is not appreciated in his own country; but the other countries just see him on the stage, employing his best P's and Q's. We have to see him in the classroom and on the campus every day.







Chesterfields  
— and a Merry Christmas to you all





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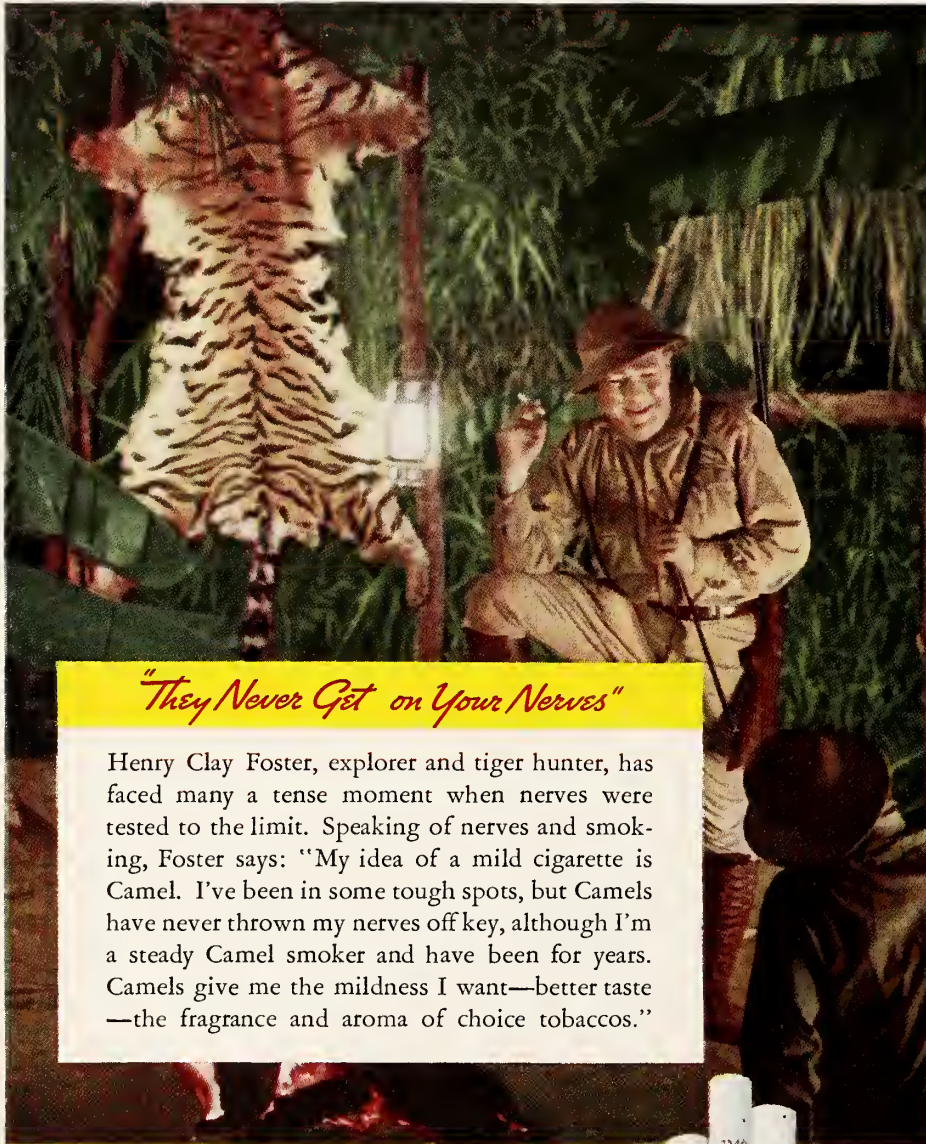
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The  
CAROLINA  
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# HERE'S WHY CAMEL'S MILDNESS APPEALS TO OUT-OF-DOORS PEOPLE



## *"They Never Get on Your Nerves"*

Henry Clay Foster, explorer and tiger hunter, has faced many a tense moment when nerves were tested to the limit. Speaking of nerves and smoking, Foster says: "My idea of a mild cigarette is Camel. I've been in some tough spots, but Camels have never thrown my nerves off key, although I'm a steady Camel smoker and have been for years. Camels give me the mildness I want—better taste—the fragrance and aroma of choice tobaccos."

## COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

● Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

(Signed)

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY  
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

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## *"They Never Tire Your Taste"*

Lt. Commander Frank Hawks, holder of 214 speed records, says: "Camels taste better—mild and mellow. They are never irritating to my throat."



## *"Camels don't get your Wind"*

Miss Judy Ford says: "Wishing to keep in the best of condition, I prefer Camels! They are so mild that they never disturb my wind or fray my nerves."



## *"Get a Lift with a Camel"*

Erwin Jones, Boulder Dam staff engineer, says: "If I'm tired, a Camel refreshes me in a few minutes. You can tell they are made from choice tobaccos."



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United States  
(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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Illustration by Paul McKee  
Cover Design by Julian Bobbitt

# Frame-Ups and Fights

## Some Recollections of Campus Politics, 1922-1929

By TAYLOR BLEDSOE

[Taylor Bledsoe was a leading politician here at the University from 1922 to 1929. In this account of political activities here during that period he makes some revelations which are none the less interesting because they took place in the 'twenties. Mr. Bledsoe is now an attorney in Asheville.—THE EDITOR.]

I ENTERED CAROLINA with the Freshman Class in the Fall of 1922. I had had no experience in student politics and very little in activities in general. I joined the Freshman Debating Club which proceeded to put out one of the many candidates who ran for President of the Freshman Class. There was a saying current on the campus that the Captain of the Football Team had always been elected President of the Freshman Class. Billy Devin was Captain of the Freshman Football Team and an outstanding athlete. Most of the larger towns had candidates, as well as some of the prep schools, who had large delegations in the Freshman Class. The official candidate of the Freshman Debating Society was beaten in the first round, but Gerald Pelletier, who was backed by the Oak Ridge boys, and also was a member of the Freshman Debating Society, was in the run-off. The Debating Society swung to his support, and that, with the help of some of the crew in Swain Hall, who wanted to show the world that an athlete could be beaten, added to his original Oak Ridge strength, was enough to put Pelletier over. The Debating Society took as much credit for this victory as if they had been the original backers of Pelletier.

The voting in those times was different from what it is now, as the Australian ballot had not been installed. Consequently, those who were willing to get a bunch of blanks and comb the campus for signatures had the best chance of winning the election. I do not recollect exactly, but my impression now is, that the percentage of votes cast was no higher, when the boys could vote in their rooms, than since they have been compelled to go to the polls in person.

### SOPHOMORE CLASS ELECTIONS IN 1923

I had a most illuminating experience in the elections for the rising Sophomore Class in the Spring of 1923. To understand this it will be

necessary to give a brief background. I had the most amazing good fortune in debating during my first quarter at Carolina. I think that my talents were pretty good and I worked hard, but it was a break for me that the same question was used in the Freshman Debating Society, the Freshman Inter-Society debate between the Di and Phi Literary Societies, and also in the Mary D. Wright debate. The subject was "Compulsory Arbitration Between Capital and Labor" and the immediate interest was caused by the railway shopmen's strike in 1922. I had also debated the question in high school, and was able to win all of the Freshman debates and the Mary D. Wright memorial medal in the latter debate. This placed me at the front of the Freshman debaters and, since no other non-athletic freshman received so much publicity in so short a time, it made me easily the best-known figure in the Freshman Class outside of the Freshman football team.

I doubt if there is any unsophisticated person to whom the idea of receiving the honor of being elected the head of some group of people with whom he has fairly intimate contacts, does not appeal. At any rate, I felt very flattered when a few of the members of the Freshman Debating Society told me they thought I was the logical candidate for President of the rising Sophomore Class. They pointed out that we had enough strength to win the election, citing Pelletier's victory, and assured me that I had a winning personality, and that the boys would flock to my standard. The chief proponent who talked to me was a little short fellow by the name of Kellum who stayed in school only one year. From him I first heard that it was necessary to keep things quiet until a short time before the election. Various other candidates were mentioned to me and I was kept more or less in a state of suspended animation, all secret of course, by this gentleman's honeyed words. I knew nothing of campus politics at this time, and thought that people were elected because there was a natural demand that they run. Consequently, the idea that there was a spontaneous sentiment for me which would elect me was quite in line with the way I thought elections were run.



After living in a dream world during the winter quarter, and doing nothing about getting any support besides talking to Kellum, the time for nominations came, with the fact that I was a potential candidate still a deep secret. The athletes backed Emmett Underwood. I imagine he also had the support of some of the men who were secretly pledged to fraternities in a fraternity combine. The Greensboro boys nominated Pete Pierce, a fine fellow who made an excellent race but who, strange to say, never took any other interest in activities during his stay at the University. Kellum then told me that the thing for me to do was to run for Vice-President since the way things had lined up, I could not get the presidency. I was somewhat surprised that my popularity had dwindled, but thought that it would probably get me the Vice-Presidency. There was an added lure because of the fact that two class presidents had departed and the vice-presidents had taken over their positions, and had been able to go on and successfully seek another office. A surprising development to everyone concerned was the candidacy of my roommate, Mitchell Bishop, for the presidency of the Sophomore Class. His effort could only be termed a forlorn hope, but the fifteen votes he received were enough to cause a second election between Underwood and Pierce which resulted in a victory for Emmett Underwood. I received about eighty-five votes for Vice-President, running third, and devoted my efforts on election day for my roommate who was my chum, as those who room together from the same town during their Freshman year generally are.

While I could not prove before a jury, I felt immediately afterwards, and have had no reason to change my opinion since, that all of the talk about my running for President of the Sophomore Class was deliberately done in order to keep me quiet and prevent me from doing anything which might have put me in line for Presidency of the class. My naivete was emphasized by the fact that while I was a candidate for office myself, I got out and worked openly and alone for my friend whom I liked against two strong machines of whose existence I knew nothing.\*

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\*Note: I do not think that Emmett Underwood, himself, was a party to any of these efforts to delude me. I later came to know him very well and have a high opinion of him.

#### THE SCHOOL YEAR OF 1923-'24

In the Fall of 1923 the non-athletic group repeated their victory of the previous year by electing James A. Williams, of Hendersonville, President of the Freshman class. He is the only President of the Freshman class, to my knowledge, who ever politically survived the job. Just why this is the case is hard to say, but it is a fact that the President of the Freshman class is seldom heard from politically, after the Freshman elections.

The most interesting spot in the 1924 elections was the Presidency of the Y. M. C. A. Following their usual custom, the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet nominated several candidates, among them Floyd Griffin. This remarkable man was the head waiter at Swain Hall, and as such, pulled the strings there for the dominant group. They were extremely anxious to elect him President of the Y. M. C. A. He had experience in "Y" work but could not muster enough strength personally to win. He was a rather cold figure and did not take well with the students generally. The successful candidate was Homer Coltraine, popular pitcher on the baseball team, who had never even served on the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet or taken any part in its activities. He was a fine boy and, as far as I know, made a good student President, although he was always treated as an outsider by the regular Y. M. C. A. clique. Griffin was elected Vice-President, being the second high candidate.

My personal activities in this election were largely a general repetition of the previous year. My debating activities had slowed down somewhat, although I made the Sophomore Debate and had served as Secretary of the Dialectic Society. The memory of my previous year's record was still strong and I was considered a likely candidate for the Debate Council. Bobby Linker, now a language Professor at the University, was a candidate for President of the Y. M. C. A., and as he was a close personal friend of mine, I promised early in the year to support him. He was a fine boy but was not an athlete and had no particular drawing power personally. The machine did not back him either, so his election was out of the question. My support for him, however, took the form of strenuous, hard work at the polls all day long. I also ran for the Debate Council with partial support from the machine. I know that Cathey personally was for me because he was

from my home town and told me that he would support me. I missed election by ten votes out of something like nine hundred cast. It is a heart-breaking experience to lose by a narrow margin. Better it is, that the defeat be decisive, and then one will not rack his brains and speculate on what might have been. If the margin of loss is wide, there is no bitter afterthought on the "might have been," for it is then clear that it just couldn't be. I resolved at that time never to stand again as a candidate for office at the hands of the student body and this resolution I never broke.

In the elections of my own class, the rising Junior, there was much groping about for a candidate, no one seeming to be outstanding in the beginning. The truth of the matter is that some of the most potent political timber was waiting for the Senior year. Sentiment finally crystallized around Jeff Fordham, who had a scholastic record of mostly "A's," was on the track team and had done some good playing against Yale in football. By this time I was recognized as one of the leaders in my class and was asked to attend the meetings which resulted in the selection of Fordham as a candidate. I supported him. I think that if I had been willing to go with the machine on Griffin they would have backed me with enough enthusiasm to win a place on the Debate Council. By this time I had learned that to win a campus office at Carolina, organized support was needed. It was called a "frame-up" in the language of the campus.

#### THE SCHOOL YEAR OF 1924-'25

Sam Cathey left school in 1924 and his chief lieutenant, Floyd Griffin, succeeded him as political boss of the campus. He was very well situated to do this. He was head waiter at Swain Hall and through the other student waiters who served there, had contact with hundreds of votes. Between six and seven hundred students ate at Swain Hall, and it is possible for an efficient and psychologically-minded political crew, working on the inside, to vote between 400 and 500 of them.

In addition to this, Griffin worked in Dean Bradshaw's office and had charge of intramural athletics, which gave him more contacts. The boys who worked under Griffin supported his political machine or they didn't get a job and that's all there was to it. He had a private office adjoining that of Dean Bradshaw and here he could hold conferences conveniently. Most of the

larger meetings were held on Sunday. In fact, Sunday afternoon was the common time for the "frame-up" meetings in the winter and spring of 1925. Then in the absence of Dean Bradshaw his office could be used to accommodate a larger crowd. I later learned from Dean Bradshaw himself that he knew nothing of these proceedings and several years later was vastly surprised to learn that his office had been the political headquarters.

In the fall of '24 the Dialectic Society was much stronger than it is now but was obviously on the decline. In order to revive it a complete reorganization was made, a new constitution adopted, and it was after that called the Dialectic Senate. Griffin was chairman of the committee which put the plan through and this logically placed him in a position for the Presidency of the Senate in the winter quarter. I was asked to support him in exchange for the support of his friends for the Vice-Presidency and the arrangement was carried through. It was the first of many unanimous elections in the Dialectic Senate. By this time it was clear to me, that if I was going to get any offices, I would have to combine and trade with other aspirants. I was not particularly attracted to Griffin, though I did not dislike him, and supported him entirely because I was to be the Vice-President in exchange.

After Christmas I was called on the telephone one Sunday afternoon at Mrs. Stacey's, where I roomed, and asked to come up to Griffin's office for a little meeting. There I found Jeff Fordham, Lawrence Watt, Benton Pipkin, Emmett Underwood, Griffin, and one or two others. I was not told in a blunt manner but I soon gathered that this was the second meeting that had been held. It had been decided to run Jeff Fordham for President of the student body, Lawrence Watt for President of the Senior class, and Emmett Underwood for President of the Y. M. C. A. The Chi Phi's were then very strong and they came in for Hank Parker as editor of the "Tar Heel." This position had been held by them for several years.

With these four principal offices taken, that of working out the rest of the ticket proceeded rather smoothly as far as the slate was concerned. I was promised and elected to the Presidency of the Dialectic Society my Senior year, in exchange for supporting this combination. Before going into details about one or two interesting fights on the side, I will state that Griffin's ticket for



1925 carried completely, and for the most part without opposition. This was due to two reasons. First, Griffin backed for the key positions the outstanding candidates for those places. Fordham, Watts, and Underwood were all athletes; they were all good students, Fordham and Watt making Phi Beta Kappa, and they were clean livers with no vices of any kind. I do not think they even smoked cigarettes, and I know that they did not use profanity. This may seem incredible but it is a fact. The second reason why Griffin's ticket carried was that through his contacts he had just about sewed up most of the political machinery. There was an intramural team in each dormitory, there were the hundreds at Swain Hall, and through his past experience, Griffin was able to bring in the strongest fraternities. He was, himself, a non-fraternity man.

#### THE YACKETY-YACK FIGHT

Bill Cocke, President of the student body, was a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity, as were Lawrence Watt, slated for President of the rising Senior class, and Ludwig Lauerhaus, slated for President of the Publications Union Board. The Betas wanted to run Benton Pipkin for editor of the Yackety-Yack. He was a fine boy, President of Phi Beta Kappa, and well qualified by long work on the Yackety-Yack staff. The Phi Delta Theta's had been tacitly brought into the frame-up by the promise of Gordon Weeks for Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Senior class. A hitch developed when Jim Williams, President of the Freshman class in '23, who had since joined the Phi Delta Theta's, said that he would pull out unless Bill Summerville, a Phi Delta Theta, was given the editorship of the Yackety-Yack. He argued that the Beta's were hogging the offices. This argument appealed to the other fraternity members of the machine. Because Jim was a close friend of mine, I took the lead in a movement among the other members of the machine, including such headlights as Fordham and Underwood, and acting as the spokesman of all of the group except the Beta's, served notice on Griffin that we were pulling out unless Summerville supplanted Pipkin on the ticket. Pipkin and Griffin were both from the same town, Reidsville, and it was a very hard thing for Griffin to let him down. He never did agree to, but Pipkin didn't run. The only thing against him was his fraternity, as he was a much closer personal friend of all of us than Summerville. This move established me

as next to Griffin in the management of affairs; and its success, coupled with my zeal in arranging other things, gave me the name of being a pretty active politician by the end of the year.

#### THE TAR HEEL FIGHT

Hank Parker was opposed for the Tar Heel Board's nomination by Lester Crowell. I wasn't on the inside of what happened in connection with this affair and can only give a hazy account of what was perhaps the most interesting development of the year. The official nominations for editorships of the publications have always carried a great deal of weight. All of the members of the Tar Heel Board who could be influenced by fraternal or political connections were swung in favor of Parker. I know nothing, first-hand, of the merits of the two men, but always heard at the frame-up meetings that Parker was a man of ability and Crowell was no good. When the time for nominations came, the meeting of the Tar Heel Board was held on Sunday night. Crowell went to Greensboro to get two of the reporters who were having dates at the North Carolina College for Women that night, and hurried them back to Chapel Hill in order to vote for him. I do not know now whether they got there in time to vote, or whether they were late, but the nomination was disputed and Crowell appealed to the Publications Union Board and the student council. The members of these being friends to the machine, of course, declared Parker the official nominee, and Crowell withdrew in the face of the overwhelming strength which the machine displayed on nomination day. Then only two of Griffin's candidates had opposition.

The idea of a unanimous election was a novelty to the campus. The maneuvers described here had taken place under cover. Amazement and consternation developed as all of the prominent campus offices were filled without opposition. Despite the fact that the men selected were overwhelmingly the best available, and could not have been beaten by any other possible line-up, many of the students felt that they had been tricked. The fact that political frame-ups existed on the campus had been covered up heretofore as much as possible, but it could no longer be denied. The fact that Jeff Fordham had been elected by a "frame-up" which was so complete that it had no opposition hurt the popularity of his entire administration.

[NOTE: In our next issue Mr. Bledsoe will continue his reminiscences.]

# The Old Man That Sold Peanuts in New Orleans

## A Story

By SHELBY FOOTE

THESE WHORES I met in New Orleans were the finest two people I ever knew. I had a wagon on wheels down at the corner: they were upstairs in the building next to the corner. I was there in the winter and it got pretty cold standing there on the corner by the stand with no warmth except what came from the lamp and the roaster and I didn't even run the roaster much because oil was so high then. I would turn my collar up and stamp and swing my arms. It was my feet got cold. Because I was short on socks and those I did have didn't have any heels or toes.

When it would get too cold to stand it any more I would lock the glass door on the wagon and, with a couple of packages of peanuts in my pockets, go up to their room where they had a gas stove and it was warm. If they didn't have any customers I would sit around for a half hour maybe, we would eat peanuts, cracking the shells and munching and talking, we would talk about Roosevelt and how much he was doing for us, or Huey Long.

They were Thelma and Doris and they were two fine girls. I did all I could for them. If I saw a man I thought might be wanting something in their line I would tell him where they were. They appreciated it too. They used to thank me all the time. "We don't know what we'd do without you," Thelma would say.

"Well, anything I can do for you girls, I'm going to do. Because y'all are mighty fine to me." Then Doris would nod her head and show how much she appreciated it. "It's nothing," what I would say. We got along fine. It wasn't that I was pimping. I never even thought about it that way. Because it wasn't. I helped them because I liked them and because they were my friends. They were the only friends I had in the world. They were the only two people in all New Orleans cared whether I froze or starved that very night. It was the least I could do, to show my appreciation. I never even thought of it as pimping, but I guess you can call it that if you want to; because I'd even do that for those girls.

I wanted to do something for them for Christ-

mas but I knew it couldn't be Christmas Eve or Christmas Day: because both days were big business days for all three of us. So I planned it for the day after Christmas, when everybody is too full and too tired for both our professions. I did well Christmas Day and even after I had paid up my back rent I had ninety cents left over. I carried it, nickels and quarters and dimes, in my hand down Canal Street, looking in all the windows for something for both of them. It seemed to me I ought to be able to find two mighty fine presents for ninety cents.

I was worried about how much things would cost in Maison Blanche but, because I liked all the lights and there were so many people, I went in the big doors. A lot of people were coming in and going out. I wished I had Thelma and Doris with me because everything was so fine and lighted and everybody looked so happy. It made me feel good to see everybody laughing and buying and hurrying. Because that is the way people are supposed to be all the time, and never cold and hungry and broke.

I didn't know what I wanted and the prices weren't marked on many things and I didn't want to bother the girls who were so busy waiting on all the after-Christmas shoppers. There was a young man had on a blue serge suit and a red tie, he followed me everywhere I went. He worked for the store, you could tell, because every now and then he would stop and speak to one of the girls across the counter, talking out of the side of his mouth with his eyes always following me. I guess I did look pretty bad. But I had forgotten all about it I was so glad about the people and the lights and the ninety cents I had in my hand, I was so glad over knowing I was going to buy something for Thelma and Doris that I forgot about my overcoat and my tie and my frayed collar and my shoes and the short pants with their cuffs a little over my ankles so that the holes in my socks showed. I guess he thought I was going to put something in my overcoat pocket and try to get out without paying for it, because he followed me wherever I went and he never took his eyes off me.





There were some mighty fine slippers sitting on the counter. They had feathers on the front of them and a strap on the back to keep them from coming off your heels. They were lined with pink silk and I guess they would have been right comfortable. Thelma and Doris would be pleased to get them. But I was afraid they were going to cost too much. I was pretty certain they would cost too much for me to get two pairs. But that was all right because I could give a slipper to each one and they could take turns about wearing them. Besides I reckoned they would rather have one fine present than two that weren't so fine. What I was afraid of, they were going to cost too much for my money. The more I looked at them the more I knew I had to buy them, because I had seen Thelma and Doris wearing their street shoes around in the room. I knew they would like those slippers better than anything and I knew there wasn't anything else would do now I had seen those slippers.

The girl was kept busy and I didn't want to bother her because I know how it is when you are rushed to have someone tapping with a coin on the counter and dancing around like they are going to take their trade somewhere else if you don't come on, so I just stood there right in front of the slippers where I could see them even closer,

right there under my eyes: the silk was shining in the lights and when I breathed down towards them it stirred the pink feathers on the front of them. I was happy because now I knew I had some way of paying Thelma and Doris for all they had done for me over the winter, letting me sit in the warmth and talking to me when nobody else in New Orleans would.

That young man in the blue serge suit and red tie was still watching me like he thought I was going to steal something—me who had never stolen anything in my life except apples off fruit-stands when I was a little boy and all little boys do that. Still I guess he couldn't be any too careful, and I was looking pretty shabby in that old overcoat.

The girl finally got around to me and she said the slippers were two dollars. I said that was more than I had. She saw how bad I wanted them and she was thankful for how quietly I had been waiting, so she leaned across the counter, even while there was a big woman tapping hard with a coin on the other end of the counter, and said in a quiet voice that after eleven everything was going on half price sale because they wanted to clear out the stock before New Years and I could get them for a dollar, but for me not to tell anybody. Then she had to go wait on the

big woman tapping with the coin and acting like she was going to take her trade elsewhere.

The clock said ten-thirty. I knew I had to get a dime from somewhere inside the next half hour or quicker than that if I could because somebody was likely to buy them anytime now. I guess it was the two dollars. That was just the wrong price. Because anybody looking for cheap slippers wouldn't have two dollars and anybody looking for good slippers wouldn't want to pay that little because that was just too cheap, what they would think; and I knew that when they went down to a dollar they would be bought in a minute, because anybody looking for cheap slippers would get them right off because a dollar is just the right price; and too there are people in New Orleans—and lots of other places in the world—mostly women—who just have to buy two-dollar things when they go down to a dollar because they figure they are losing money if they don't. I knew the man wouldn't let her put them away for me and I didn't know what to do. I knew I had to get a dime from somewhere.

I went out on the street and turned my collar up and held my hand out and pretty soon a little boy turned loose of his mother's hand and came back and put a nickel in mine. His mother stood off smiling. She had on a grey fur coat. I knew the little boy had some more money because he kept his other hand clutched into a fist, just like I carried mine.

"It's a dime," I said. The little boy stood there in his cap and short pants and brown short overcoat belted tightly around his waist, the coat not reaching the bottoms of his pants. He was surprised at what I said. He opened his mouth and laughed. "It's got to be a dime," I said. "It's for them. They're a dime more." The little boy was laughing.

"Ronald," his mother said. She took his hand and pulled him on down the sidewalk into the crowd. While she pulled him he was turned all the way around, straining back, still laughing.

I stood there looking at the nickel in my open hand and I knew I might as well not have it, because I could see the store clock through the window and it said eleven. I had ninety-five cents now, and then I remembered the sales tax. They would be a dollar and four cents. I knew I might as well not have anything.

I went on in the store and as I went in there was a bell ringing and a man announced through a megaphone that everything would be half price.

Everybody hurried and lots of people were mad because they had just bought things. I knew I had to get back to the slippers in a hurry or they would be gone. I could see them lying on their box. I went straight to them.

I put the ninety-five cents on the counter where the girl would see it and I put the first slipper in my pocket. I was careful to see that it wouldn't be bent or scratched. I remember I was thinking like a moving-picture show—clear and distinct. I was thinking *It's not stealing because I am leaving the money. Even if it is not enough it is near it. I can bring the nine cents next week. I will bring it in as soon as I make it. My first nine cents. I will go without supper one night and that will make it up. . . . Thelma will say You're so nice and Doris will put them on and walk around a little and so will Thelma. They will know how I feel about my friends. They will know the peanutman is their friend.* I was almost to the door.

I looked around to see who had grabbed me and I saw it was the young man in the blue serge suit.

"No you don't," he said. His tie was a clean clear flame. "Not in here. Not in my end of this store." He had white hands and his face was blue where he had shaved. He had straight black hair and a part that was a white streak down the middle of his head.

—What did he do?

—Look at him, like a scarecrow.

—Shoplifting.

—Ought to catch more.

—Shoplifting.

—He stole a diamond ring.

—Shoplifting.—There was a big crowd around me. Their voices were like a stream of sound on a high tension wire. They were looking at me and I wanted to tell them I hadn't stolen. They were all looking. *Maybe they'll lynch me*, what I thought, just like that.

"See!" The young man took the slippers out of my overcoat. He held them up for the crowd to see. He turned them so they glinted in the light. The crowd said

—Ahhhhhhh.

—He stole the slippers.

—Shoplifting.

—Make it hard.

—Old man shoplifting.—I wanted to tell them all about it. I wanted to tell the young man about the money on the counter. He held me by the



back of the coat. I was shaking and I could hear the voices like fury and I almost fell down.

"No you don't!" the young man said and he pulled and tore my overcoat.

"It wasn't—"

"You don't need to talk. It won't do you any good, I can promise you."

"You're tearing—"

"It'll be worse than that if you try to get away." He got a firmer grip. "Someone get an officer." There was already one coming through the crowd. He had a bright badge on his breast and there was another on his cap. His face was red. He had a club in his fist.

"Let the policeman through." He was shoving his way through with his arms.

"Well what's this?"

"Shoplifter, Officer," the young man said. He stood up straight and proud.

"You get everything back?"

"I think so." The policeman patted my pockets with his hand.

"You got anything else?"

"I—"

"All right. I'll take him on in."

"I—"

"Never mind. I know your kind. You come on, you." He pushed me ahead of him, holding me by one arm and prodding me in the back with the club, shoving me on ahead fast, on out the store and onto the sidewalk and then he dragged me down to the corner where the police telephone

was. While he was telephoning a crowd collected and they talked like their voices were coming up out of a well. Some of the people had followed us out of the store and they told the others all about it. The policeman was working the telephone with one hand, his club hung down from the wrist by a leather thong. He held my arm with the other hand and he held on hard.

I was standing there with my head down in the collar of my overcoat and I could feel the wind coming through in the back where the young man had torn it. I was standing there when I saw the little boy. He and his mother were standing there in their fine clothes and I could see his naked knees on his fat legs sticking out under his short pants. He had hold of his mother's hand again. But he was not laughing. His mouth was damp and a little open and he looked like he was about to cry. He was watching me and his eyes were shining wet. I watched his eyes shining. I watched them so close I didn't see anything else.

Then I remembered his laughing and the way he had been surprised when I said It's a dime, and I began to laugh down in my chest and the laughing came up into my head. Even when the patrol-car came up and they shoved me in and I could see the little boy through the blue arm of an officer, even when the car began to pull off and the siren scream, I was laughing. I was laughing like a fool and I must have scared the little boy, because he started crying and he hid his face in the skirt of his mother's grey fur coat.

## Graduate

Ill-pleased with pictured walls, he seeks horizons.  
No longer satisfied to live inside,  
Out of his window he has loudly cried,  
"Oh seeking hills, oh blown cloud that bedizens  
These Spring-pale spaces I have set my eyes on!  
Oh sun-brushed valleys, plicit with hot light,  
Oh heart-unweaving, sacramental sight!  
Oh feet-alluring vision!"—Thus he cries on.

He is an infant suddenly grown tall  
Who sees a beckoning vastness to assault.  
His overweened ambition bears no halt.  
He must move mountains or not move at all.  
A little later he will need his wall  
To lean on—pumpkin-headed, vine-limbed dolt!

—John Coulter.

# Murder—Or Kindness?

## The Vital Problem of «Mercy-Killing»

By ALVIN WINGFIELD, JR.

"Dear Dr. Roberts,

"As I anticipated, I can no longer swallow milk. My poor starved bones are sore. I am so weak that I hope you will assure my wife that my life is now very short. I thank you for your kind attention, and I want to make one last request of you. I trust you will grant it. You know the torture I am in, and you know that in any case I can live but a very short time. Will you save me from this painful death . . .?"

A PATIENT, dying of a painful laryngial ailment, walked into the office of Dr. Harry Roberts, M.D., and shook hands with the doctor. The disease had long since passed the stage of his being unable to speak. The unfortunate victim could not even eat, or drink. Painfully, apologetically, but hopefully, the patient handed the doctor the above note. What should the good doctor have done?

That question is the keynote of one of the most perplexing problems of modern medicine, mercy-killing, known technically as euthanasia. It is seldom that the week passes without a lurid newspaper account of the most recent "mercy death." Murder? Act of human kindness? Which is it?

### II

In the eyes of the law it would go hard with the physician who admitted he had practiced euthanasia; he would be guilty of murder, and would stand before the court as a murderer, his crime being considered no less heinous than that of one who had killed in cold blood. Such is America's answer to the question. England, on the other hand, says that if one man kill another, he must appear before the courts; and if that killing is found to be justifiable, he shall be freed.

In England, a man was hailed before the Chester assizes for drowning his young daughter in a bath. His testimony brought forth an interesting story. Heartbroken, the man poured out the tale of the death of his wife, some time before, of tuberculosis. He had seen her die, and thus was stamped indelibly on his mind the horror of death from tuberculosis. Then, one day, he discovered that his little girl had the dread disease. He nursed the child day and night, trying to fight back the illness. She developed gangrene of the face. Still he tried to save her. Finally the doctor

told him what he had long known in his heart to be the truth: there was no hope. Stifling his almost unbearable sorrow, he destroyed the only thing left to him in the world. All this he did that her suffering not continue further. The verdict? Not guilty.

That was in England. In America—

A young lady, a school teacher, had for months watched her aged mother dying a slow and painful death. Cancer. At last, in answer to the old woman's pleas, the daughter administered a lethal dose of poison. She was docketed on a murder charge. Guilty. Life imprisonment. The globe's two English-speaking nations seem to disagree.

Justice Branson, of the English courts, bitter in his condemnation of this enforced suffering, lashes out at the opponents of euthanasia. If these unfortunates were animals instead of human beings, he says, far from there being anything blameworthy in putting them out of their misery, one would be liable to punishment for not doing so. We are kind to dumb animals, yet fellow men must suffer. There is some essence, called the soul, of man, which must be kept on earth as long as possible and at any cost. A dog, however, is credited with no such soul, and is therefore entitled to consideration and mercy. Man's conceit avenges itself in strange ways.

### III

Further on this line of reasoning, it has even been suggested that the administration of a painless death to a suffering incurable should be considered the duty of the doctor. To quote the philosopher Bacon:

"I esteem it the office of a physician not only to restore the health but to mitigate pain and dolors; and not only when such mitigation may conduce to recovery but when it may serve to make a fair and easy passage."

This is admitted to be a time-worn sentiment, but is no less true for its age. When a patient is suffering, a doctor hesitates little to administer pain-alleviating drugs. When these give no relief, he can give anesthesia. If this last resort fail, and the pain is one that will last until the inevitable end, there is still one thing more, which



follows logically at this point; and that is the merciful dealing of an easy death. Euthanasia at this stage can no more be denounced than drugs and anesthesia in the previous stages.

When an individual is caught in the grasp of an incurable disease, his life is indisputably of no value to the world. If, then, that life be of no value to him, there is no reason and no excuse for forcing him to prolong his existence. Shakespeare recognized this as a fact when he wrote

"O, let him pass! he hates him  
That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer."  
—*King Lear*, Act V, Scene 3.

It is the persistent fear of a great many people that they may fall victim to a horrible and incurable disease, and be forced to die a slow and painful death, in excruciating agony. Notable among such diseases is the dread curse of the modern world, cancer. In 1929, one out of every seven deaths, from all causes, was due to cancer. Since then the percentage has been alarmingly on the increase. Thus, the modern man or woman of college age has an appreciable chance of dying a horrible death from cancer, which is by no means a humane disease. It would seem that this horror of long months of unremitting agony would lead the American people to demand that legislative action be taken on the question.

Death comes as a merciful and welcomed savior when one has been enduring the ravages of cancer, tuberculosis, syphilis, or progressive insanity. When all the world begins to spin in that last, mad vortex, and the throbbing pains begin to ebb out of the tortured limbs, carrying the unwonted spark of life with them, the beleaguered unfortunate must, in his last moment, and with his last breath, thank a merciful Creator who has finally seen fit to give him relief. The modern sophisticate has read and gasped at the vision of terror induced by such essays as "—And Sudden Death," yet he looks forward passively and indifferently to a probable end fully as gruesome and many times as prolonged as any described therein. This need not be the case. The remedy has been known and recognized for centuries; we have simply not acknowledged its application. Pliny once remarked that it was one of the greatest proofs of the bounty of Providence that the world is filled with herbs by which the weary may find a rapid and painless death.

#### IV

In the preceding century, euthanasia was considered as suicide, and as such the principal issue was one of morals. It had not been very long since a man's property was confiscated if he committed suicide, and he was buried in dishonor. There were theological corollaries to the argument, as well. Now the controversy has moved into a different field. It is now largely a problem of law, although the biblical admonition, "Thou shalt not kill," still rears its head in some discussions. However, we read in the Bible that Jesus healed the lepers. Though such a miracle is without the scope of modern medicine, one thing is within our power. We are free to set the incurable at peace. Such an action would not seem at odds with Christian philosophy. It is surely very much in accord with the precept, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Nor is there any element of cowardice in a sufferer's plea for euthanasia. As the great Roman stoic, Seneca, expressed it, ". . . I will not depart by death from disease as long as it may be healed and leave my mind unimpaired, . . . but if I know that I will suffer forever, I will depart, not through fear of the pain itself, but because it prevents all for which I would live."

Thus it may be seen that mercy-killing is not a new idea. In ancient Sparta it reached its height of rigidity and cruelty. It has seldom been advocated in so stringent a form, however. Sir Thomas More, in his "Utopia," advised a voluntary form of euthanasia, and it is largely that for which the world is clamoring today. There would be dangers in a system of anything approximating compulsory euthanasia, so many that it would probably become a Juggernaut beyond the control of either its originators or its administrators. There have always been a certain percentage of unscrupulous physicians, and there is no reason for hoping that this percentage will undergo any immediate drastic decline. It would be sheer folly on the part of our legislators to place such a power in the hands of the medical profession, knowing that there would be some who would abuse it. Before euthanasia is legalized, some adequate plan must be devised for its control.

As long ago as 1872 the rudiments of such a plan were propounded by one Lionel Tollemache, in the *Saturday Review*, under the title, "A New Cure for Incurables." He suggested that the patient express his wish before witnesses, that there

be a certificate of incurability from the attending physician, and that these two be brought before a responsible board composed of doctors. This board would then grant a permit, which, if unused, would expire at the end of three months.

## V

There are other difficulties. There is the problem of the accuracy of the physician's judgment on the incurability of a disease. There is the fact that it is possible, shortly after a person suffering from a certain disease has been put out of his misery, a cure may be discovered for that disease. Paul DeKruif, popularizer of biology, has often reminisced bitterly in his books that his father died of diabetes but a few months before the discovery of insulin. If the death of his father had been one dealt out by a physician, in the guise of mercy, DeKruif would have been doubly bitter. Such matters must be faced, and are today the principal objections to euthanasia. Nor has the philosophic and theologic aspect of the argument yet been completely silenced. There is still speculation as to whether or not one man has the right to destroy another, to precipitate him into a beyond of which he knows absolutely nothing, even at the request of the man whom he destroys. It has also been said that if the pain is so great that one is driven to ask euthanasia, he

could find means of committing suicide. The question is by no means settled.

Through all this argument, pro and con, one fact remains. There is still such a thing as unbearable agony, and cruelly painful death. If the day ever comes when there are no more painful deaths, euthanasia will be but a topic of disinterested discussion. Until then, it is of vital importance. Any of us may tomorrow find ourselves the victims of cancer, tuberculosis, or brain tumor. These ailments recognize no rank, they know no end to the battle except victory, they do not know the meaning of mercy, and they give no quarter. If one should be so unfortunate as to fall heir to an incurable and horrible disease, as matters stand today, he would be condemned to undergo weeks, months, perhaps years, of unrelentless Hell on earth. And yet—

When one asks the man on the street his opinion on euthanasia, he is apt to respond that he knows very little of child life in China. And so we go on. In England, where a merciful death is possible, many still die in agony. In America, where it is murder, many people ask their family doctors for an easy end, and their request is granted. Everywhere there is more ignorance on the subject than interest.

With all of that, we still think it our right to feel just a trifle indignant if the Creator calls us to him a bit roughly.

## Why the Comprehensives? Worthy in Purpose, They Are Not Succeeding

By IRVING SUSS

MORE DISCUSSION in the past few years has centered about the question of comprehensive examinations than about any other University problem, if the space devoted to these examinations in the minutes of the faculty meeting are any indication. The theoretical and practical aspects have been argued *ad infinitum*, and yet there is little agreement as to the purposes, faults, and accomplishments of the system even among faculty members, as shown by statements from administrative heads which appeared in the *Daily Tar Heel* during the early part of January.

With so much disagreement on the part of the faculty, but with the unanimous feeling on the

parts of all who expressed themselves on the question that some remedial measures are necessary, it is only safe to assume that the comprehensive examinations, as they are now administered, are perhaps not worthless, but must be drastically changed to be effective. This is the contention of the group of students who brought the matter to a head through the editorial columns of the newspaper, and who insisted that the faculty take some definite stand on the matter in answer to or in agreement with student opinion as it was reflected in the *Daily Tar Heel*. Through the recommendations of Phil Hammer, Dean House appointed a student committee which was



to confer with the newly-appointed faculty committee on examinations. It was the duty of the student group to present facts and figures on the student opinion and recommendations to the faculty committee which would in turn present recommendations to the faculty should this be deemed necessary or advisable.

The student committee came to the faculty group with very definite recommendations; definite failings of the present set-up were outlined; action was requested. To this representative group of students, the faculty committee stated: "Go back and get student opinion on the matter. Interview students who have already taken the comprehensive examination. Make a study of the comprehensive examinations as offered by each department, and tell us what is wrong with each individual examination." The right of the student to question the practice and theory of this system of examination, however, was not questioned by the faculty committee as it was by one of the University deans.

The fact remains, however, that definite criticisms were presented to the faculty committee by the student group. The question at once arises as to whether or not the faculty men were attempting to table the discussion until such a time as they could investigate the situation. That they are planning such a study sometime in the nebulous future, after they have completed their survey of regular course examinations, was stated by the chairman of the committee. From the student point of view, the situation needs immediate action.

## II

The purpose of the comprehensive examination is much be-clouded. No direct utility could be discovered from the vague and general remarks of faculty members, questioned by the *Daily Tar Heel* and by individual students on this aspect of the system. In general, however, two main purposes seem to be outstanding: synthesis and discipline. The majority uphold the former, while some few admit the latter as the philosophy behind the comprehensives.

That a synthesis of the various individual courses in the field of the major is a necessary adjunct of our educational system, cannot be denied. The student obtains his education in small, relatively unrelated parts. He spends ten or eleven weeks studying Shakespeare, or money, or municipal government, and then the following quarter he spends in the study of Milton, or ad-

vertising, or state government, never being directed to the movements or principles which relate these apparently separated studies. It is questionable whether the interrelationship which does exist can be secured in the two or three weeks that the student spends in the preparation for the comprehensive examination. The synthesis cannot be secured by this type of review.

If the main purpose of comprehensive examinations were discipline, this would be a tacit admission that the entire examination system as it now exists is of no avail, serves no purpose. If the proper discipline is not secured by quarterly examinations, what is the use in giving them? And if the quarterly examinations serve as a disciplinary measure, making the student study sufficiently, what is the use in the comprehensives? Only one or the other has a *raison d'être* if the idea of "making the student study" is taken as a basis; or perhaps, from this same point of view, neither of them serves the purpose.

From the results of a survey completed in 1933 by Dr. Edward Jones of the University of Buffalo under the auspices of the Association of American Colleges, the underlying reason for the existence of the comprehensive examination is that of synthesizing the courses in the field of the major. This opinion from an expert would seem to discount any insistence that the main function of the comprehensive examination is one of discipline.

## III

If synthesis of the individual courses, then, is the basic reason for the comprehensives, it is only logical that consideration be given to the actual results of the system as it is given at the University. One member of the student committee admitted that he studied not at all for his examination. Other students who have taken the examination, when questioned unofficially, stated that they studied the individual courses as such rather than having made any attempt to relate them to each other. R. S. Winslow, of the economics department, in an open letter to the *Daily Tar Heel*, made the statement that results on the comprehensive exams demonstrated conclusively that the average student was not able to synthesize the courses in his major. This is borne out by Dr. Jones' contention that "if the college is unable to supply some tutorial instruction, such as a small seminar, it is doubtful if it should be concerned with comprehensives at all." The aver-

age student does nothing but study the notes or texts on the individual courses.

From this evidence, then, the comprehensives do not fulfill the purpose for which they were instituted. There are a number of reasons for this. Primarily, after four years of analyzing, the student is not capable of synthesizing. Direction along this line must be given, for without it nothing but the usual quarterly examinations can exist. And that is, in effect, what the comprehensive examinations are now: short examinations on a number of courses. It is true that part of the English examination requires the student to know "all about" a limited section within the whole field, but even this is not required in other departments. Dr. Jones recognizes this fault in comprehensive examinations when he says: "The type of question used has all too frequently been a mere duplication of the questions asked previously in short courses . . ."

#### IV

It is apparent that the comprehensives as they are now given at the University do not fill the need for which they were originally begun. The system of comprehensives was begun as a necessary and logical part of the tutorial system of

education, and only with such a program of education, or some plan approaching this program, can they carry out their original, necessary function.

It was for this reason that the student committee advocated the institution of a comprehensive course. The definite method of administering such a course was not suggested by the student committee. The most effective form that such a course could take would be that of a seminar, extending through two or three quarters of the senior year. There are, however, obvious complicating administrative factors which would make such a procedure impossible. A regular course, comprehensive in nature but directing the student toward a synthesis of his courses, would be the closest approach that the University could make to such a procedure. That this is favored by the great majority of students who have already taken comprehensive examinations is indicated by a recent *Daily Tar Heel* poll of student opinion.

The abolition of the present system of administering comprehensive examinations, and the providing of adequate facilities for giving the student direction in viewing the whole field of his major study with an appreciation of the interrelationships within that field is a practical ideal.

## The Honor System Is Not Dead

### An Answer to Rabb's Article in the November Issue

*By A FORMER PRESIDENT OF THE STUDENT BODY*

THE ARTICLE in the November CAROLINA MAGAZINE on the status of student government appeared to be an honest attempt to point out the flaws in the present system; any criticism, however inaccurate, is healthy. What student government at Carolina needs, and what the Student Council welcomes, is an interest on the part of the individual student in its functions and methods. The present article is an attempt at correction, clarification, and explanation.

I feel that a person who attempts to discuss intelligently the question "What's Wrong With the Honor System?" should, first of all, find out what the Honor System is. The Student Council has administered discipline here for many years under two general codes, or rather, standards, of conduct. The Carolina student is expected to be

honest; and the Carolina student is expected to conduct himself as a gentleman. Honesty is considered to be unchanging through the years—if a man cheats, steals, or perjures himself, he is dishonest. The Campus Code, which covers student misconduct in matters other than honesty, has been administered upon an entirely different theory from that of the Honor System. Drunkenness, gambling, dormitory disturbance, and immorality are *not* a part of the Honor System. Mr. Rabb says, "A student is put on his honor not to . . . engage in ungentlemanly conduct." The person who told him that was either lying or ignorant.

"The Student Council should leave all punishment for drinking out of its code." Why? So far as I know, no Council in recent years has



included drinking as a punishable offense; drunkenness accompanied by disorderly conduct has been considered an offense—but not half so serious an offense as cheating. Far from putting students on their honor to report drinking, the attitude of the Student Councils has been essentially the same as that expressed by President Ed Hudgins in his talk to freshmen in 1928, the gist of which was: If you see a man taking a drink, and you feel it your duty to report him, we shall be glad to hear the report. I should advise you, though, that so long as a man is guilty of no disorderly conduct or public display, the Student Council does not consider his case as an offense serious enough to merit punishment.

The error Mr. Rabb has made is not uncommon on the campus. In spite of the fact that the distinction between the Honor Code and the Campus Code is made clear in the Student Government handbook, in orientation talks, and in every utterance on the subject which the Council makes, the students who understand it are probably in the minority. I am sure the Council would welcome any suggestion as to how to remedy this.

## II

Mr. Rabb makes another error in his figures on the number of cases tried and convictions. I have the statistics only on the year 1933-34; for that year Mr. Rabb's figures show 96 cases tried with 62 convictions, a 64.6 percentage of convictions; the figures which were presented to the faculty at the end of that year, and which are correct, were: 113 cases tried, 83 convictions, a 73.4 percentage of convictions.

Since a detailed analysis has been made of 1934-35, why not analyze the record for the year before? Fifty-one individuals were tried for cheating; 18 were suspended, 12 were flunked on one course, 1 left school without the formality of a trial, 1 died before trial, 19 students were found not guilty. *Of these 51 cases 32 were reported by students.* If the Honor System is dead, it has died since year before last.

Regardless of statistics as to convictions or cases reported, despite the fact that there are comparatively few students on the campus who will report violations of the Honor System, how many students on the campus would prefer to revert to a system of faculty spying, a system based on the assumption that every student is a crook and a cheat, to be watched every minute? Mr. Rabb uses the wrong criterion. Certain it is that there are many students on the campus who,

even though they will not report cheating, will not themselves cheat, but who would cheat under a system which makes it a game to see how much you can get away with.

The suggestions Mr. Rabb made for improving the present system are worth considering, but Phil Hammer's editorial the other day contains the best suggestion yet made. Stop griping about what's wrong with the Honor System—do something about it. If you feel that the Council is inefficient, elect a better one the next year. A weak Council or an uninterested Student President can do a great deal of harm in one year, as we have seen, but the record shows that on the whole we have had strong councils and efficient presidents. And, regardless of what campus malcontents say about dirty machine politics, the best presidents have been those who wanted the office most and worked hardest to get it—and they didn't stop working after they got it.

## III

Finally, Mr. Rabb's suggestion that the Council should leave all punishment for drinking out of its code is worthless since it is founded on a misconception. The Council should keep its jurisdiction over all matters of student conduct, not only because the student will receive fairer, more understanding, more intelligent treatment in that way, but also because the Student Council can do it more efficiently. There is no hypocrisy in the Council's attitude toward drinking—the existence of drinking is recognized and accepted; excess and disorder are punished. The hypocrisy is in the rule of the Board of Trustees which directs the faculty to dismiss students for drinking, when certainly some members of the Board of Trustees, of the faculty, of the Student Council, of the student body, drink upon occasion, and everybody concerned knows it. That situation will be remedied if the Trustees accept the Council's recommendation that the rule be altered to read "discipline" for drinking rather than "dismiss."

However tired of hearing it Carolina students may be, it is entirely true that Carolina students have as much freedom as any student body in the country and that the system of student government here is one of the best and most powerful existent anywhere. That privilege of self-government is worth preserving—and active student interest and the election of an interested, capable, and intelligent Student Council will preserve it.

## The Editor's Opinion

### Not Without Honor

Whether or not one agrees with Dr. Graham's athletic proposals, we feel that we have the right to be indignant when the sports editor of the Greensboro *Daily News*, E. V. Mitchell, sneeringly states in his column that Dr. Graham's proposals are nothing more than "sour grapes," that the sole reason for these suggestions was our defeat at the hands of Duke. And Mitchell proudly points out as conclusive evidence of this the fact that the proposals were announced ten days after the Carolina-Duke game.

Anyone who had ever talked with Frank Graham for five minutes would know that he is absolutely incapable of any such pettiness as that of which Mitchell accuses him. Criticize the wisdom of his actions as you will, (and nearly everyone in the state has at one time or another seen fit to do so), the one thing about the President of the University that no one can find fault with is the *motive* for his actions.

The fine editorial in the January 26 *Tar Heel* signed by 13 students warns that Dr. Graham's opponents have now found a popular issue around which to rally. The fact that he has many enemies is not exactly to Dr. Graham's discredit. Anyone who comes out and takes a courageous stand on so many controversial issues will sooner or later make a number of enemies. He is bound to be wrong sometimes; and it is perhaps natural for us to be prone to forget the many times he has been right and to remember only the times his views have conflicted with ours.

A President who did nothing but sit and think, hem and haw, say "Yes—and then again, no" could get along swell. He would step on nobody's bunions, he would make no enemies, and everything would be nice and peaceful. And we would all stagnate.

True to human nature, North Carolina picks its one outstanding citizen to rail at. But it seems that the rest of the country, at least, appreciates him: he was placed on *The Nation's* Honor Roll "for years of brave, outspoken leadership in North Carolina in education and social service." He was the only Carolinian and the only college president on the list.

Can it be that in spite of his unpopular stand on athletics Dr. Graham is a pretty good president, after all?

### To Hide Empty Words

The old-fashioned, gesticulating oratory is with us again.

In Raleigh a crusading welfare worker is bringing suit against the city, alleging that the defective condition of a sidewalk caused her to fall and so injured her right arm that she is seriously hampered in her speech-making.

In the Senate Carter Glass, heatedly denouncing Senator Nye for calling Woodrow Wilson a falsifier, pounded his fist so often and so hard on his desk that his knuckles bled.

In Oklahoma a lawyer, arguing before the Supreme Court, threw his right arm out of joint. He explained that he injured the arm playing football at the University of North Carolina.

Although there is nothing more boring than a stiff and stilted speaker, arm-waving and cheap showmanship on the platform can be carried to an extreme. Not infrequently a man who has nothing to say makes use of gestures to distract attention from the fact that his words are empty. As someone once criticized a speaker: "He gives the impression of being a very fine talker, but I can't remember a sentence he said."

The University debaters have done very well without having to resort to hair-tearing antics.

### To Get Grades-- Or To Learn?

At the meeting of the student-faculty committee on comprehensive examinations, some members of the faculty argued that it is almost impossible to take the whole field of a student's major and survey it in a three-months' course. Yet with much greater force this same argument can be used against comprehensive examinations: if it is difficult to cover the whole field in a three-months' course, is it not many times more difficult to do the same thing in a single examination of six or eight hours for which the student has studied for perhaps two or three weeks?

If the purpose of the comprehensive examination is merely to test the student's knowledge, to set up a barrier which he must hurdle, then undoubtedly the examination is much better than a quarter course. But if the purpose is to make the student review his work, synthesize the various courses, refresh his mind so that he can get a better grip on what he has learned, the comprehensive course is much to be prepared. If the former rather than the latter is the chief reason for giving these examinations, then grades have become ends in themselves and the acquiring of an education is nothing but a sideline in our college lives.



# Orange Juice, Newspapers and Dirty Dishes

## Is Self-Help a Hindrance?

By DEWITT CARROLL

A STUDENT carrying a large basket and two one-gallon glass jars walks briskly down a campus path. The basket, in his right hand, is filled with apples, sandwiches, cakes, candy and cigarettes. The jars contain orange juice. They are heavy, so he leans slightly to the right. His arm tires of holding the cold glasses out from his body, and often it allows them to rub against his leg.

Although the evening is quite chilly, he wears no overcoat. He depends on speed and his leather jacket to keep him warm.

The boy goes to a fraternity house. Momentarily putting down the jugs, he opens the door and slips in, catching the screen with his heel to prevent its banging. Sprawled about the chapter room are several students. They answer his "Hiyah, boys!" and begin calling for juice.

"I'll take some of that juice, Bill. Is it any good tonight? Last time it was too sweet for me." The speaker flips a quarter to the boy, who asks if he doesn't want something else before he gets his change. The customer does, and Bill tosses him a package of crackers, followed by cigarettes. He gets his penny for sales tax.

When Bill pours from one of the jugs, he rests it on his knee, which is protected by a now damp rag. He can fill a cup brimful and not spill a drop.

He beams and thanks with professional geniality while the boys pay him. A good many have charge accounts, which he keeps in a small notebook. The amount of purchase is always double-checked before it is recorded. What system of accounting he uses is known only to God and Bill. Those who have tried to figure it out say only to the latter.

Bill gathers his jug and basket and goes to a door. In this room, usually dark, somebody is dating. He knocks softly, and waits several seconds before entering. Here he is a bit more reserved, for he knows some romances can do without food.

Sometimes he puts on a song-and-dance skit. The song is original and the dancing crude, but

they bring out the nickels. He sings to the tune of "The Old Man of the Mountain":

It's house to house, and door to door,  
I listen to the students snore,  
Refrain:

It's the sandwich route blues,  
That's got me down again.

It's here a nickel, and there a dime,  
And most of the fellows, they want time,  
Refrain.

It's through the rain, the sleet, 'n' snow,  
But always I'm a-bound to go,  
Refrain.

It's here a nickel, and there a jit,  
And most of the guys give me a fit,  
Refrain.

While he sings this he walks about with a springy jazz singer's step. At the end of the song he does his ludicrous shuffle and tap dance. This almost doubles his trade, especially if there are girls present.

In other fraternity houses he does not meet the same response to his "Hiyah, friends!" Some of his customers feel they are much better than he, and they make him realize it keenly. Others are as impersonal as if he were a vending machine that gave out food when they dropped a coin into the slot. Often on his rounds he sees girls whom he knows. Some of them snub, or even worse, ignore him.

Against those people Bill has bitter resentment. He knows he is just as human as they; he can't help it if he has no money and must work for his education. They don't earn the money to pay their expenses. They can't appreciate (he reasons) the benefits of a college education. To them it is one good time after another. Because of the wall they have built about themselves he has built a higher one around himself. Bill has become violently class-conscious.

He is typical of the sandwich brigade. They work on an average of five hours a day. Those who own the business may earn enough to cover most of their expenses. The subordinates must get money from home or borrow it from the University.

From seven-thirty until one these brisk-gaited men hurry about the edge of the campus. They are not allowed to sell anything in the dormitories. Each one has a route of fraternity and rooming houses. He must reach every one at approximately the same time every day or night so the customers will know when he is coming. (People get hungry more readily if they know when to expect food.)

## II

The thermometer stood at six below zero before daybreak of a February morning. The street, bleak and windswept, was empty now, but in an hour or two it would be alive with negroes hurrying to their jobs at cookstove and furnace.

A grotesque figure swathed in a large overcoat came striding along, casting its shadow on the lamplit sidewalk. Heel taps echoed sharply on the concrete. The paper boy began to whistle loudly; he liked the noise.

He stopped at a jumble of oblong bundles on the sidewalk in front of a drug store. Ninety papers, even in a ten-page edition, make a good-sized load. This was a Sunday thirty-six pager. Filling his bag as full as possible, he gathered the remaining papers under his arm. Then he stooped and ducked under the strap of the bag. Grunting under the load he raised himself up slowly, the bag resting on his hip and his body bent almost at right angles. A couple of staggering steps, and he settled into a jerky plod. In two blocks he would cache half the bundle. Occasionally he stopped to rest his bag on a stone wall or on somebody's porch. The only sound he heard was the crunch of his steps on the gravel walk leading to a house.

At intervals he skidded an unwieldy paper onto a porch. After he had hidden half the load his hands were free to fold and throw the papers, saving the trouble of walking up to each house.

Two hours after he left the drug store he had covered several miles of twisting, turning and doubling route. He never walked across the same stretch of lawn twice in a week. If he used the same direction all the time he might wear a path.

At all costs he had to protect the papers. He must keep them dry or spend the rest of the day pacifying angry customers. At certain houses he must leave the paper behind the screen door. At others he must stick it behind the doorknob. Here he must go inside to the customer's room and wake him up every morning. There he dare

not enter the yard for fear of the dog. This house he must reach before six, because the owner gets up early. That one, some yards from the street, he has to approach quietly and lay the paper well on the veranda. The lady has insomnia. When he tosses a paper to the top porch of an apartment house, it must clear the flowers balanced on the railing and yet not land on the roof.

The paper boy, in the capacity of carrier and agent, worked on an average of eight or nine hours a day. In the morning he delivered, in the afternoon he collected from townspeople, and at night he tried to get money out of students. He did his lessons whenever possible. At first he got along pretty well as far as grades were concerned. After a while his work lost its freshness. He could take notes on what his professors said, but that was all. He could not think with them or make any original contribution to a discussion. He was simply worn out before he entered the classroom.

## III

November 20, 1935.

Mr. J. G. Payter,  
Route 2,  
Hendersonville, N. C.

Dear Mr. Payter:

Several weeks ago I wrote you that your son, Grover, was listed in the mid-term reports as failing all his courses.

I have since discussed the matter carefully with him. He explained to me that he was working eight hours a day for his board and room, at the rate of ten cents an hour. Because he worried over his studies he had been getting little more than three hours sleep at night.

I have him permission to drop Mathematics, Social Science, and Chemistry. He felt that he could pass English and Spanish.

I have obtained for him an F. E. R. A. position. It takes up much less of his time than his former occupation. He tells me he is getting a normal amount of sleep now.

Grover is a splendid boy, and I am sure that he will make a good record here.

Yours very truly,

FRANKLIN B. WHEELER.

Grover Payter had spent eight hours a day over a steaming dishpan. He washed greasy dishes which a negro waiter brought to him. His hands when wet were white and crinkled from so much soaking in hot water; when dry they were red and cracked.

Mrs. Dingle, the proprietress of the boarding house, always reminded her self-help boys that



she only hired them because she liked to see young men get ahead. Otherwise she would have had negro help exclusively.

Grover could not concentrate on his studies. He did not dare leave the boarding house because jobs were not easy to find. If his faculty adviser had not straightened out his troubles, he would have flunked out of school.

#### IV

"There is nothing inherently educative about waiting on tables, washing dishes, or raking lawns," says Dean Bradshaw. "They are a waste of a student's precious time unless they are necessary to keep him in school. Moreover, there are too few jobs to go around. . . . A very quick mind and a sturdy physique are necessary for carrying the double burden of getting an education and making a living at the same time. . . ."

Most people look on self-help work through rose-colored glasses. Either they have never done any, or if they did, it was so long ago they have forgotten how it really was. Some men brag that the work they had to do made them self-reliant and independent. If learning how to take care of one's self is of such value, why go to college to do it? It would be much more sensible to work until one has enough money to stay in school for a while. Then one can devote as much time to his studies as he needs, and take part in extra-curricular activities.

New self-help students usually come to Chapel Hill several days before registration. They are confident they can arrange to earn their room, board, and other expenses here for the next four years. Most of them have just enough money to cover the first quarter's tuition and fees. Being new, they feel that because they are willing to work they can easily get a job.

These and even some of the more experienced boys will undertake almost anything to earn money. Since it is the prime requisite in their scheme of things, they think their problem is solved if they get money. They lose sight of the function of the University. It is to dispense education, not self-help jobs. They pride themselves on being able to work eight or ten hours a day and still remain in school. Somehow they have the idea that all they need to get along after school is a record that they have attended so many classes. They want to rush through college so they can go to work. Holding to the good old

American standard of quantity instead of quality, they defeat their very purpose in coming here.

Boys are often exploited because they are willing to do anything to earn the money they need. These boys are wasting their time and effort. Unable to derive any benefit from their studies, they are a constant source of worry to themselves and to their instructors.

Few people have the mind and body to work long hours every day and give their studies the proper amount of attention. In some instances a student can work most of the day and study the greater part of the night. He cannot keep it up. His lessons will become more and more difficult. Things that used to be comparatively simple grow harder and harder. He can sit on class and take notes, yet he will not be able to think with the instructor. The student becomes nervous and irritable. His resistance to disease is weakened, and he gets sick easily. Every year many such cases are treated at the infirmary.

Some of the boys consider their problem of finance solved if they do not work for their board, and economize on food. One lived an entire quarter on a cup of coffee and two doughnuts a day. Another that tried one meal a day went to the infirmary within three weeks after he came here.

Once in a while a student tries so desperately to work hard both at school and on his job that he cracks under the strain. Gradually he loses interest in his studies. He may suffer a nervous breakdown. When he does, he loses not only what he has done in the past, but also whatever he would have done in the future. He may be able to take up where he stopped, but it is very unlikely. More than that, his health is shot to pieces. He must have a complete rest.

The self-help student, then, serves two masters. His life is doubly hard. In order to remain in school he must lower the standard of his lessons. If he neglects his job to study, his income, already at a minimum, decreases. If he neglects his studies to work, he loses that which he came here to get. He exposes himself to sickness. He is often looked down upon by others, who think of him as a financial orphan, and therefore an object of pity. Few people realize that a self-help student is one who produces goods and services.

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[NOTE: In a later issue the author of this article will offer a plan for solving some of these problems—an association of self-help students.—THE EDITOR.]

# Virgin of the Cloisters

## A Short Short Story

By BILL HUDSON

SHE CLICKED the corner lamp off and stood a moment breathless while a pattern of moonlight darted through the hotel window and spread out on the carpet. Then shivering a little to feel on her limbs the loose cool moulding of her pajamas and new frilled negligee, she half-tiptoeed through the shadow to her bed.

The old nun of the forbidden story: "Seek life, do not hide in cloisters from it." The street roar mingling with moonlight up through the window, the heard-felt beating of her heart, and surrounding the two the silence-ringing of the dark—three sounds in rhythm. And Fred fumbling about in his room on the other side of the wall, a noise out of time. John perhaps now mounting by this rhythm, up stair after stair, coming at stolid Pal Fred's call to meet her, her of the cloisters, of Leicester Seminary, seeking life in a traffic-walled city hotel. Virgin, seek life. How long virgin, seeking life?

She jittered suddenly as Fred knocked something to the floor; then she laughed smally, highly, at the broken tension of her reverie, tension broken by that one more blundering reminder of Fred's nature. Fred the uncomprehending, the earthy, the bumpy-faced. Almost a duenna for her, a bumpy-faced duenna bringing her to meet her lover. Fred of the unsmooth skin aiding in a clandestine romance. She and her sense of humor played a few dark ringing moments with the fantasy of Fred's situation. . . .

She heard Fred stumble across his room to the door which connected their suite. His fingers drummed discreetly on the panel.

"Come in."

He turned the knob and thrust his head, ludicrously haloed by the light from his room, inside.

"Going after John. We'll be back in a minute. 'Slong."

"All right."

He pulled the door shut and left her room in moon-darkness again. She saw the chinks of light that framed the door blot out, heard his outer door open and shut, listened to his footsteps fading down the hall.

A little time now. Ten minutes. Maybe five. Where is John? Who is John? I don't know him. I love him, no school-girl love. School-girls at Leicester now, chattering by pairs in front of mirrors, critically tilting their heads at their own reflections, powdering, rouging, patting their hair, gossiping through teeth closed on bobby pins, filling with details the last few moments before their dates begin to arrive. Surrounded by the sureness, the reality, the safeness of the commonplace, herds high-corralled with rules, conventions, ordinariness. . . . Safe. Ordinary. Hemmed in. . . . I alone here, living, about to live. About to live? Ready to live? Yes. Ready for life, for love, for John. Come John. Come love. Come Life. I have been thirsty too long, and not known it. I will drink now, drink purely, of a spring they fear, a spring they are not ready to seek. . . .

Light approaching steps sounded in the hall, grew heavier, beat upon her forehead and her body. She gasped, her pulse thundered hot through her temples.

Before Fred's door the footsteps were silent. As a key turned in the lock, she realized that only one person was there. So John had come alone. She loved him more than ever now. He knew what thirst was too; he thought as she thought. She was no longer doubtful, but glad now, completely. She turned her head and looked at the still moonlight on the carpet.

The latch of the connecting door grated whisperingly, and she closed her eyes and parted her lips.

"Asleep, Marian?"

She started at the tone of the voice, opened her eyes and blinked. Fred stood in the doorway with an unstoppered little bottle of something pink in one hand, patting his face with two fingers of the other hand. He put his fingers over the mouth of the bottle, tilted it, and said, "John'll be here in about half'n hour. He said to put on an evening dress, the white one, and look awfully pretty. He's gone to get tickets for a dance he's gonna take you to."



# “Hitler Youth”

## From Peace Organization to Militaristic

By WILLIAM WOOTEN

“SEEST THOU the morning red in the east, a promise of sun and freedom? We hold together for life or for death no matter what may threaten. Many a year were we slaves to traitor Jews, but now has arisen a son of the people—he gives to Germany new hope and faith. Brothers, to arms! Young and old flock to the hooked cross banner, peasants and workers with sword and with hammer. For Hitler, for freedom, for work, and for bread. Germany awaken! Death to the Jews! Brothers, to arms!”

This song, one of the favorites of “Hitler Youth,” aptly expresses the position of German youth today. In building his organization Hitler made appeal to the poor, idle, hopeless youth; to the hatred which had grown out of the utter defeat of their fatherland. He preached that Germany’s fate was in the hands of their youth. If it was ever to reach its former position among the nations of the world, youth would have to rise to the cause. He promised them if they would join his army they would see a new Germany with a new government free of the hated Versailles treaty, they would persecute Jews mercilessly, and they would recapture their lost lands. These promises fired the imagination of despairing youths and drew them to the magnetic leader who offered them “a way out.”

And German Youth, which is today almost wholly militaristic, had its beginnings as a peace organization.

### II

The first outward manifestation of the German Youth Movement occurred as early as 1900 when Walter Carl Fischer, a twenty-year-old law student of Steylitz, led a group of his student friends on week-end trips to the many beauty spots in the nearby country. On these short excursions the Wandervogels (wandering birds), as they were called, hiked through woods, over hills and dales, as free as the wind, wandering wherever their fancy led. The great outdoors fascinated them and they responded in an effort to get closer to nature. The quiet country offered relief from conventional university life, from the classrooms of dogmatic professors, from the materialism and

ugliness of the machine age. It offered freedom, and it was freedom they sought.

This new idea spread and fascinated youth throughout Germany. They became determined to assert their independence from strict, formal, adult control and to learn the joys of nature. They resented being herded along like so many cattle, being cramped into specialized fields of study—being dragged in footsteps of the older generation. They wanted their lives to be idealistic, not materialistic as those of their fathers. Their mission was to create a new world in which all would work for the interest of humanity instead of selfish monetary interest. They would have the true aristocrats to be those who performed the greatest amount of service for the least returns. Class distinction would not be a part of their world, nor would there be rich people who could afford things others could not obtain. Theirs would be a world with no poverty, no inequality, no ugliness—no unhappiness.

For thirteen years the movement grew and spread to all parts of Germany, but, in spite of its prevalence, there was no national organization to give the many groups advantage of combined strength. Their first opportunity to gather in large numbers came with the celebration of the centennial anniversary of the battle of Leipyetz. Among the thousands of people who gathered for the occasion were many youthful wanderers, representing nearly all sections of the country. Their contact here resulted in joint meetings in which they, meeting as brothers with a common cause, pledged anew their independence from the old order. While the celebration was still in progress, more than 500 youths, moved by a desire to bind German youth into one great fraternity and to reassert their principles to themselves and to all the people, hiked to a near-by peak where they as a body took oath to live without tobacco or liquor, to shape their own lives, to set their own goals, to be truthful to themselves and their own destinies, and to spread their principles from the Rhine to the Baltic. They were serious youths, sincere in their purpose—intent upon making their lives more worthwhile than those of their

fathers. They were truly unsympathetic with what they considered base and ugly and were determined to exert their effort toward improvement. But the oath so honestly taken had barely left their lips when the ominous rumble of war rolled like a black pall over the country, enveloping all of Germany.

### III

Activities of the youth movement came to a standstill as idealistic youth was engulfed in the horrors of war—swept away to the front and lost in the din of battle. However, even in the muddy, filthy, gory trenches these youths did not abandon all hope of accomplishing the primary purpose of their now neglected movement. During lulls between battles small trench groups talked of their erstwhile activities, resolving to continue them after the war. There should be no more war, no hate—only love, after this war. They formed into groups similar to those of pre-war days and vowed to strive for a better life when this business of killing was over.

When peace was finally declared, these war-sick youths returned to their homes with a movement savoring somewhat of the old one. However their interest began to turn into other channels as political subjects slowly crept into their sessions. It was only a short time before political, social, and economic groups made their appearance. Although members of these groups were as zealous in discussing candidates and economic situations as they had been in discussing earlier subjects, they were quite as impatient with adult conventionalism as they had been in pre-war days—if anything, they were more intolerant. Feeling that the older generation had handled affairs most miserably, they were no longer willing to submit to the leadership of these irresponsible old fogies.

The government soon recognized the growing importance of these politically minded groups by taking a lively interest in youth and actually helping to develop the movement. Information about shelters was distributed while books and magazines were made available to all wanderers. In some instances the government even helped to build new shelters and recondition old ones. Army barracks, public buildings, old schools and inns were remodeled.

Some hostels were provided with reading rooms, recreation rooms, and washing facilities as well as restaurants for those who wished to buy their food and kitchens for those who wished to do

their own cooking. Living expenses in these hostels were almost negligible. Seventeen cents a night was the charge for those under twenty and twenty-three cents for those over that age.

During vacations these shelters brought together (and still do) wandering youths from all parts of Germany to spend a night of joy and good fellowship under the same roof. After the evening meal the house leader led the boys and girls in old folk songs and folk dances, and in general merrymaking of a clean, wholesome sort. By making it possible for youths to laugh, sing, and dance with their kindred from distant cities and states, hostels have helped to build mutual friendship between the youths of Germany—have helped to bind them into one “big family.”

### IV

Until recently, Catholic Youth, Protestant Youth, Sport Youth, Professional Youth, Military Youth, and Hitler Youth were the divisions of the youth movement. Military Youth, a political body holding somewhat radical views and one of the first to give support to Hitler and the Nazis, was wholly militaristic. They responded zealously to army-like marching as well as training in barbed-wire cutting, trench digging, bayonet fighting, and goose-stepping.

By the time Hitler and the Nazi party gained power in 1933, Hitler Youth had a membership of 600,000. Within a year's time membership had grown to 4,700,000, half of whom were girls. This, however, did not result entirely from a natural growth, for shortly after Hitler became dictator Baldur Von Schirach, a young Hitler Youth leader, issued an order to dissolve all non-Hitler Youth organizations and to incorporate them into Hitler Youth.

The majority of youth groups consented with little objection; but not so with those under the direction of the Catholic and Protestant churches. True to form, they resented any encroachment on the power they had gained and they were determined to safeguard their position. Six thousand Protestant ministers vehemently protested Hitler's action, but they protested in vain. They got permission to continue instructing youths in spiritual matters but Hitler took charge of all sports, entertainments, and cultural advancement. According to an agreement between Reich Bishop Ludwig Mueller and Von Schirach all Protestant youths under eighteen years of age were required to wear the Hitler Youth uniform and to join that organization. Girls joined the Hitler League of



German Girls. Two afternoons each week and two Sundays each month were reserved for spiritual training by the church while on all other days the members are subjected to Hitler Youth.

Since church attendance is optional and since Hitler Youth clubs provide alluring entertainment every Sunday, there is considerable possibility that youths will neglect church altogether. Young people, realizing that their future well-being depends on their advancement in Hitler Youth, are somewhat reluctant to miss a lecture or any other activity which occurs on a night when they are at liberty to attend church services. So, it seems, Protestant Youth has almost been absorbed by Hitler Youth. Even the one concession granted to them is hardly more than a mockery to religion.

Catholic Youth also objected strenuously to being absorbed. Due to the strength of the Catholic church the latter has been granted permission to continue with its religious, cultural, and charitable organizations. Catholic boys and girls must be allowed to attend church and must not be forced to act contrary to their religious and moral convictions. However, Catholic youths, like Protestant ones, have been drawn in a subtle way from the church to Hitler Youth meetings which are far more appealing to them.

V

Schools, as well as churches, have felt the influence of this new youth movement. Classrooms are used for dispensing propaganda; teachers tell their students of the power and glory of the Germany of a few years ago and predict an equally eminent Germany a few years hence; pupils are made to believe that they are sons of a nation superior in every way; wall maps are used to picture the territory Germany lost at the end of the war—territory which she must regain at all cost.

In the new curriculum, perpetrated by the Nazis, history is the most important subject. The grandeur of German rulers, heroes, poets, and artists is ever driven into the minds of young students. College teachings are also under direct influence of National Socialist. All college students are required to take special courses which elaborate on Nazi ideas and theories. Medical students study race hygiene from the Nazi point of view. All assistant professors have been united into associations which enable them to keep in close touch with Nazi activities and, in turn, to keep professors thoroughly informed.

In addition to their studies, all university students must serve in the Storm Troops and before entering their sixth semester must work at least two months in the Labor Service, clearing swamps, constructing roads, and, in general, making public improvements. Girls must spend a year in domestic service in preparation for wifehood and motherhood. It is significant to note in this connection that Germany has far more women than men.

Today, nearly all German youths are in uniform, for all members of Hitler Youth are required to wear the official uniform of that order. Very few youths remain outside the group, for those who do not join are looked upon as suspicious characters and become victims of social ostracism.

The militaristic career of these young Germans begins at an early age. By the time they are ten years old, they don the Hitler uniform and read, think, and live in a military atmosphere. From ten to fourteen years of age boys and girls wear the uniform of "German Very Young in the Hitler Youth." From fourteen to eighteen they are "Hitler Youth." At eighteen boys automatically become members of the regular army.

After school hours boys and girls are occupied almost continually with patriotic exercises, parades, and military training. Appearing like miniature Storm Troopers they enthusiastically attend Hitler Youth meetings which are held almost nightly in high schools and other public places. Often they march like seasoned soldiers through the streets singing patriotic songs.

Since its simple beginning in 1900 the German youth movement has taken many twists and turns to arrive at its present status—quite different from what it was in the beginning. Hitler, in taking both physical and psychological advantage of Germany's youths, has revamped a strictly anti-materialistic and anti-militaristic movement to serve the National Socialists and the end toward which they are working—namely, a world-powerful, re-possession of Germany.

The Nazis have started a ball rolling which gathers size and momentum as it thunders on to the tune of HEIL HITLER! What will result from Germany's absolute militarization—from her wholesale breeding of cannon fodder—is a matter of conjecture. One thing is certain, however: the world cannot expect a docile Germany in the future.

# The Reverend and the Captain's Daughters

## A Story

By STUART RABB

HIGH ABOVE Yemassee station, old Sol turned his most torrid rays upon the State of South Carolina. Some of the hottest of these glared squarely against the tin-roofed cotton warehouse and reflected through the railroad coach window straight into the squinting eyes of the Reverend Colby James. The Reverend James mopped his face thoughtfully, allowing his slightly soiled handkerchief to absorb the perspiration that had gathered in the angular contours of his visage. The red plush on the railroad coach seat penetrated his threadbare trousers and added to his discomfort.

The Reverend James reluctantly yawned, inhaling an equal quantity of sultry air and dry dust. One would think, the Reverend reflected, that by 1855, railroad service would be better—even in South Carolina. He had boarded the train in Richmond the morning before. His own parish in the Shenandoah valley was warm during the summer, but never, the Reverend thought, had he considered it possible for a country this side of the infernal regions to possess such natural heat. And the train had climaxed its many stops and near-stops by an hour's delay in this furnace, Yemassee. The Reverend breathed a prayer of thanks that Charlestown was only 40 miles distant. He asked for patience to withstand the discomfort of these most trying hours. He attempted to see in his mind the cool avenue beneath the moss-hung oaks that led to Captain Inabinet's mansion. Janet had described it so many times in her letters. The thought of Janet brought him momentary relief. She had been so cool and beautiful that summer three years ago when they were together at Shipman's Springs. She wasn't at all like her sister, Janie. Janie was a sweet girl, he thought, but she just wasn't good-looking. Even a preacher had a right to search for beauty.

Since they had parted, the Reverend was forced to admit that he had spent more time on letters to Janet than on his sermons. But, he recalled, it was not a wasted effort. Only two weeks ago, he had brought his correspondence to a climax with a proposal. He had anticipated her accept-

ance as a matter of course. His proposal had been a masterpiece. Now he was on his way to his beloved's home—to his marriage. Matrimony, mused the Reverend, is a serious business. But, he reflected, how could he be mistaken? True, he had been with her for only two weeks. But, the Reverend admitted, he was quite a judge of character—and beauty.

The Reverend's reverie came to a sudden conclusion by a lurch that brought the slightly bald spot on his head in violent contact with the back of the seat. Several more jerks, and the hesitant train was definitely under way. The hot wind swept through the window and across the Reverend's face. He closed his eyes and tried to doze.

## II

Janie Inabinet put the final touches on her coiffure and surveyed herself in the huge mirror. She was very happy. And why shouldn't she be? Wasn't Janet going to get married off? And when her sister was married, what excuse would her father have for not letting her take the sacred vows? During the last five years, she had been kept in a state of almost constant anger by her father's adherence to that old custom which forbade the marriage of the younger daughters until the elder had husbands. She had all but given up hope for Janet's ever being married, when the Reverend James had proposed. Janie remembered her boundless joy that evening when Janet had called them together on the porch and disclosed the secret.

She must put up a good appearance this afternoon, must treat the Reverend James royally. He must be entertained—nothing must happen to change his mind. She heard Jim call at the door. The carriage was ready. Lightly, she ran down the stairs.

## III

Captain Charlie Inabinet leaned back in his porch chair. He reached for another stogie with one hand, and for his timepiece with the other. After thoughtfully biting the end off the former, he leisurely consulted the latter. Reluctantly, he discarded the hope that his watch was fast.



Finally convinced that it was actually four-thirty, the Captain called for his body-servant. "Jim, get the coach—and call Miss Janie and Miss Janet." A hell of a lot of trouble, the Captain thought. But maybe it was worth it to get Janet married off—even if it were to a Virginia preacher. Marriage had been the Captain's major worry during these latter years. The greater part of his time was spent in trying to keep beautiful Janie from marrying before Janet could make a match.

Within his house, he heard his wife giving order for decoration of the mansion. How anybody could stir about on a day like this he didn't know.

When the carriage rattled to a stop in front of the house, Captain Charlie saw that he was going to be forced to get out of his chair. Distasteful as the thought was, he mustered all his will-power, and by a herculean effort rose to his feet. With a daughter on each arm, he strode to his carriage and climbed in after them. "Drive to Charlestown station, Jim," he ordered.

#### IV

Captain Charlie didn't have any trouble recognizing the Virginia preacher. He doubted if it would be possible for him to forget that raw-boned frame. The Captain's cultivated hospitality was very much in evidence, however, when he seized the Reverend James by the hand and roared, "How are you, my boy?"

"Very well, sir," the Reverend replied meekly.

The Captain saw the Reverend nod to Janet civilly, then fervently clasp Janie's hand. Not that he blamed him, the Captain thought. Very few men would prefer Janet's hand to Janie's. But the Captain's eyes opened wide when the Reverend offered Janie his arm and escorted her to the carriage.

"Are you happy?" he asked her tenderly.

"Naturally," she replied curiously.

"I've performed many weddings," admitted the Reverend shyly, "but this will be my first experience as the groom."

"Well, I—I hope so," stammered Janie.

"Did you have a good trip?—tell me about it."

"Hot—monstrously hot, murmured the Reverend. He proceeded to recount the more uncomfortable features of his journey. His discourse was interrupted by their arrival at the Inabinet estate. Mrs. Inabinet met them on the steps.

"I know the Reverend James is tired and hot,"

she said finally. "Jim, show him to the front guest room."

While the Reverend followed Jim to the mecca of his much contemplated hot bath, Janie was engaged with very disturbing thoughts. The Reverend's conduct had been most extraordinary. He had treated Janet shamefully. She could see her sister pretending to read in the next room. She knew that Janet was worrying. Well, she thought, perhaps a cold bath will bring him to his senses. She certainly hoped so.

#### V

Ebony-hued Joe set the "bes' baked ham in the Nunited States and pa't ob Gawgy" in front of Captain Charlie. The Captain served the plates. First he served the Reverend, the women, then Cousins Robert, Malcolm, and Cole Baker, and, finally, himself. Cousins Cole and Robert had evidently tasted the wedding punch in the kitchen too many times. The party was quite gay. Everyone was talking about the wedding in the morning except the Reverend Colby. He was silently disapproving.

Dinner finished, Captain Charlie rose to his feet and raised his glass. "Fill up, everybody," he ordered. "I propose a toast."

The Reverend raised his already filled and untouched glass. He guessed he would have to take just a sip.

"I propose a toast," the Captain boomed, "to my eldest daughter, to Janet. May her wedding tomorrow be the beginning of her happiness."

The long table reeled in from the Reverend's eyes. The wineglass tumbled from his paralyzed hand.

"I—I—excuse me," he mumbled. He turned to Janet. "Whom are you going to marry tomorrow?" he asked.

"Why, you—silly!" she bantered.

A new spasm of terror gripped the Reverend. He asked permission to leave the table, fled from the room. Later when the Captain came, he falteringly told him how he had mistaken Janie for Janet at the Springs two years ago—how he had always thought of her that way. No—he couldn't possibly go through with it. The Captain frowned and left.

#### VI

Down in Charlestown, Cousin Cole brandished his pistol before his attentive kinsmen and proposed that they "find a way to keep the dam' Virginia preacher from making a fool out of Janet."

The kinsmen agreed and made their way toward the Inabinet mansion.

Janie knew they were coming after the Reverend Colby. She knew equally well that her father wouldn't stop the forced wedding. But as much as she wanted to see her sister safely married, she wanted to see her sister happy. Besides, she didn't want any preachers in the family after all, she guessed.

She made up her mind while she was having Jim saddle her horse for the Reverend. There was a ship leaving Charlestown that night. . . .

## VII

The Reverend James was very, very sick. At this particular moment, the Reverend was not so sure that it wouldn't be more pleasant if they had succeeded in shooting him. The ship lurched again and the Reverend made his way to the rail.

Later he felt better. The Lord was all-wise in everything, he concluded. The Lord watches over his own. Perhaps it was all for the best. The Reverend Colby cast a philosophical eye at the murky sky and wished for a ray of that warm South Carolina sunshine.

# Paradoxical Dixie

## The Land of Plenty--and the Land of Poverty

By DONALD BECKER

THE SOUTHEAST REGION of the United States, judging from natural resources, ought to be the richest region of the country. Actually, however, it is the poorest.

This chasm between Dixie's actualities and Dixie's potentialities is the major point stressed in "Southern Regions of the United States," a new book by Howard W. Odum just published by the University of North Carolina Press. This article is an abstract of the inventory which Odum, director of the Institute for Research in Social Science here, prepared for the Southern Regional Committee of the Social Science Research Council.

The region primarily surveyed in Odum's study comprises, in general, the "Old South." Unique in its range of soil and climate, and with a population of over 25,000,000, it is made up of the eleven states of Virginia, North and South Carolina, Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas.

While the Southeast, Odum points out, is still essentially an agricultural region, it contains the raw materials of industry. Water power is adequate, forests abound, coal, iron, minerals, and stone are plentiful. Communication is facilitated by waterways. *Potentially*, affirms Odum, the Southeast is the garden spot of the world; but he adds that it is far from being such.

In the midst of great natural wealth, the people of Southeastern United States subsist on the lowest standard of living of any in the country.

Important among the causes of this paradox are deficiency in industrial technology and waste. Writes Odum:

"Some of the actual measures of this waste and lack of technology are found in deficiency indices, such as the lowest per capita farm income, the lowest income per worker, the lowest return per unit of horsepower, the lowest ratio of income from livestock production, the lowest per capita purebred livestock, the lowest per capita ratio of pasture land, [and] a low carrying capacity for pasture lands. . . . There is a . . . deficit of 121,000,000 gallons of milk based upon the average per capita national consumption."

Like the rest of the world, many of the Southeast's ills arise from an inability to keep pace, in the social field, with rapid changes in the technological field. But in addition, since 1860, the Southeast has carried as a running sore the scar of the Civil War. The Civil War and Reconstruction Period left the Southeast poverty-stricken and bitter, discredited and with an inferiority complex, faced with economic and institutional problems following the freeing of the Negro. As a result, we have "an environment capable of producing a superior civilization, yet so conditioned by complexity of culture and cumulative handicaps as to make the nature of future development problematical." The Southeast, Odum seems to feel, is this moment at a turning point in its history. How, in our own day, the inhabitants face present problems will determine whether in the future Dixie will climb upward or slip downward.



## II

What sort of picture can we sketch of the dweller in this region? What are the institutions that have made him so? What credits can we write down for him, what liabilities must we balance against the credits? And finally, after we have the picture, what can we do about it?

For convenience, we'll call our Southeasterner "John." John was born somewhere in the great cotton belt, the last of nine children. ("The white population of the Southeast," Odum remarks, "tends to reproduce at a higher rate and has a larger ratio of children and young people than any other region.") Because there were so many more youngsters like John in the state, and because the state was pretty poor in addition, John never did get much in the way of a public school education. In fact, if the state in which he lived had tried to give him an education equal to the nation's average, it would have used up, for that one item alone, about 90 per cent of its tax receipts.

But if John lacked much in the way of an education, his Negro neighbors lacked more. There are 8,000,000 Negroes in the Southeast. They are given an education, but not in the same schools with the whites. Segregation increases the educational burden the states must bear, and results in an inferior education for both whites and blacks.

Our Southeasterner had to work pretty hard in his youth. All his family worked hard, trying to make a living on cotton. Making a living on cotton was growing increasingly difficult. The land was becoming exhausted, requiring more and more fertilizer. Much of it was eroded and useless. Exports of cotton to foreign countries were falling off with the world-wide depression. Competition from the Southwest was growing increasingly keener. And finally, cotton substitutes on the home market were driving the value of the fibre down.

But at that, John's people were a lot better off than many of their neighbors. At least they were not undernourished, because they grew vegetables for home consumption and didn't, like many, concentrate entirely on a cash crop—cotton or tobacco. At least they had a little paint on their house. And at least they were able to send their son to college.

At college John learned of his region's unusual educational problems due to the high ratio of children, and due to segregation of Negroes. He

learned of wasteful farming methods, of soil erosion and land exhaustion. He learned of too high a birth rate, with many of the best of the population migrating to other regions, seeking jobs they could not find at home—a total loss since 1900 of over 3,500,000 persons.

John learned that the Southeast lacked industrial technics; that what the region had were good, but that the range of technics was inadequate. The range was inadequate because capital to invest in industry was hard to get, and capital was hard to get because the Southeast was a debtor region and interest rates were high. He learned that incomes and wages in the Southeast were from 30 per cent to 50 per cent below the national level, and that the resulting large number of submarginal folk created peculiar problems in public finance.

He learned that his own family's farm was poorly managed, that tools and animals were neglected. He learned of "killings and homicides, of state conflicts and rivalries, of sectarian strife, of race conflict, of lynchings and mobs, of drain and strain in intemperate work and living for men, women, and children." He learned also that "pellagra, a form of malnutrition, demonstrably curable or preventable, has occurred in the past in perhaps two per cent of the whole population and within subregions in very large ratios. From 50 to 90 per cent of Southern school children in large areas receive inadequate diets for any normal health standard; perhaps more than 50 per cent of all school children examined show carious teeth; standard tests show inadequacy of minerals and proteins in most food. There is a large waste in tuberculosis, rickets, anemia, and many other results of poor diet. All this in a land peculiarly fitted for a superabundance of food of all sorts, rich in minerals, vitamins, and proteins. . . ."

## III

But the setting in which we view our friend John must not be thought too drab. Educational facilities may be inadequate, yet the Southeast, with but 12 per cent of the nation's wealth, spends 20 per cent of the national total spent for state-supported institutions of higher learning. The region is also rich in traditions, handed down from the "Old South," that make for zest and color in living, for humanism, dignity, hospitality, individuality, and for what Odum calls a "capacity for romantic realism."

The Southeast is poor. The country as a whole, for example, has an automobile for every 5.2 per-

sons, while the Southeast only has one for every 8.8 persons. Nevertheless, since 1900, the Southeast has shown a larger ratio of increased wealth than the United States as a whole. "In technology of iron and steel the region excels as it does also in hydroelectric plants, petroleum refineries, rayon and paper mills, and in certain shipyards, sawmills, fertilizer factories, and other selected industries." The same increased ratio holds true for the building of roads and for expenditures and enrollment in public education. In the case of the Negro, great strides have been made in his education; not, perhaps, in comparison with white education, but certainly in comparison with the former status of Negro schools.

Thus we have a picture of our Southeasterner living in a land of paradox. Much natural wealth, yet social poverty. Region of farms, yet importer of foods and user of deficient diets. Potentially the garden spot of the earth, actually a region of broken hearts and of broken backs. Abounding in traditions of good living, actually lacking the means, oftentimes, of even a subsistence level of living. Traditions of humanism and Jeffersonian democracy juxtaposed to discouragement of the arts, religious intolerance, and racial prejudice. Highest ratio of human reproduction, yet losing most of the cream of its human wealth because unable to support it. Stronghold of Protestantism in the United States, leader in homicides and lynchings. Land of sunshine and open fields, land of undernourishment and tuberculosis. Technological deficiency, institutional inadequacy, human and physical waste, bigotry and demagoguery, above all else, *ignorance*—these epitomize the problems of the Southeast region.

#### IV

Here, then, is the chasm that separates regional potentiality from regional actuality. Will the Southeast, in the next few years, succeed through

regional planning in bridging this chasm? Or will the Southeast permit the chasm to grow ever wider, eventually ending in chaos and social disintegration?

To bridge the chasm, Odum firmly feels, the Southeast must undertake some sort of regional planning. His book indicates six objectives of such regional planning, and at least 25 steps that should be taken to achieve the objectives. Space does not permit a discussion of these steps, but the six objectives may be enumerated as:

1. "... Genuine liberalism that strives to maintain a quality civilization in a quantity world."
2. Democracy to be attained through redistribution of wealth.
3. Increased wages and incomes.
4. Expansion of the basic consumption capacity of people in the Southeast region.
5. New quality in production.
6. A balanced agriculture, for a self-sufficing economy, in place of present emphasis on commercial farming.

Odum would fit his plan within two succeeding six-year periods. His first six-year period, from 1936 to 1942, would allow for two or three state legislative sessions. There would also be parts of three federal administrations. Thus the period would be long enough for adequate legislation, but at the same time would not be too long. There would also be enough time for crop rotation, soil erosion service, rural rehabilitation and transfer of tenant farmers to a status of land ownership; time enough for experimentation in livestock and seed breeding, in part-time industry and farming, in developing new industries, and in outlining new educational curricula and research programs; time enough also to train and apprentice workers for both old and new skills. Odum's second six-year period would be based on a priority schedule similar to the first; the differentiation between the two periods would be primarily to facilitate profiting in the second by the experiences gained in the first.

### Art and Life

Under my eyes immortal lines are flowing,  
A great poet's soul in even verses spreads  
Across a page in phrases rich and glowing.  
But lo, between the lines a soft wind threads:

A gay plaid dress and an imp's green eyes efface  
The artist's perfect, toilsome grace.

—Terence Palmer.





## Reviewing the Books



**BYRON: THE YEARS OF FAME.** By Peter Quennell. The Viking Press. New York. \$3.50.

Quennell, little known in America, has written in *Byron: The Years of Fame* a work which should place him among the foremost contemporary biographers. In the brittle manner suggestive of Robert Briffault, this book rises from the welter of musty tomes surrounding Byron's life and presents a clear, convincing portrait.

Omitting a tedious description of Lord Byron's youth, Mr. Quennell plunges us immediately into his years of fame—the days of Childe Harold—and closes when Byron leaves England in disgrace, maligned and caricatured. An unmitigated snob, despite the misfortune of a club foot that caused him to suffer untold humiliation, Byron dismissed the poetry of Keats as “drivelling idiotism” principally because Keats' father ran a livery stable. Self-conscious about his foot which kept him from walking gracefully, he would remain still, sulking and assuming attitudes of extreme ennui which he assiduously cultivated. Perhaps it was these characteristics that drew women toward him—which was probably unfortunate since Byron was never at his best with women. His love affairs were as disastrous as his marriage. Only with Mrs. Leigh, his half sister, could Byron be at ease; and he himself hinted at incestuous relations between them, though there is nothing to confirm this beyond Byron's own wild statements which are notoriously undependable. Another thing he hinted at were secrets “too diabolick to relate,” which might refer to a belief of his own that he was bisexual.

Mr. Quennell stresses the dazzling regency society through which Byron moved and which in turn praised and condemned him. With a deft hand, not devoid of humor, the biographer sketches the glittering background of Melbourne House, St. James' Park, Six Mile Bottom, and Lady Hollands'—names which reflect Regency art, literature and politics. From a maze of conflicting testimony Mr. Quennell has searched and sorted until we finally see Byron the man as revealed by his own intimates—a man “ever fully conscious of the inward schism that made it impossible for him to achieve that humdrum happiness—that calm and contented domestic obscurity—which was the goal he had always most desired.”

—RALPH EICHORN.

**GOLDEN APPLES.** By Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. Scribner's. New York. 352 pp. \$2.50.

**THE WILD EARTH'S NOBILITY.** By Frank Waters. Liveright. New York. 454 pp. \$2.50.

Florida and Colorado are far removed from each other as one considers distance, but a half century ago they were both undergoing the same metamorphosis: they were both becoming civilized. For centuries since their mutual discoverers, the Spaniards, had gone, they had been the homes of Indians, adventurers, and pioneers. But in the early eighties, with the cultivation of oranges in Florida and the discovery of gold and silver in Colorado, the two states were reluctantly becoming civilized and yielding at last to the ravaging hand of progress.

Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings, author of *South Moon Under*, leaves the pine flats of northern Florida where

her first novel was staged and goes to the shores of Lake Okeechobee for the scene of *Golden Apples*. There, in the dank, semi-tropical forest, an exiled British nobleman attempted to begin life anew on an old abandoned farm which some adventurous forbear of his had once owned. He found two squatters, brother and sister, on his farm and solemnly began to entwine his life into theirs, never succeeding entirely in bridging the gap between them. The boy dreamed of great groves of “golden apples” where the dense forest stood, and saw in the Britisher a chance for the dream to come true. The girl became the wife of the strange exile, whom she called her “Cap'n,” only to die soon after. On the whole the story is one of simple hope and tragedy, with only Miss Rawlings' interesting style to save it from being monotonous.

*The Wild Earth's Nobility* is a tale of the Old West, not the West of the rip-roaring cowboy, but the West of the mining town that was slowly becoming a city. Colorado Springs was that mining town, and when it was just a bunch of shacks and saloons Joseph Rogier came with his family to make his home under the shadowing heights of Pike's Peak. A carpenter's square and a few miscellaneous tools proclaimed to the world in general that Rogier was a carpenter, but the letters on his office door said he was a contractor, and deep in his heart he knew he was an architect. He dreamed of building a great city, with schools and hospitals and churches, and to that end he drew scores of plans and made dozens of blueprints of magnificent structures. But Colorado Springs was slow in becoming the city of his dreams. Gold and silver mines in the distant mountains kept drawing its restless population as fast as they stepped from the Denver train, so finally Joseph Rogier himself succumbed to the lure of easy money in mining. Sometimes he made good, but mostly he didn't.

The two novels are typical of the trend of fiction in the past few years. They attempt to portray real life, with its plurality of tragedy and failure over happiness and success. An easy-going style and a judicious use of dialect make Miss Rawlings' novel somewhat the better of the two, while Mr. Waters' story makes up in historical interest what it lacks in logical organization.

—ELMER D. JOHNSON.

**A TREASURY OF THE THEATRE.** Edited by Burns Mantle and John Gassner. Simon & Schuster. New York. 1640 pp. \$3.75.

It is a rare pleasure indeed to have in your hands a book which is so fine that, try as you may, you can find absolutely nothing to criticize. Such a book is *A Treasury of the Theatre*—1640 pages of the best plays of all times and all countries, unexpurgated and unabridged.

The chief annoyance of most anthologies is that the editors want to crowd as much as they can into as little space as possible, with the result that many a poor reader wears out his eyes straining over small print. In this book the print is large, well-spaced and readable.

Most large volumes are either not bound sturdily or are bound so stiffly that they do not open easily and make for uncomfortable reading. Neither criticism can

be made of this anthology of great plays from Aeschylus to Eugene O'Neill. Nor are the pages so thin as to tear easily.

Technically perfect, this volume is also commendable on the more important ground of the editors' choice of plays. In too many collections of poems or plays, the editors are fascinated by the old classics, are fearful about choosing modern plays, and put out a book which is for the large part dull and dry to the reader who is chiefly interested in the world about him. Here half the thirty-four plays are later than Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler*. Among the most recent plays included are *Of Thee I Sing*, *The Green Pastures*, *Elizabeth the Queen*, *What Price Glory?*, *Anna Christie*, *Journey's End*, and *Escape*.

Here is a collection that will delight any lover of good drama. And the price is more than reasonable in consideration of the quality of the book.

—JOHN Y. GREGORY.

**SAINT PETER RELATES AN INCIDENT.** By James Weldon Johnson. The Viking Press. New York. 105 pp. \$2.00.

**MULES AND MEN.** By Zora Hurston. J. B. Lippincott Co. Philadelphia. 342 pp. \$3.00.

Here are two books that show us the Negro as artist, as creator—two books proving definitely that these people born in a cloak of black are far from being unimaginative. One is the work of an individual; the other, a collection of stories created by the race as a whole.

James Weldon Johnson is perhaps the finest representative of his people in the field of literature. His poems and stories present a picture, devoid of pretension, of the Negro's prayer: the desire for an equal opportunity.

The title for Johnson's book is taken from the first in this volume of selected poems, "Saint Peter Relates an Incident of the Resurrection." In the summer of 1930 the United States government sent a contingent of Gold-Star mothers to France to view the graves of their lost sons. Negro Gold-Star mothers were not allowed on the same boat, but were sent in another and of an inferior class. How Johnson reacted to this incident may readily be perceived in the dedicatory lines, which ran as follows:

"Written while meditating upon heaven and hell, and democracy and war, and America and the Negro Gold-Star Mothers."

The complete volume consists of 38 poems—all directly or indirectly dealing with the author's reaction toward the Negro problem. Some, but not many, are rather impetuously written, are shrill utterances by a man intoxicated with the thought of equality—in other words, at times his passion gets the best of him and he forgets all poetry and logic.

The authoress of *Mules and Men*, Zora Hurston, is more famous than the book will ever be. The writer of one of 1934's best sellers, *Jonah's Gourd Vine*, she has been acclaimed by critics here and abroad for her unusual ability to present Negro life in its most natural vein.

*Mules and Men* consists of two parts: the first part deals with Negro folklore, the second with the hoodoo practices carried on by the Negro today. Here and there are sprinkled stories delightfully written and most enjoyable to read; but, on the whole, the book tends to be rather boring, due to its monotonous tone. The first part

records folktales (in the book a character calls them "big old lies we tell when we're jus' sittin' around here on the store porch doin' nothin'"), typical sermons by colored preachers, and some Negro songs—the famous "John Henry," "Mule on De Mount" and others. The second part is by far the more interesting.

—MORTON FELDMAN.

**O. HENRY PRIZE STORIES OF 1935.** Edited by Harry Hansen. Doubleday Doran. New York. 273 pp. \$2.50.

Very unlike anything that O. Henry might have written are most O. Henry Memorial Award prize stories. Though it is perhaps safe to say that the O. Henry type of story, with its technical perfection and twist at the end, is still the most popular kind of tale with the average reader, the trend is away from the tricky plot and toward what seems to be a more natural picture, an episode taken from real life. Rather than an effort to surprise the reader (much in the manner of a detective story), the new short story strives to give an effect, an emotional feeling. After reading an O. Henry story, the uppermost thought in the reader is admiration for the skill of the author; with the O. Henry Prize Stories, one forgets the author in the effect that the story has made on him.

Among the writers in this collection are William Saroyan, Don Marquis, Stephen Vincent Benet, Kay Boyle—and of course Thomas Wolfe is present, with a brief sketch, "Only the Dead Know Brooklyn." Here he is captivated by the sounds of men's voices recording a tragedy.

An interesting fact about the 1935 book is that all three prize-winners are women. This also happened in 1933. Three stories each were chosen from *Harper's* and *Story*, the first and second prize-winning selections being taken from *Harper's*.

There are many short cuts to aid the busy man to keep up with the best that is being written, such as *Reader's Digest*, *Time*, and collections of the best short stories and plays. The *New Yorker* makes fun of such time-saving devices, foreseeing supercondensations the size of one's thumbs that drive *Reader's Digest*, etc., out of business, until finally a brilliant somebody appears who can condense all that has been written during the day to a six-letter word, thus doing away with the necessity for more reading. But *New Yorker* satire to the contrary, we still think it's very nice to sit back and take it easy while some worthy critics go to a lot of trouble to decide what are the nineteen best stories of the year, making it possible for us to read with the assurance that the few minutes spent on each story will be enjoyably spent and that we won't find ourselves in the middle of an artificial story written as a sop to an advertiser or a story written in high school that the writer can sell now that he has made a name for himself.

—N. E. GRIFFIN.

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## Review of «Twelfth Night»

By HAZEL BEACHAM

**“WE WANT Sir Toby! We Want Sir Toby!”** This cheer by scores of students at the end of the production proved that Carolina's reaction to the presentation of “Twelfth Night” by the Hedgerow Players was unanimously favorable.

As a whole, the production was finished and bore few marks of the work of amateurs. The first act dragged, and the audience became restless. That perhaps was due to the facts that the cast was not familiar with the auditorium, and that we of the audience were not accustomed to Shakespearean English. However, the first appearance of the drunken Sir Toby Belch served to speed up the performance, and the play from that time on moved swiftly.

Harry Sheppard as the drunken Sir Toby was superb. He cannot be praised too highly for his excellent portrayal of this comic and lovable character. The audience was his from his first entrance, and it is no wonder that he came near stealing the show.

As the very absurd Malvolio, Walter Williams gave the most finished performance of the entire cast. His graceful pantomime caused so much laughter on the part of the spectators that the main plot was in danger of being completely ignored while all interest was directed toward this sub-plot.

Miriam Phillips as Olivia was disappointing. As the love interest of the play, she gave one of the weakest performances. It was extremely noticeable that all of her speeches (which were murdered prettily) were made while her face was turned toward the audience and her eyes on the floor. She presented each speech in such a manner that it failed to fit into the fine mosaic of the play and seemed to be a soliloquy.

Playing the role of Viola, Cale McLaughlin interpreted the part differently but just as successfully as the usual Viola. She ignored her character and played up the comic side of the role until she failed to be convincing; but, on the other hand, she was quite charming. However unconvincing Viola was, she was not nearly so much so as Sebastian, her brother.

Maria should share honors with Malvolio for the best performance of the play. Catherine Rieser, as Olivia's woman, was the very essence of grace. Her face, hand, and body movements

were those of an artist. She was very successful as a comedienne and deserves credit for a large part of the success of the production.

Perhaps the most outstanding feature of the Hedgerow production was the fact that the cast was able to make the performance very interesting, highly amusing, and convincing in spite of the fact that they used absolutely no set or stage props.

Another unique feature of the performance was the use of the entire stage. The actors played both before and behind the footlights, and strangely enough, the effect was good! And so it seems that our own Paul Green was not the first to place his cast among the audience.

Nor was Mae West the originator of the “done him wrong” phrase: old Shakespeare's line, “Madam, he did you wrong!” brought a howl that interrupted the performance for half a minute.

Though in many respects the play was not done according to tradition, the changes were for the better. All in all, the play was most enjoyable, it proved that Shakespeare wrote for all classes of people, and we still want Sir Toby!

Congratulations to the Student Entertainment Committee are very much in order.

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# *The* CAROLINA MAGAZINE

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## **Cheating and Punishment**

*By Charles A. Poe*

•

## **The Village Killers**

*By Shelby Foote*

•

## **An Honorable Proposal**

*By Nick Read*

•

## **Frame-Ups and Fights—Part Two**

*By Taylor Bledsoe*



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Cover Design by Julian Bobbitt

# Cheating and Punishment

## We Must Revise The Honor System

By CHARLES A. POE

**"A MAN CAN'T CHEAT and stay at Carolina."**  
So says Dr. Frank Graham in a talk to freshmen.

But even freshmen know that although he believes this, it just isn't true. In spite of all that he says and in spite of all the noble idealism that he and others in authority would bring to bear on the existing situation, the fact is that a man *can* cheat and stay at Carolina. And not a few men do cheat and stay here, cheat time and again, with friends looking on, and rarely is a voice raised to protest.

We must stop kidding ourselves. We must open our eyes and look at the facts squarely and frankly, even though a bit ashamedly. The time has arrived (and with a shock) when we are forced to admit that our sacred honor system, which formerly we had to mention with awe and reverence, is not the sacrosanct, unimpeachable Thing we have pretended it was.

As freshmen it was preached into us by innumerable Student Leaders, Deans, Presidents and Professors that the honor system was the University's most treasured possession, that it bred honesty into Carolina students, that we must bow down and worship it. When a freshman would doubt out loud that it worked quite so well as he had been told, an upperclassman would say, in the voice of one denouncing another for a treasonable remark, "Well, it may not work so very well, but had you rather have the proctor system, with paid spies to see that nobody cheats?" And the freshman would shut up.

For years and years and decades the honor system has been waiting at the door to greet students entering Carolina; and in all the time it has been here it has been the same through the ages—time-honored and hallowed. The very fact that it had been here so long seemed to indicate that there was nothing wrong with it; else something would surely have been done about changing it.

But someone might well have drawn the opposite inference: Since it had been with us for so long a time, might it not be possible that it was not perfectly in keeping with modern conditions? Many things were different from what they were when President Battle introduced the honor sys-

tem some sixty years ago. Times changed and people changed and the University changed; but not the honor system—it went on forever.

Now, however, a wholesale tragedy has roused us from our lethargy. Our system seems not quite so flawless as we had imagined. The time has come when we must drag it out of the treasure chest and examine it scientifically in the sunlight.

### II

There is no reason why ardent advocates of the honor system should fear our examining it. We do not want proctors; but we do want a revamping and readjustment of our present system to make it fit present needs and changed conditions.

There are still those who maintain that there is absolutely nothing wrong with the present system, that the fault lies with the students and leaders who have failed to arouse an honor consciousness on the campus. It is true that there is at most only a weak spirit of honor consciousness, but this weakness is not the fault of students and leaders. The fault lies in the present system. It is our duty to admit this and to try to correct these faults, rather than to go blithely on in the forlorn hope that things will get better.

True, the impetus given by the uncovering of the cheating ring should do much for awhile toward stopping cheating. But how long will this last? A few months; perhaps a year. Then conditions will slide back to where they were before the ring was broken up. To curb cheating we don't want to have to depend on a dramatic, wholesale expulsion of students every few years. We want to change the system so that this drastic action won't be necessary.

Can we hope that the next generation of students will have more character, more guts, than we have? Can we hope that gradually our present honor system, enforced and encouraged by such events as the exposure of the cheating ring, will develop a spirit of honor that will pervade the campus and that will be infused into students as soon as they set foot in Chapel Hill?

That is the ideal toward which our present system strives. But much as we hate to admit it, there is no indication that we are approaching it. This ideal has been achieved in some preparatory



schools—old schools, small schools, with a select number of boys who are for the large part of exceptional character and who know one another intimately. But in Chapel Hill there are thousands of students, boys of all types and kinds, from all parts of America. These conditions place us at a distinct disadvantage as compared with the preparatory school in developing a spirit of honor.

The least we can do is to recognize and admit that because the natures of a large university and a small prep school are different, student government will have to be organized under different principles. This is not a prep school; this is a great university. We cannot run it under prep school rules.

### III

As long as we continue under the present system under which the student knows that if he reports a fellow student for cheating there is a very good chance the cheater will be kicked out of school, the honor system will fail. This is due not so much to the fact that there is a natural revolution in everyone against the idea of "squealing" as that the student feels that his fellow has committed no crime worthy of the extreme severity of dismissal.

To be banished, to be ordered away from one's fellows, to be branded a cheat as the adulterers of colonial America were marked with the scarlet letter "A," is a cruel and unnatural punishment such as has not been practiced for hundreds of years—except by college students. (It is true that a judge will sometimes order a bum to leave the city, but this is recognized as a most ineffectual way of dealing with crime. Then too, the bum is a person of no character or sensitiveness; he is a callous person who is affected no whit by this statement that he is not wanted in that community, that he is not fit to live with upstanding, respectable citizens.)

The authority to dismiss from school is the sacred cow of college student councils, and they would no more think of surrendering it than the English would think of giving up tea-drinking. It is this fact which is rendering the honor system ineffectual.

Figures and investigations indicate that more than ninety-five students out of one hundred will not report a fellow student for cheating. And they will not report largely because they feel that the punishment meted out by the Council is out of all proportion to the offense committed. What happens as a result? Cheating goes on openly and un-

ashamedly, the cheaters confident that they will not be reported. Those who otherwise would not cheat do so because they see others cheating; or because they realize that, since the grading is on a more or less comparative basis, their relative grades are being lowered because of the cheating done by others; and rather than report the others, justify themselves in cheating. They satisfy their consciences with the rationalization that "I wouldn't cheat if the others didn't; but I have to do it to get a fair grade." Thus the right-minded but weak-willed are swept into the vortex and the vicious, whirling circle is complete. As a rule those who have the strength to resist the ever-present temptation to cheat do not have the moral courage and indifference to criticism to report cheating.

### IV

Many thoughtful students believe the following would be a fair rule:

That no student be suspended for a first offense. Instead, that he be flunked on the course in which he cheated, that his parents be notified, and that he be put on strictest probation for the rest of his college days; and if he is ever reported again and convicted of cheating, that he be automatically expelled, never to be allowed to return to school.

In comparison with suspension this seems like mild punishment; and one's natural first reaction to it is that it would practically be an invitation to cheat at least one time. But it is our firm conviction that rather than acting as a deterrent to *cheating*, the threat of suspension acts mainly as a deterrent to *reporting cheating*. As it is now, there are very few people who refrain from cheating because of the fear that they will be reported and suspended from school; yet the knowledge that the cheater is likely to be suspended does act as a very real influence in building up a student-body inhibition against reporting.

The belief that the threat of a terrible punishment is the best means of preventing anti-social acts is an ancient one that was long ago blown to bits. In the Middle Ages there were more than 200 crimes punishable by death; in colonial North Carolina there were only twenty; a few years from now it is not unlikely that the death penalty will be entirely abolished. The whole trend of civilization is away from the barbarous penalty for crime.

The suggestion that the parents be notified may seem like an ineffectual one. But even though this

is a hard-boiled, cynical world, most students would dread for their parents to know they had cheated. The combined effect of trial before the Student Council, of being flunked on the course and put on strict probation, and finally of having an impeachment of his honor officially reported to father, mother, or guardian—all this should make a powerful and unforgettable impression on the student. After such an experience only the most hardened persons would again give in to the temptation to cheat. If anyone were to cheat after being put on probation, he would deserve no mercy and ought to be automatically expelled.

At present we seem to be just a little mixed up as to the purpose of the honor system. Is its purpose to get rid of those who cheat, as Dr. Graham's remark would seem to imply? If so, not only is it failing in its purpose, but that purpose is not a worthy one. Instead, the purpose of the honor system should be to build up character, to develop honorable students. Obviously, we don't help much in building character by booting a fellow out of school. The news always leaks out somehow and leaves a muddy stain on him which it takes years for him to wash away. He may even feel constrained to leave the state and go to some place where he and his sin aren't known. In many cases, instead of making a new man out of him and sending him out to start life afresh, it tears down any character that may have been left after the dishonorable discharge.

On the other hand, it is the essence of decency and Christian philosophy to give the erring a second chance. The best of men make mistakes—moral mistakes as well as mental. For their first mistakes they should be censured, but not too severely. They should be given the chance to prove that they have profited by their mistakes. In that way is true honor developed; in that way will the honor system be worthy of its name. That "men may rise on stepping stones of their dead selves to higher things" is something more than poetic imagery.

## V

The present system is also in very bad need of a statute of limitations: a rule that no student may be reported for an offense committed more than one year previously. A large number of men suspended in the recent purge were convicted of cheating one or two or even four years ago. When this is possible, very little encouragement is given for a men who has once cheated to change for the better. He has cheated once; so in the eyes of the law

he is still a cheat, and no matter how commendably he has lived since the time of his indiscretion he is not forgiven for his ancient misconduct.

As well as in the matter of individual honesty, in building up a student willingness to accept the responsibility of reporting others there is need for a rule prohibiting conviction for an old offense. A student who has slipped up himself at some time during his freshman year may later resolve to cheat no more; but he will never consider reporting another student for the same offense that he himself once committed. This is one important reason why students are unwilling to report others for cheating: many of them have cheated at some time in their lives, and although they have reformed, don't feel that they are qualified to cast stones.

But if we change the rules so as to recognize that a man who has once cheated may live it down by "going straight" for a certain length of time, and if we change the rule which makes it possible for a man to be shipped for a first offense, we will have knocked down the two biggest barriers in the way of building up a student willingness to undertake all the obligations of the honor system.

## VI

There is no reason why the faculty should not be asked to co-operate in discouraging cheating. Two simple things would prevent much cheating: (1) If the professor would ask the students to sit in alternate seats during the quiz, and (2) If the professor would return to the room several times during the quiz.

Adoption of the latter suggestion would not only help prevent cheating but would tend to keep down conversation, which disturbs other students and which is likely to drift around to the subject of quiz questions.

For more reasons than one it is desirable for students to spread out and if possible to sit in alternate seats. In the first place, it is more comfortable; second, it is distracting to have someone scribbling under one's nose; and third, it takes real effort to keep from looking on one's neighbor's paper. Honest students are annoyed by close packing, while it facilitates cheating by dishonest students.

The whole machinery of our present system is absurd. We throw temptations of every kind in the face of freshmen. These temptations are supposed to be good for them; for, say the upholders of the status quo, how are we going to develop honor if we take away all temptation? The fresh-



man is supposed to have the strength of character to resist the many invitations to cheat; but even if he is at first courageous enough to shake his head, later when he is tempted over and over again—when those on each side of him cheat fur- tively, when those in front and in back of him have grown bold enough to cheat openly and make a joke of it—it is small wonder that he too gives in and joins in the mob action.

One essential truth our present system over- looks. It is that the moral convictions of boys just out of high school are quite immature and unset- tled; very few have minds of their own; most will follow the crowd—hesitantly and doubtfully, in many cases, but nevertheless they follow. And so when the unprincipled accept the invitation to cheat, many others do likewise, either in imita- tion or in self-defense.

Some students will dismiss the foregoing sug- gestions concerning professors by snorting "proc- tor system!" But the day is over when we can damn a sound proposal by calling it an unpleas- ing name. Whether or not the suggestion that pro- fessors make some small effort to discourage cheating is similar to the proctor system (and we can see very little essential similarity) is beside the point. The real point is whether or not it will help reduce the temptation to cheat and thereby make our honor system function better. We be- lieve it will.

## VII

The committee appointed by the Student Coun- cil to study the honor system has a gigantic task. The suggestions made in this article are only a few among the myriads from which the commit-

tee will have to endeavor to construct a workable plan. We believe that these simple suggestions would go far toward treating the cheater as a hu- man being and not as an anti-social criminal; to- ward developing honor instead of kicking out a few unfortunates who happen to get caught; and toward building up a student willingness to ac- cept the honor system and enforce it. When these three goals are achieved we will have something of which to be proud.

Contrary to popular belief in past years (and to some extent at present), the question does not resolve itself neatly down to the choice, "Do we want the honor system or the proctor system?" (And some of the rigid honor systemers would be surprised at the number who would favor proc- tors over our present system.) To any clear-think- ing person willing to face facts frankly, it should be clear that the University must confront and answer three questions: (1) Do we want the proc- tor system? (2) Are we content with our present ineffective honor system? Or (3) Do we want a genuinely just and effectively functioning honor system such as the modifications herein suggested would enable us to establish and perpetuate?

The exposure of the recent cheating ring was a healthy thing; not, as some claimed, because it proved that the honor system is working, but be- cause it has made it possible for our system of student government to be inspected and dissected thoroughly and sanely. If we now let pass this op- portunity to make some constructive and much- needed changes while we blindly and bigotedly ex- tol the present set-up, we shall have committed a heinous crime on all succeeding generations of Carolina students.

## Memorial Day

I do not bring triumphant lilies,  
Silver-cool with dew,  
To waste their sweetness on the stone  
That covers you.

I bring no purple hyacinths,  
Symbolic of my grief,  
To mask my sorrow in their drooping  
Dying leaf.

Your courage needs no comment now;  
My sorrow needs no token.  
Your illusions died with you.  
Mine have been broken. . . .

—John Coulter.

# The Village Killers

## A Story

By SHELBY FOOTE

FRANCIS GOT INTO the elevator and rode up to his floor, where he got out and went into his room without switching on the light. He lay in the semidarkness on the bed looking out of the window. The neon signs were blinking and he could hear the noises of the automobiles and people from far below. He held his jaws in his hands and watched the night and the dark forms of the buildings against the pale sky. Every certain interval he could hear the traffic bell ring and the noises of gears; the ticking of the city.

He remembered playing football and the cheers from the grandstand. He remembered the white streak of a hit ball on the diamond and the runners and the dust and the cheers from the grandstand. He remembered hot long hours in classrooms back in Clayton High School and the sweet dead hours of study and the drone of recitation. He remembered his brothers at home and his sisters and his old man with a hot horseshoe over the anvil and the clear ring of red metal. He did not think of the money or the race or Pozzy. He just felt deep inside and empty and warm all over, there in the close room. He rolled over and pressed his face into the cool pillow.

A year ago he graduated and took a job driving a liquor truck for Pozzy. He would drive to Bannard, over three hundred miles from Clayton where he lived. Pozzy had a soft full face that was always laughing and Francis didn't much believe what they all said about his having killed so many men. How could this agreeable Greek do anything but shove his soft belly against the bar and laugh and joke and watch the money roll in?

Ferry stayed around with Pozzy all the time so that folks laughed and said he was Pozzy's bodyguard. Pozzy liked that and he used to say, "Sure, sure, He's ma keeper, sort of. Ferry keeps the snakes off me (slapping nicely at Ferry), don't you, Ferry?" Anyway Francis knew Ferry carried a gun strapped under that shiny black suit, for he had seen him draw it one night in a row with a yokel over a woman the yokel had brought out to the Tavern. Pozzy, Francis knew, didn't carry one. There were three-four other men who stayed around the tavern and drew money from Pozzy

every Saturday, but Francis didn't know what for. Some of them carried guns, and all had come after Pozzy hit town and got settled: two years now.

Friday mornings Pozzy would walk out to the truck Francis had driven up to the back door, and would lean against the door with his forearms resting heavily against the top of the down-rolled glass, talking loud and telling him jokes while they waited for Buddy, the negro boy who carried the empty cases out of the Tavern and loaded them onto the truck. When Buddy had the loading done and had got into the truck Pozzy would turn his head around and yell back into the building for Ferry to bring out the money and Ferry would come out with the bag in his hand and give it to Pozzy who in his turn would hand it to Francis, saying "Now watch it, France boy. Thassa ole man's dough," laughing and waving goodbye as Francis backed the truck out and drove it onto the road and got under way.

Francis's father ran a blacksmith shop downtown and did not much like his son's new job but good money came in and he was glad to see it. Francis had two sisters and two brothers whom the money helped to feed and clothe. He made thirty-five dollars a week: more than the old man made.

He drove the job for a round year, during which time he got a five-dollar raise and more promises for a better place. He even thought of doing the job less well, giving the men down the way more for the stuff than usual, in hopes that Pozzy would take him off the truck. But he did not do that either.

When he would get to Bannard he would always have to wait overnight for daylight to get the stuff loaded. He went to a hotel and ate supper and walked into the lobby—a rather hardfaced young man—one Jake could spot from all the way across the lobby for what he was. Jake weaved his way through the chairs and couches with slim and wonted ease and sat down beside Francis on the couch.

"Mind if I look through your paper?"

"No," Francis said. "Go on."

"Thanks." He began to read; glanced at the



ads and immediately turned to the sporting section. "This Buzzby," he said, pointing to a picture of a lean racehorse with a wreath about its long neck and a small, hunched man on its back. "It looks like he's go' take everything this season."

"I dont follow em," Francis said.

"No?"

"No."

"Where you up from?"

"Ah you wouldnt know. A small town: Clayton, Mississippi."

"Sure I know it. Say, aint Pozzy Micca up there?"

"Yair," Francis said, in a hard young voice. "What they tell me." Jake went back to his paper, studying the racing results with avid deliberation, no other interest in the world. He turned to Francis.

"What you go' do in town tonight?"

"Ah I dunno."

As they were coming out of the lobby together they brushed against a freshly-pressed, thin man with a diamond on each hand and a stickpin you could see from down the block. Jake said for Francis to wait up a minute and went back to talk with the man. He came back almost dancing. He walked briskly up to Francis, quivering with excitement and nodding.

"Ah say! Ah say! I got it now!"

"Well."

"Nah," Jake said. "I mean I got a tip." He opened the folded newspaper to the sporting page, pointing to a list of names under the entrance-list. "See that?" Francis bent forward looking at the half-inch of letters Jake's fingernail was underlining.

*Heftaway* he read.

"Doesnt mean much to you, does it?" Jake said. Francis shook his head. "Well, it would," mysteriously.

"Yair?" Francis said, growing more interested.

"Wait," Jake said. He looked around over his shoulder to see if anyone were near; then leaned forward almost to Francis's ear and said in a low voice, "The winner."

"Yair. I guess you know that."

"Sure. Didn't I just get it from Phil?"

"Phil?"

"That fella back there."

"Ah."

"He *knows*," Jake said.

"What's he doing telling you?"

"Ah," Jake said: "A pal."

"Does he tell you those things much?"

"Sure."

"Well why aint you got about a million?" Francis said. Jake sorrowfully shook his head.

"That's the hell of it, kid. I aint got the jack."

"If I was so sure it'd win, like you are, I'd beg or borrow or steal some money somewhere."

"Unh-huh." Jake sighed. "It's tough."

"Would you put in a bet for me?"

"Sure kid. Why not?"

"Well, here's ten. You bet that for me."

"Okay," Jake said. "I will." They swung on down the street and Francis turned in, after having arranged to meet Jake the next morning in the lobby an hour after the races.

Jake was there smiling when Francis walked in.

"Kid," Jake said, slapping him on the shoulder: "You sure had some sense." He took some bills out of his pocket and handed them to him. There were seven ten-dollar bills.

"Ah, say."

"Pretty swell, hey kid?"

"Say!—Come on. Let's get something to eat."

Francis made the run back to Clayton but he thought he had better not say anything to Pozzy or any of the men about it. Pozzy greeted him smiling.

"Well Boy! (grinning broadly and waving his short arms), did you have a good trip? Say, we about to buy em out down there. These folks you ~~got~~ round here sho can drink it down. I guess fore long we hafta start making our own." He waved Francis over to the bar and then made him sit down and tell him all about the trip. Francis did not tell him about Jake or the horses. It seemed too easy, this fooling a killer. Well, hell. Maybe he was just a lot smarter than Pozzy.

He continued his runs. Often he would place money through Jake. He never lost.

Then one day driving down, leaning heavily on the big steeringwheel, he thought of it and wondered why he had not before. He reached his hand out and touched the pocket of the truck: the bulge of the bag was big; Oh he guessed there was well over two thousand dollars this trip. Why not get Jake to place it for him? With another hot tip from the man with the diamonds he would be far beyond his wildest dreams of richness. He thought of building another roadhouse in Clayton; he knew it could use another; and he would get all the high school trade; and he knew Pozzy would let him, though he had not let other men. The

thing he could not understand was how Pozzy kept them from doing what they wanted to do. He had heard a lot about gangsters: but Pozzy was like none of these. This florid Pozzy was more like the greasy Wop who ran a fruitstand downtown than one of those dark thin forms with a belching machinegun against his belly and a snarling face. *Pozzy likes me. I think he would let it pass if I did lose the money. (Which I cannot.) He thinks more of me than of any man he ever had; he told me so himself. Besides, he would reason that I am a kid and that I had been weak and that it would teach me a lesson. But what's the need of thinking about losing when I haven't lost yet? Jake knows the winners through this diamond fellow. I haven't lost yet. Why lose now?*

When he got to Bannard he asked Jake what he thought about it. Jake said it was the thing to do all right, but Oh God there'd be hell to pay if he lost.

Francis said hell, he hadn't lost yet.

Jake said yes, but you never could tell, and this Pozzy was a tough baby.

Not so tough, Francis said.

Jake said he couldn't tell him that.

But they both agreed that Francis would be a fool to pass up a chance like this when it was right here, his for the taking, and so much for so slight a risk. But mostly Francis depended upon his being on the right side of Pozzy.

He gave Jake the sack with the two thousand dollars in it and arranged to meet him there in the lobby before supper that night. Jake left encouraging him, telling him he was smart.

Francis walked about the lobby watching the clock; it was one o'clock in the afternoon. He watched it turn around till the hour-hand pointed to 2; then went up to his room and lay down on the bed. Though he had not intended to, he fell asleep. When he woke up it was six o'clock.

He hurried to the washstand, wet his face and hair. Then when he was combing his hair he noticed how his hand was shaking. He laughed nervously and hurried down into the lobby. He did not see Jake, so he bought a paper and tried to find the racing-results; he could not find them and sat down on one side of the lobby to wait for Jake to come. He was nervous and kept shaking so he could hardly hold the many cigarettes.

The clock went on to 7. Then he realized that Jake was not coming with the money, or at all, but had taken it and gone away, leaving him holding the bag. He jerked himself up in the chair

and cursed himself and sat there a while longer, hoping against hope that he would see Jake swing in through the broad doors smiling and holding out the money—fifteen thousand dollars. Then after waiting another ten minutes he was *sure* Jake was not coming. He wanted to get up and go.

Jake came in through the doors, caught sight of Francis sitting across the lobby. By Jake's face Francis could see the horse had lost.

"He fell," Jake said. "Tripped clean up. Killed jockey, himself, and another horse. And—oh yes—your two thousand. Ah kid, I'm sorry. I didn't wanna come back. I—Well I—"

"Yair," Francis said, calm and slow like air lifting out of a void, whispering up. Then: "Ah Jake, I got to get two thousand dollars. Jake, you can get it somewhere; can't you? somewhere? You know some of the boys down here . . . I'll get it back to them next time . . . I won't be a week getting it back."

"Look, kid. You go on up and get some sleep; get a good night's sleep. Then tomorrow morning you let that nigga drive the truck back to Clayton and you catch a train out of here for as far north as you can find one going. If you haven't got trainfare I'll scrape it up somehow—or you can ride the rods. Do anything; but don't go back there where Pozzy is, I'm telling you. Pozzy don't take no playing with and you know it. He's had guys pull that same stuff before and they were always found in ditches and places. Do anything but don't, for God's sake, don't go back."

"You can't get it for me . . . no, I don't guess—Say, Jake. You got me into this . . . by God you got me into it . . . now you got to . . . to—" He got out of his chair and walked across the lobby leaving Jake shrugging his shoulders beside the chair. He got into the elevator and rode up to his floor, where he got out and went into his room without switching on the light. He lay in the semidarkness on the bed looking out of the window. The neon signs were blinking and he could hear the noises of the automobiles and people from far below. He held his jaws in his hands and watched the night and the dark forms of the buildings against the pale sky. Every certain interval he could hear the traffic bell ring and the noises of gears; the ticking of the city.

He remembered playing football and the cheers from the grandstand. He remembered the white streak of a hit ball on the diamond and the runners and the dust and the cheers from the grandstand. He remembered hot long hours in class-



rooms back in Clayton High School and the sweet dead hours of study and the drone of recitation. He remembered his brothers and his sisters and his old man with a hot horseshoe over the anvil and the clear ring of red metal. He did not think of the money or the race or Pozzy. He just felt deep inside and empty and warm all over, there in the close room. He rolled over on his side and pressed his face into the cool pillow and thought he was about to cry he felt so peaceful but he jerked himself up and crossed to the washstand and rinsed his face in the cold water, then sat

down in a straightbacked chair by the desk with his elbows on its glass top and his chin in his hands and got out the stationery and ink and pen and switched on the desklight and wrote the letter Pozzy *I have come to Bannard for the stuff like you told me and like I have been getting for you for a year now and have made you a lot of money off of But I took the money and gave it to a man to bet on a horse which he said was sure to win like all the other winners he had been picking for me for some time now but the horse*  
(Continued on page twenty-nine)

## Mental Telepathy on Trial

### Has Rhine Proved Existence of the Supernatural?

By FRANKLIN HARWARD

**T**WO PERSONS, silent in concentration, sit with a table between them. One picks up the top card of a pack, gazes intently at it, puts it aside, picks up the next. The other bows his head in concentration, makes a "guess" as to the design on the card. So they continue, slowly turning cards and concentrating, recording the "guesses" and the results.

For five years these investigations have been going on at Duke University, until the amazing total of over 90,000 recorded trials has been reached, constituting the most important and most intensive experiment ever made in the field of psychical phenomena. The results of these investigations are so astounding and incredible that their implications are not yet fully realized.

Long associated with mysticism, self-deception, fraud and shunned by orthodox scientists, mental telepathy and clairvoyance are now entering the laboratory of dignified scientific research. In the past many reputable scientists have dabbled in telepathic research, but ten times their number have snooted psychic phenomena, refused to give its research recognition, and denied its existence.

But now orthodox science is beginning to recognize telepathy as a field for research. This is largely due to the attitude of Dr. Alexis Carrel, winner of the Nobel prize in 1912, member of the research staff of the Rockefeller Institute, who in his recent best-seller, *Man, the Unknown*, accepts telepathy and clairvoyance as fields for scientific study. Orthodox science is almost on speaking

terms with its former black sheep, psychic phenomena.

#### II

The chief reasons for science's disregard of psychical research have been the exceptional nature of the phenomena and its elusiveness, for its manifestations are not reproducible at will. The intensive experiments in mental telepathy and clairvoyance of Dr. J. B. Rhine of the Duke psychology department, extending over a period of five years and including work with many subjects and under varied conditions, have done much to bring physical phenomena into the realm of the reputable laboratory.

Inspired by Sir Oliver Lodge's experiments on telepathy and clairvoyance, Rhine, who was at that time a young biologist with a good position and promising future, gave up his job as biology instructor to enter a rather uncertain and unexplored field of research. This shy, retiring, precise monomaniac has for five years concerned himself with the endless details and trivialities of psychical experimentation. He has become so involved in minutiae that he has lost sight of broad, fundamental interpretations of his investigations and has completely lost his sense of perspective.

Rhine has been endeavoring to prove the existence of mental telepathy and clairvoyance and to determine something of their nature. In the experiments a clear differentiation was made between telepathy and clairvoyance. Mental telepathy is the perception of thoughts without the aid

of the senses. Clairvoyance is the perception of material objects without the aid of the senses. Both of these phenomena are referred to by the term "extra-sensory perception."

Rhine's experiments have been conducted by means of cards, each bearing one of five symbols: a rectangle, a circle, a plus sign, a star, and parallel wavy lines. Five cards for each design make up a pack of 25 cards. The chance expectation of the subject's "guessing" the correct symbol is  $1/5$  of a chance per card, or an expectation of five hits in 25 trials. Any score above this chance expectation would seem to indicate the operation of factors other than pure chance and to prove the presence of telepathy or clairvoyance.

In experimenting with pure mental telepathy, the transmission of thoughts without the aid of senses, no cards were used, one subject concentrating upon the mental image of the various symbols one by one in predetermined arrangements of groups of 25, while the other made "guesses" as to the symbols. A different method was employed in the experiments on clairvoyance. A pack of the shuffled cards, with the order of arrangement unknown to anyone, was placed before the subject, who attempted to "guess" the design on each card without the cards being seen by anyone. The pack was left undisturbed except for check-ups on the correctness of the "guesses," which were made either after "guesses" had been made for all of the 25 cards or after five "guesses" had been made, in which case the complete pack was reshuffled for the next five "guesses." This procedure resulted in the elimination of any possibility of thought transference and made possible only the perception of material objects, the symbols on the cards.

Numerous subjects, most of them students at Duke University, have been used during the five years of the research. Some who had poor scores, below chance expectation, were dropped as subjects at the outset, although their scores were included in the findings. Subjects who made above chance expectation were said to possess the capacity for extra-sensory perception and were made the subjects for the vast majority of trials.

### III

The results are astounding. In a total of over 90,000 trials the average number of correct "guesses" per 25 cards was 9.9. Since chance expectation is only five hits per 25, this amazing result indicates the presence of factors other than pure chance. This 9.9 score was the average for

all the trials, including the scores of both good and poor subjects. The possibility that this result was due to pure chance has to be stated in astronomical figures—more than 100,000,000,000 to one. Some spectacular scores were made, one subject scoring 26 consecutive hits and another 25. The odds against these runs being attributable to chance are so great that ordinary mathematics has no suitable expression for them. The heavy odds against any chance explanation of the phenomena make such an interpretation preposterous and appear to indicate the presence of telepathy and clairvoyance.

Many of the subjects maintained averages of six hits per 25 trials, while the better subjects had averages of around ten hits per 25 calls. There was a marked tendency for the ability and score of the subject to improve as the trials progressed and his experience with extra-sensory perception increased. This improvement is similar to the improvement of ability to play basketball which comes with practice. One subject at first had only a chance average, but through 11,250 witnessed trials for clairvoyance, improved until he was getting 8.9 cards per 25 correct. A magician, Wallace Lee, who witnessed this subject at work, was unable to offer any explanation of the phenomenon.

With the two subjects in separate rooms and an intervening room between them, one subject signalled the other with a telegraph key just before she mentally visualized the symbol. Under these conditions, in experiments in pure telepathy, the receiver calling the symbols as the sender concentrated upon them, out of 250 trials the percipient was correct an average of 16 out of 25 cards. With only one wall intervening between the subjects, out of 750 trials the receiver was correct an average of 14.6 times per 25, and in the same room his average for 950 trials was 14.0. This increase of the ratio of success with distance is astonishing and would seem to indicate that no intentional or unintentional signalling occurred between the subjects. Rhine could offer no explanation of this improvement with distance.

In the more recent experiments the intervening distance has been greatly increased and in most cases this increase has yielded results better than those with the subjects in the same room. With the subjects 250 miles apart and signalling by means of a telegraph key, a 10.1 average per 25 cards was made in 200 trials. Separated by 100 yards, 9.9 hits per 25 for 300 calls were recorded, an average better than that the subject main-



tained at close range. Tests with one subject in Durham and the other in Arkansas have resulted in similar findings. At the present time tests are being conducted between subjects in Durham and California and the indications are that the results will be of the same order as those of local experiments. As yet no tests have been devised to determine whether distance affects the time required for perception, whether thoughts travel quicker from one room to another than from Durham to California, but indications are that the mental impression is transmitted instantly. Rhine thinks that a negative factor may possibly be involved, something similar to the nature of a premonition.

The capacity to receive impressions of material objects is coincident with that to receive thoughts, or mental images, both capacities being found in more or less the same degree in all persons who possess them, and varying with rough uniformity when there are variations. The method of perception varies with the individual and in most cases the percipient can not clearly describe the process. The image looms before some and appears on the walls and eyelids for others. It is almost impossible to explain the method by which the impression is gained because of its variation with different individuals.

According to Rhine's investigations, age and intelligence have no apparent effect upon this capacity of individuals, doddering men of 60 being as adept as bright children, but various physiological factors have direct effects. These factors, which had distinct effects upon scores, could not possibly have affected pure guessing. They, therefore, tend to indicate the presence of telepathy and clairvoyance.

Two drugs which were given subjects had definite effects upon the scores. Sodium amytal, a narcotic which has a dulling effect, was administered to a subject. His speech became slightly incoherent but his senses remained clear. The result was a loss of his clairvoyant ability, his accuracy dropping from an average of 14.7 to 6.2 per 25 trials. Upon "sobering up" his ability for perceiving material objects without the aid of the senses returned. Caffeine, a stimulant which speeds up the bodily processes, after a period of lower averages and adjustment, had an opposite effect and resulted in raising the subject's average.

#### IV

All these findings tend to demonstrate the exist-

ence of extra-sensory perception, but what is the explanation of this phenomenon? The explanations of many previous experiments on psychical phenomena are ruled out at the start. It would have been impossible for the experimenters to have succeeded in perpetrating a fraud extending over a period of five years and involving many individuals. Incompetence and self-deception are also discounted because trained psychologists and experimenters of the Duke psychology department have supervised and inspected the work, subjecting it to the most intensive criticism and scrutiny in an effort to eliminate all possibility of error.

The radiation or wave theory has been offered as an explanation. This theory supposes that waves of the same nature as light and radio waves are sent out from the mind or from the nervous system as a whole and that the percipient receives these waves by means of his nervous system which must be attuned to them. This theory Rhine terms "fantastic." It becomes apparent that this explanation is inadequate and absurd when it is applied to pure clairvoyance. In pure clairvoyance there is no mind to send out these mysterious waves, the impressions being received directly from the material objects. Another objection to the wave theory is that distance produces no decrease in results. If these telepathic waves are considered as ordinary radiation their effectiveness should decrease rapidly as distance increases.

This telepathic power is associated in some way with the ordinary sensory mechanism of the body because the experiments have demonstrated that such drugs as sodium amytal, which has a dissociative effect on the nervous system, destroy the telepathic and clairvoyant powers. Rhine has been led to believe these powers to be later evolutionary developments of the human race, because they disappear first under the influence of drugs. He thinks possibly they are a new sense being developed by human beings.

This telepathic ability is an innate capacity which exists in all individuals in greater or less degree. It is an "integral part of mental life," according to Rhine, and belongs to us all. Just as a muscle becomes stronger with use so is this capacity developed and improved with practice. Rhine sees nothing unusual, esoteric, or mystical in this capacity. It is as simple to him as if your eyesight were better than mine.

Dr. Walter Timme, who has been studying the

parathyroid glands, has reached the conclusion that a deficiency of calcium in the body causes the nerve tissues to be better conductors of stimuli, to be sensitive to stimuli of which an ordinary person would not be even conscious. Telepathic stimuli, which would not be noticed by a normal person, could be picked up by such a super-sensitive person. This theory easily accounts for the elusiveness of telepathy by the fact that the numerous changes in the calcium content, would cause the capacity for the reception of telepathic stimuli to vary.

V

Rhine characterizes the phenomena observed as "extra-sensory perception" and describes it as the "reception of an unknown form of energy by an unknown mode." In other words, something is received. As to just what is received or how it is received we are left in darkness along with Dr. Rhine. His experiments have fulfilled

only half their purpose; they have merely demonstrated the existence of some phenomenon. They have achieved little success in the explanation of the nature of the phenomenon. It is possible that ultimately, when many other experimenters have made similar findings and the results have become more definite and conclusive, the experiments at Duke will take on new significance and implications.

If these findings are sustained in future experiments, Rhine declares that his belief that the laws of the mind are different from known physical laws will be substantiated. "Our results have a bearing on the general problem of the survival of life after death. They show that the mind has powers not dependent upon the senses, an assumption that is made under the theory that life can exist apart from the body. By proving that such powers exist in the normal body the problem of securing scientific evidence of survival becomes one of still greater difficulty."

## Frame-Ups and Fights—Part Two

### Some Recollections of Campus Politics, 1922--1929

By TAYLOR BLEDSOE

AT THE BEGINNING of 1925 fall quarter things were beginning to look pretty good for me politically. Had I not backed down the mighty Betas and the big boss Griffin, himself, and won? Griffin graduated in 1925 and did not return to school. I was regarded as his natural successor by the group that was associated with him the previous year, and soon formed a kind of a triumvirate with Jim Williams and Lee Kennett.

We laid our plans to run Jim for President of the student body, and Lee for President of the Y. M. C. A. The chief contender at first against Jim was the famed Kyke Kiser, later famous as cheer and orchestra leader, and known as Kay Kiser in maturer years. He was not the colossus in the fall of '25 that he later became, but his ambition never knew any limit, and he was convinced that he was the man for President of the Student Body. We finally told him that if he ran it would be against us, and as he didn't have the nerve to try, a compromise was arranged for him to run for President of the Senior Class.

The Presidents of the Sophomore, Junior and Senior classes had, as long as I knew anything

about it, been ex-officio representatives of those classes on the Student Council. This made a combination hard to fill, as many popular men might be elected President of the Class, and yet take enough Carrboro corn to disqualify them from being on the Council. Also there was the potent reason for separating these offices that three new offices would be made, by which three new fraternities could be brought into the frame-up.

A carefully-laid plan nurtured the idea of separating the two offices through the Di and Phi Societies, and enough agitation got under way to force the Student Council to call an election on the matter. The Betas and their close allies then in power realized that this plan was aimed at them, and the Tar Heel and the majority of the Golden Fleece men opposed it. We had the better of the argument, however. The campus big men suffered from having been elected by that horrible unanimous "frame-up," and in addition a fairly well-knit machine was behind the idea. As usually happens when the press and big names go to the mat in a popular referendum against any kind of an organization, the organiza-



tion comes out on top. The offices were separated.

By this time (February, 1926) most of our ticket was completed. The offices of President of the Classes and Student Councilmen had been separated in order to get the S. A. E.'s, Pikas, and I believe Sigma Chis, into the line-up. I still think that the proposition was a sound one and meritorious, aside from the politics of the moment.

Meetings in our camp were held on Sunday afternoons, this time in the Dialectic halls. Someone thought that each fraternity ought to put down in writing that they would stick to the line-up, so I wrote out a pledge, placed the slate below it, (which was frequently changed, and had places for each fraternity delegate to sign up. The idea of a written pledge to back a frame-up was new, since the whole line-up had to be explained in some chapters before their political representatives would take the risk of signing the pledge, and several awkward situations developed. I later came to the conclusion that those who would not stick to their oral word would do no better with the written, and that the whole thing was only productive of friction. It was never used again.

The line-up left the Beta's out, and with the victory of February over the enemy on the question of the representatives of the Student Council, our cup seemed full. It was the last satisfaction we knew. First, Jim Williams got sick. He had a throat affliction from which he nearly died, and eventually had to quit school for the rest of the year. When he left the man who could swing Swain Hall left, and the arrangements he had made were never carried out.

An extremely popular man by the name of Eric Vane Core who was to have been Secretary of the Di, developed enormous strength as a student councilman from the rising Junior Class. The main group of leaders at Swain Hall organized themselves into a self-help fraternity, and Core belonged to it. They were hot against the unanimous frame-up crowd, and our dope leaked out. We had started too soon.

A nasty situation arose on the Tar Heel. Luther Byrd was our candidate, and he was supposed to be a wizard at Swain Hall. The man who ran against him was "Bumps" Madry, member of the Gamma Delta local fraternity which had not been deemed strong enough to receive consideration in '25. An attempt on our part to influence the members of the Tar Heel board to nominate Byrd was coldly received as an attempt

to drag dirty politics into a matter which should go on merit, and Madry got the nomination.

Kennett had been associated so long with the old machine that the boys at Swain Hall classed him as a fraternity satellite, and he was unable to do a thing. Add Warren won the national championship in boxing and over-night was a hero on the ticket against us. Previously he had only been a clownish boxer.

The combination of these factors, every break going against us, swamped us on election day. Sid Chappell, the orator, was elected President of the Student Body over Williams and two other candidates. The only class offices we won were those of the rising Sophomore Class, and the only one of our candidates who pulled through on the campus ticket was Gus McPherson, Representative on the Athletic Association, and that only because of his great popularity.

The chief reason why the machine I organized and led this year resulted in such a debacle was very clear afterwards. I had realized that organization was necessary to win, and had an organization all right, but it was not the right kind. It lacked the votes of the masses of the non-fraternity men that are necessary for the victory of any frame-up. I thought I had the right leaders lined to swing the boys at Swain, but I didn't. I also underestimated the importance of this. Griffin's control had been so complete at Swain and in the dormitories through his being able to hand out the jobs that he was able to do as he pleased with the big boys in the fraternities. The only experience I had prior to this was with him in '25, and the sailing was so smooth then that I thought it could be repeated. I had most of the fraternities with me, but not enough of the rank and file.

At this juncture Charlie Price came to the front. He was a Sigma Nu, and received the credit for carrying his class elections in the rising Sophomore Class in the spring of '25. I gave him complete charge of the rising Junior Class in our line-up. Charlie's nickname was "Blowhorn," and that describes him very well. He was one of the loudest talkers that ever hit the campus. His vocabulary was above the average, but the thing that distinguished him was his manner, which was bombastic and energetic in the extreme. His energy in working at the polls was grand, and as an exhorter I never saw his rival anywhere. His chief political weakness was in saying cutting things about people whom he later

had contact with, and he was often disliked because of this. He was not a strategist, and after his disastrous failure in his own class in '26 never tried to be much of a planner, but he was a fine executor of plans.

#### THE SCHOOL YEAR OF 1926-27

This was by far the most exciting and interesting year in campus activities of any I spent at Chapel Hill. It was also the most interesting for me politically. It seemed at the time that life was just one sensation after another. This was in part due to the fact that Byron White was one of the managing editors of the *Tar Heel*. There were then three issues per week, with a separate managing editor for each issue. Byron was a most independent spirit. He wasn't afraid of anybody on the campus, and his fearlessness made for him a host of enemies, which fact entirely eliminated him as a candidate for the editorship when the spring elections came around. He was commonly regarded as the wildest kind of a radical, and an exponent of "yellow journalism." The truth probably is that he had enough wit to see through the thin veneer of sophistry spread over many collegiate activities, and enough courage to do his own thinking. He was too good for the students of that day.

A group of kindred spirits joined him in putting out the "*Faun*," a small four and two page pamphlet which appeared for several successive Saturdays, being sold at the football games. It was of the Mencken school of thought, and its chief aim was to pan all but the writers. I contributed one article on why politics had to be secret, being heralded as an ex-politician. I was very much "ex" at the time.

The President of the Student Body, Sid Chappell, was the man who could generally be relied on to touch off the fireworks in some sensational manner. He began by shipping Julian Starr and Robbins Fowler, the latter for writing and the former for publishing as editor of the *Carolina Magazine* the famous story "Slaves." An aristocratic Virginia girl in this tale was not allowed by her tyrannical grandfather to marry the man of her choice, so she revenged herself on her family by consorting with one of the young negro servants.

The majority of the students probably thought the story highly indecent and that the writer and publisher deserved to be shipped, but the friends of the accused were the most vociferous group on the campus (they did most of the writing for

the *Tar Heel* and *Magazine*), and they proceeded to set up a clamor both long and loud. The decision of the Student Council was reversed by the faculty on the grounds that it would have been an unwarranted interference with the Freedom of the Press to have expelled Starr and Fowler.

The biggest effect of this episode was that the Student Council lost an immense amount of prestige, and had from the start of the school year a lively and demagogic group on its tail for everything they could think of. While the intelligentsia were never popular, and mostly regarded as fools, it was agreed that they could sling the mud when they started. Chappell was their target during the whole year.

Against this background of venom, sensation, and fury, the political fires were kindled by Dave Carroll through his column in the *Tar Heel*. This was entitled "The Driftwood Fire." In it Dave proceeded to comment in a controversial way on many topics. After Christmas his main idea was the abolition of secret frame-ups in campus politics. Dave never received credit by many for being sincere. His idea, however, was popular with many of the students, who felt that crooked politicians were responsible for everything bad which had been going on, and for having put such a blunderbuss student council in office. Meetings were held during February to "bring politics out into the open." The situation, however, was so chaotic that nothing tangible resulted from this movement.

#### THE ELECTION

I had regarded my political leadership as entirely ended after the campus elections of the previous year. Believing this, I had carefully refrained from taking part in any of the agitations or discussions which pervaded the campus. This was in March just before elections, which were held in April. Consequently, when Mac Covington and Vane Core from the Gamma Sigma Tau, self-help fraternity, came up to the S. P. E. Hall one day, and asked me if my fraternity would care to join them in the approaching elections, I felt like a drowning man who is asked if he would like to have a life preserver. This was the group that controlled Swain Hall and whose votes had defeated my machine the year before. I told them that we would be very glad to come in, which we did for two minor offices.

Thus it was that Red Wood and I became the leaders of what was to be the successful political machine in the elections of 1927. Of all the polit-



ical managers and manipulators with whom I was ever associated on the campus, Red was the best. He had a keen, quick, mature mind, a most delightful sense of humor, and took the whole matter in the spirit of fun. This contrasted nicely with the heavy, serious boys, who are convinced that the success of their ambitions means the salvation of the University.

The organization was built around the candidacy of Charlie Jonas for President of the student body. He was the only well-known campus figure who had not been embroiled in the quarrels, political and otherwise, which had pervaded the campus for twelve months. His record was very good; he had been Captain of the track team which won the Southern Conference Championship in 1926. He had served on several debates and was President of the Dialectic Society. He was a clean liver and a most attractive figure personally. He is the only student I ever knew who was personally strong enough to be considered as a candidate for office without entering into political bargains. It was so much of an asset to us for him to be on the ticket that his fraternity, the Chi Phi, was not considered necessary. They did in fact line up with the opposing group.

Jonas did not want to run but finally succumbed to the barrage of requests. It was put up to him that he was the only man available who could rescue student government from the mire into which it had fallen. Jonas was a law student, having graduated from the academic school in 1925. Opposed to Jonas was Walter Kelly, then President of the Junior Class. He put up a great fight and would have beaten anybody else but Jonas.

To my surprise, I found that the fraternities with whom I had been associated in 1926 rallied to my leadership again without question. I never expected this, after having lost the first trial, and attribute it to the fact that I always did just exactly what I said I would do, both in victory and defeat, and for that reason they trusted me. Wood through his self-help fraternity was able to control Swain Hall; I was able to bring in all of the other fraternities needed to complete the ticket.

The final drive in this election was carried on more or less openly under my leadership. The day after the election the Tar Heel carried a screaming headline, "Frat Frame-Up Again Rules Carolina's Democratic Campus." My picture was published on the front page of this issue with the

information beneath that I was the leading creator of the frame-ups on the campus. Much to my surprise, this occasioned no resentment at all. After the hue and cry which was raised about the fact that I had created a frame-up in '26, I was convinced that my name was anathema and that the utmost secrecy was necessary where I was concerned. I could never get up the gall to deny that I was in a frame-up if I was in fact in one; and while I soft-pedaled my connection on this occasion, I never denied it when questioned.

An interesting feature of this election was the contest between Ed Hudgins and Charlie Lipscomb for the Presidency of the Senior Class. Both were about evenly matched in their personal following, but Ed had incurred the enmity of many of the co-eds by opposing their admission as members in the Dialectic Senate. When it is remembered that the rising senior class contains a great many girls, this factor becomes of importance. Desperate efforts were made to retrieve this lost ground. At a Grail dance the Saturday night before election, we saw to it that at least two boys were assigned to each doubtful co-ed at the dance to see that she had a good time and to talk Ed Hudgins to her. This, plus good work at the co-ed house by some who were friends of Ed, helped him a lot. He was elected by a majority of about fifty votes, the vote being approximately 175 to 125.

There was another bitter fight this year on the Yackety-Yack. John O. Allison and Henry Brandis were the candidates. It was reported that they had agreed with each other to run as independents. The first connection I had was when our group agreed to support Allison. A great furor was set up by Brandis' friends who claimed that he had been double-crossed. In order to placate them and quiet the stench, at Wood's suggestion, we agreed to let this race remain open, but on the side it was understood with Allison's friends and fraternity, then the Alpha Chi which later became Chi Psi, that we would back Allison on election day. Excuse for this design came when we discovered that the Chi Phis, Brandis' fraternity, had joined the opposing camp. Then it was that we came out for Allison on the righteous grounds that the agreement had been broken. We concentrated on him and he was elected by a tremendous majority.

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[NOTE: In the March issue Mr. Bledsoe will bring the record up to 1929 and will draw his conclusions regarding the technique and place of campus politics.]

## The Editor's Opinion

### About Jack Pool

It is unfortunate that some people have seen fit to criticize as unnecessary Jack Pool's action in having himself suspended for freshman year cheating. For some reason certain facts concerning the whole episode have never been made clear.

The story which was circulated and published was that Jack Pool demanded that an exception be made in his case with the consequence that he was dealt with more severely than others. That is not true. Jack merely asked that he be treated no differently from other students. It is true that in the past it has been more or less the custom that freshmen would not be suspended for cheating unless they lied about it. But before the cases involved in the "cheating ring" episode were taken up by the Council, it was agreed that all found guilty should be suspended. In carrying this out, the Council suspended several students whose cheating was done in their freshman years.

This fact is not generally known; hence the feeling that what Jack did was unnecessary. The truth is that there was nothing else Jack could have done. As President of the Council he had voted to suspend several students for having cheated during their freshman years. Then charges of cheating were brought against Jack, and although these specific charges were false, he had during his freshman year participated with others in a discussion of examination questions during the professor's absence. This participation in a collective violation of the rules, while less gross than other forms of cheating, nevertheless is under the same ban. Jack's action was known by a number of persons on and off the campus, for he had made no effort to hide it; hence there was nothing left for him to do but ask the Council to suspend him. He had committed in some degree the same offense for which he had voted to suspend others. Hence there was nothing whatever quixotic, nothing mock heroic, in what Jack did.

But though Jack did the only thing he could do we agree with those who say that his freshman indiscretion was not serious enough to call for his suspension from school. Nor were the offenses of a number of the 48 who were suspended. It is beyond belief that any considerable number of the 48 suspended are innately dishonest and un-

worthy of being allowed to remain in college with decent people.

Thus we come to the basic cause of the whole mess: the extremely unjustifiable severity of our present honor system. When an organized cheating business flourishes in our midst for years; when 48 students are suspended at one crack, some for cheating years ago as freshmen, many for first offenses; and when 46 out of 47 students picked at random say that our present system is so harsh that they cannot support it to the letter, we make fools out of ourselves by yelling, "Hurray for the honor system! The cheating ring was uncovered by students!"

Now while the whole system is up for study, judgment and reappraisal, it is time for us to face the facts and make changes that should have been made years ago—changes that would have prevented many a wholly unnecessary tragedy of recent weeks.

### Thirst for Speakers

That eighty-two students from the University of North Carolina went over to Durham to hear the Japanese leader, Kagawa, is definite proof that students here want to hear good speakers. At present the Y. M. C. A., with its very limited resources, seems to be about the only organization attempting to answer this need. The Human Relations Institute is an active agency in this respect; yet it only meets every other year, and then for only a week in the spring.

This month our sister school at Greensboro heard Thornton Wilder—and he is only one of the several interesting lecturers they have secured through a fund set aside for use by a Lecture Committee. We ought to be as industrious as the Greensboro girls in seeing to it that stimulating personalities are persuaded to come to our campus at least once a month to stir up thought and discussion on important problems.

Why not re-allocate a portion of the student fees to set up a fund for securing speakers?

### Evasion

When asked if he would like to be President, Georgia's Great Governor Gene Talmadge replied: "Any sane man would like to be President." You still haven't answered the question, Governor.

### Sexy Magazine

Our mail the other day consisted of an advertisement sent out by the Oxford University Press addressed to Miss Carolina Magazine.



# An Honorable Proposal

## Concerning President Snavelly, Coach Graham, and Dr. Cartland

By NICK READ

THE RECENT EXPOSURE of a group of students alleged to have violated the honor system, resulting in the suspension of 48 students and the implication of many more, has caused many malicious tongues to wag and many empty heads to shake. The student body was first drenched with the rain of rumors that accompanied the exposé cloudburst; now wet and miserable Carolina students are being dried out by blasts of hot air blown in their faces by haranguers determined to settle the whole "problem" of the honor system. In the confusion of the past few weeks I believe that the main issues raised by the exposure have been obscured. I believe that the honor system is perfectly sound as it now exists, but that the fault lies in its interpretation. It is the purpose of this article to get at the heart of the problem by discovering what makes students cheat and to set forth a proposal by which the honor system can be maintained on a working basis.

Such a furor has been raised by the suspension of 48 students that I fear some credulous persons who use their ears more than their brains will be persuaded that Carolina students are not wholly imbued with honor. I have always felt that honor is a rather personal matter susceptible of a subjective interpretation: that what seems dishonorable to one student may appear perfectly honorable to another. For example, a student who works his way through college by fighting on the boxing team for the honor of his school is in my estimation worthy of admiration. Yet there are some people who would proclaim it dishonorable if this boy, who of necessity spends most of his time punching a bag and skipping a rope, who unselfishly spares neither sweat nor strength in perfecting himself in the manly art of pugilism, should spend his hard-earned money on quizzes, examinations, or correspondence courses in order that he might pass his work and remain in school.

### II

One case examined in the investigation especially aroused my sympathy and respect for the student. It concerned a young man whose aspirations were so lofty that he was working for a Phi Beta Kappa key and had already gone far toward achiev-

ing his ambition, which would have brought honor to him and to his university. This particular young man in writing to Mr. Douglas Cartland (I see no reason for keeping secret this worthy man's name) expounded at some length on the unwarrantable demands of the University's correspondence bureau. It should be stated first that this student, whose name I cannot recall at the moment, was having Mr. Cartland do two correspondence courses for him in the summer in order that he might the sooner get his diploma and so lessen the burden of expense on his parents. He justly complained to Mr. Cartland that the correspondence department would not uphold the honor system by trusting him to take his final examination without supervision. They would not even accept the word of a school teacher or notary public. Principals, supervisors, or ministers were the only honorable professions that the bureau recognized. The student went on to say that he knew a principal, but that the principal was conscientious, by which I take it he meant mean, bigoted, pedantic, and complacent as men of this rank so often are, filled with self-importance by their petty responsibilities. "But," added the student, "I have it fixed up with a priest; so send the examination on right away." The Lord should smile to know that he has such understanding and worthy shepherds looking after the needs of the younger members of His flock.

There were other cases in which letters from students to Mr. Cartland reveal that those receiving help were not conscious they were playing dishonorable roles. One boy writes to his friend "Doug": "Dad will attend to your letter since he knows about it. Can you finish the two courses before school begins?" And again, "Please do these for me. Daddy has promised to give me some money next week to send you."

The generous nature of another student manifests itself in a letter to his colleague. "This is my proposition," he writes. "I will give you a check dated September which will be good at that time, or if you just must have it will give it to you upon finishing exams. I will pay your transportation here, room, and two days board, plus \$8, for two

half-course exams . . . I have only got to have a 'C.' " It appears from subsequent letters from this boy to Cartland that the trusted helper fell down on one examination and flunked it. But the generous sentiments of the student were hardly dampened, for he writes at a later date: "Look at the proposition I made. You did not give me a 'C' on either course, and I have been a damn good sport and paid you 2/3 when you fell down . . . I am willing to go to any limit to keep a good needy friend." Do not presume that this boy was so spineless as to be ruthlessly imposed upon, however. In one of his letters to Mr. Cartland he warns that he has taken the precaution to cancel payment on his check at the bank.

Another letter evokes our sympathy. "My father is already starting to bawl so send me as many (assignments) as possible as soon as you get this letter," the boy writes. How much pleasanter life would be if we were all as considerate of our parents as this chap.

It must be admitted, however, that there were among the 98 cases a few exceptions to the general good character exhibited by the correspondents. One student wrote heatedly to Mr. Cartland who had apparently taken a little respite from his labors by making a trip to New York: "You had better get your — back down to work." Even worry over unfinished work should not have caused the student to use the vulgar language and rude expression that he employed.

It would be folly to argue that these students who received Mr. Cartland's kind assistance did not violate the honor system as it is interpreted at Carolina today. It appears that even some of the violators realized that they were breaking the honor code. One boy urged Mr. Cartland not to answer his correspondence assignments in precisely the same way he did the same assignments for other students lest the authorities suspect him of cheating. But it would be still more absurd to say that these unfortunate students are completely devoid of honor and that under different circumstances they would prove dishonorable. Why is it then when it comes to school work that they are dishonorable? The answer to this query may be found by settling several other vital questions. Why is the student in college? Does he know why he is there and what he wants to gain from college? Is he in college because his parents send him, or because he wants to raise the hell there he can't raise at home, or because he needs a diploma to get a job after graduation, or because he

wants the prestige that a college education will attach to his name? Or is he in college for the primary purpose of acquiring academic knowledge? Answer these questions and you have the explanation of why students cheat.

A sick man will not avoid taking medicine if he realizes that it will give him back his health and strength. But a boy who considers himself perfectly healthy will squirm and protest when he has castor oil poured down his throat because some one has prescribed it. Even a shiny silver quarter or a diploma doesn't make the stuff taste much better, and if he can get around taking it by merely violating the honor system and at the same time get his diploma, then he is liable to follow this course.

Here are the causes for cheating. Analyze them and you can readily see why they produce such a situation as that recently discovered on our campus.

### III

What solution can be found to remedy the causes which produce this situation? I shall herewith submit a plan which, if put into effect at Carolina (and I have some hope that it will be), will abolish every vestige of cheating from our campus without changing the honor system in the slightest. The plan is aimed so to improve education that those who come here to get diplomas can get them without cheating, that those who come here to raise hell can raise hell without worrying about passing their work, that those who come to fight for Carolina's glory on the football team or on the court or in the ring can devote their attention to this end without the distraction of their studies, and that those few who come seeking knowledge can pursue their studies with the assurance that the honor system is being preserved inviolate.

I propose, first of all, that Mr. Cartland be brought back to the University and employed as Dean of Student Welfare. Unless the University can stand the expense of paying Dr. Cartland's salary, which I would fix at \$5,400 per year, the authorities can appeal for an F. E. R. A. loan. The Federal Emergency Relief Administration is perhaps the logical party to pay the salary anyway, for only some form of emergency relief can alleviate the plight of the students now in school who were dependent on Mr. Cartland's help. However, the matter of the salary is a detail which can be settled by the administration or the trustees. Under the plan Dr. Cartland and a competent staff to



assist him will occupy offices on the second floor of South building. Dr. Cartland will supply examinations, themes, quizzes, laboratory exercises, dissertations, book reports, correspondence courses and all material whatsoever that might aid a student in passing his courses. He shall furnish these free of charge to any student upon request and shall guarantee the student a mark not lower than a "C" on the course. This arrangement would eliminate the fear of failure which hangs over so many scholarly young heads, a fear that has undoubtedly tempted students against their will to violate the honor system. An important feature of the plan is that it guarantees to all students who wish to do their own work the liberty to do so.

In order to insure a smooth functioning of the honor system in the athletic departments I propose to change Coach Snavely's title to Doctor Snavely and have him made President of the University. Dr. Graham becomes Coach Graham, mentor of the varsity eleven. This would enable Carolina to obtain through alumni financial aid (which they are clamoring to give), skillfully directed by President Snavely, the finest gridiron stars in the country. The underprivileged sons of coal miners and dock workers would flock to our institution and Carolina would achieve a reputation as one of the most democratic colleges in America. Dr. Graham would be relieved of the whole bothersome question of athletic subsidization. As coach he could have nothing to do with securing of athletes and helping them through school; he could only work with the material supplied him. Doubtless you wonder what sort of coach Dr. Graham will make. (It would be idle to question Mr. Snavely's capacity to occupy the presidency since everyone knows that compared to the coach the president is quite insignificant.) But I can calm your fears concerning Coach Graham's ability to handle a football team. President Snavely could turn over what routine duties he might have to Dr. Cartland, whose capacity for work has already proved almost unlimited, and following the shining example of the president of the University of Alabama, Dr. Snavely could spend the greater part of his time assisting Coach Graham. The success of this arrangement has been attested to by the remarkable record of the Crimson Tide team which has brought national acclaim to its alma mater.

One great benefit to be derived from my plan is the abolition of freshman chapel. Never again will

the new men have to endure long declamations from gesticulating deans on the subject of upholding the honor system. The honor system will be on such a firm foundation that there will be no excuse for such speeches and therefore no excuse for freshman assemblies. This progressive step alone should swell the enrollment by 84 students next year.

#### IV

Under the new regime, instead of boys being tempted to cheat, they will be tempted to do their own work. There may be some objection to this plan on the ground that those who receive their diplomas with Dr. Cartland's assistance will not have acquired sufficient learning to justify the reward of a sheepskin. However, those who attend college now with the aim of attaining a diploma foremost in their minds will very likely retain little of the knowledge that they must for a short time hold in order to pass their work, and those who are desirous of acquiring learning will not be deterred from their purpose by this aid bestowed on those whose ambitions are different. If some distinction is deemed necessary by employers of University graduates it could be arranged for Dr. Cartland to affix his signature to the diplomas of those whom he assisted.

I am aware that my proposal is going to meet stiff resistance from the *Daily Tar Heel*. The editor of that illustrious journal will realize that if my plan is adopted nearly all the major issues which make the headlines in his paper, issues such as comprehensives, athletic eligibility, alumni support of Graham, etc., will be settled once and for all. However, if interest in re-opening Swain hall can be re-awakened and the question of re-allocation of student fees can be resurrected, the only college daily in the south except Monday can still find subjects for print. Perhaps I can convince the editor that putting my plan through might not be such a pushover and that while the question is being debated he will not be lacking news. A campaign might be started by the *Tar Heel* advocating the adoption of my proposal by all the Universities in the country. But now I am being carried away by wild speculations. To return to the more serious realities: The honor system has been violated. It might be violated again. To prevent a recurrence of such a thing I have presented my proposal, a proposal which if adopted I feel sure will ameliorate modern education and establish forever the honor system as the more powerful influence on life at Carolina.

# Wheels, Death, and Thy Virtue

Sixty-three Minutes of Mosaic Time in the Years of a Very Young Man

By WILLIAM E. BRENT

WINTER CAME and the hills rose sharp in its famine-death. He blinked his eyes in the brassy flare of lights in Chester's station. His heart was singing, and over the barren earth a moon was swinging. There be winter on the hills tonight and cold death beneath the trees. He strode backwards and forwards and smelled foul smoke and heard the bone-clicks of his heels upon the floor. "Been to the Lakeland, Larry? Pauline, Gertrude, Mary—How're the ladies faring now that I go up no more?" (Familiar tongues were speaking.) Havens of rest and long warm bodies: sixteen in the Lakeland, seven more in jail.

The heavy bus wallowed in from the pale night. He went out and entered it, smelling with an uncramped male pleasure stale smoke and old leather on the chairs. Students piled in, and seats became magnificent in their rarity. The small man seized the great gears, and the bus swung outward to the highway, lurching in the great purring health of its engine. At the corner of dark Holland street Shorty stood like a gnome and shrunken to signal with his hand, while the street light jumped in small flickerings about him, and grey wind was in the trees. They stopped to let him in. Came shouts of rasping laughter. Long bodies lay on Holland street warm against the wind.

The city was passed, and seventeen souls were given to greyness. Frost rimmed the windows. Each man sat thinking and thinking: So winter is death, and no man's immortal; cold is the grave, but warm is thy love. A grey wind howled. Frost crackled the windows. A foot stirred and was evermore silent. Each man went on thinking and thinking: warm is the body of love; grey as the winter is silver, Dolores; cold is the fee of thy love.

"Hell," said Enoch, bestirring, "has everyone died?" Cold on the hills was the moonlight. A foot stirred and was evermore silent.

"Not yet," somewhat drunkenly, just a little bit drunkenly, Joseph then replied. And all again were thinking and thinking how warm was the bed of a love.

"For the Lord's sake! Sing!" cried Archie, emerging. "Sing we shall," agreed the sixteen con-

verging. And so they sang; first, the song of songs, which is the song of the heart, which is the song of a college town: "A fair, true wench is my alma mammy; she never lets me down." (More bitter than winter is silver, Dolores, when it's paid as a fee for thy love.) Then softly, sorrowfully, softly they shifted with complete discord to the songs which were the songs immortal of the deep and weary south, where the old folks did enjoy to hear the darkies at singing and black old Joe was a-coming, because his head was bending low. Over hill and dale great wheels were turning; and kindly and sadly the singers were singing of the wonderful weeping darkies, whose massa was in the cold, cold ground.

Full fathoms five our William lies. Of his bones are textbooks made. This is the ink that was his eyes. The rest of him was laid—tenderly, tenderly they bore him and laid him to supper (not where he eats, but where he is eaten) like massa in the cold, cold ground. A spectre king, he came again from the tomb and walked the earth most horribly in damp and moldy graveclothes, seeking unnatural, ghostly converse with him who was his only begotten son, and to whom he could not a tale unfold.

Death rattled like wind at the windows. Wheeled steel was powerfully throbbing: White, white the cold moon; grey, grey the trees.

And one by one the sixteen ragged and lyrical voices died as the evening when the sun goeth down (which also riseth) as each man turned to his silence to dream on the body of love.

"A cigarette?" asked Lou loudly of his dear friend and companion of old yclept Jesse, whom he had known as a tottering youngster on the streets of Brooklyn town.

"Quit," gurgled Jesse; "nevermore smoke 'em; bad for the body and soul." So in all this wide and wintry world Lou was left to smoke alone.

Cupped in his hand flared a small trembling flame which was as a pillar of fire by night to show the way for man in his wilderness crying, when there was neither a book of verse, a jug of wine, or thou beside him singing. And sixteen bodies bent ever so slightly, the eyes full of darkness con-



verging on the flame that was cupped as a pillar of fire by night in the hand of a Brooklyn Jew. A grey wind howled. The flame perished. A foot stirred and was evermore silent, as each man fell again to thinking and thinking of scarlet, immortal Dolores in the barren palace of love, of warm, feed, essential Dolores in the languid palace of love. And each man thought in his secret thoughts that she'd taken no silver that was grey as the winter, but had given her body for love. For all men have secretly thought this, and these were the sons of men.

While in the palace of love Dolores sat on her bed's edge, swinging her feet and thinking her thoughts, which were as nothing, as she smoked a cigarette. A grey wind howled. She listened with an indifferent weary kindliness, thinking mildly of nothing, as she smoked her cigarette. Then up she stood, and stretched herself, and yawned herself, and spoke to the friend of her bosom, Gerty by name, 13 by number, whose sins were as a pillar of scarlet and flame for man in his wilderness broken. For the spirit of man is like the wind which goeth toward the south, and turneth about unto the north, and whirleth about continually,

while the life-blood tracks its parent lake, seeking to strike home. "Ah-h-h-h." That was Dolores wearily yawning. "Le's turn in. I'm tired as hell," she said.

Hallo! A rustle of clothing drawn softly! Dolores was out of her street gown. Two plunks on the floor plunking! They were the shoes. A swish of warm silk welded and woven forever with bright portions of promise, hope and fear and despair. That was Dolores, as naked as she had come naked she would go, bending herself, and thinking her thoughts, and stretching all of her toes. Ah, lord; 'twas a fancy sight to see, but fancier 'twas to remember. "Three, six, nine," she was musing on the sum of the wages of sin they had paid her, 274, 75, 76 by number, Enoch and Joseph and Jesse by name. And she thought how nice would it be if she could be in Miami as she turned in to sleep greyly in a windowed shaft of moonlight, being tired as hell.

Cold on the hills was the moonlight. Wheeled steel throbbed in the moonlight. Bitter the winter and the moonlight.

The grey wind spoke sorrowfully, softly to the hearts of the sons of men.

## The Spirits Enter Politics

### For Christ and the Constitution: Pelley for President

*By ELLEN DEPPE*

ON MAY 8, 1935, the daily paper of Asheville, N. C., carried a notice to the effect that Walter Winchell, over a national hook-up, had accused William Dudley Pelley and his "Silver Shirts" of being a pro-Hitler organization, functioning in a manner similar to the Ku Klux Klan. Asheville, with the aid of radio station WWNC, rallied to defend her son (by adoption) with a series of radio broadcasts. The broadcasts never materialized, but the city caught its first real glimpse of its newest addition, William Dudley Pelley.

The background and past life of Pelley are shrouded in mystery. Not even his followers know where he came from. It was in 1932 that he established his residence in Asheville and announced that he was going to open a residential school called Galahad College, for the purpose of instruction in metaphysical matters and ways of contacting the world beyond. Although claiming to be a metaphysicist and not a spiritualist,

he often held seances. Five hundred and fifty people in various sections of the country are known to have taken courses by correspondence in subjects taught at Galahad College. Contact with the dead, astrology, and reincarnation were among the subjects taught.

The College reached its climax in the late summer of 1932 when Pelley predicted that the forthcoming eclipse which would concentrate mainly around New York, was going to result in an enormous tidal wave along the Atlantic coast, submerging New York. He claimed to have received his information from his supernatural guides. The announcement was an unfortunate one, for Nature, perverse as ever, didn't choose to back it up. After this incident the College gradually faded out of existence.

#### II

But Mr. Pelley still had his Silver Shirts. The Silver Shirt Legion is an organization with defi-

nately Nazi trends, being anti-Jewish and favoring dictatorship policies. But more than that, it is headed by a man who supposedly has direct contact with the supernatural—a fanatical spiritualist. Just how large the membership of the Silver Shirts is, has been kept secret; but it is known that the *Liberation*, magazine of the order, had widespread distribution.

The Silver Shirts prospered for a time, and then two calamities befell them in rapid succession. Pelley was convicted of violation of the "blue sky" laws, in connection with sale of stock in Galahad Press, Inc., his publishing organization. He was tried in superior court and given a sentence of one to two years in the State Prison. The sentence was suspended, however.

This was not the only blow. In April of 1934 the United States Government became interested in spiritualism—at least insofar as it affected a large group who were being informed that the world beyond didn't like the present political set-up in Washington. A House investigating committee came to Asheville and it was then that the city learned that the vague rumors about this "queer" organization had a good deal of foundation in fact. It was revealed that the Silver Shirts were represented in good, round numbers in Philadelphia, New York, Boston, Detroit, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

Whatever may have been the cause, the fact remained that while North Carolina had been peacefully plodding along, one of her residents was making a number of other states decidedly uncomfortable with pro-Hitler activities and religious-political propaganda. The investigation was instigated by Representative Dickstein (Democrat, N. Y.), assisted by an interested Senator Cramer of California. The investigation seemingly came to naught, but Pelley quietly disappeared from the public eye when it was over and nothing more was heard about reforming the Government. After that, aside from a little spiritualistic dabbling, the self-appointed "World Liberator" kept his matters strictly to himself.

### III

Then on September 10th, 1935, Mr. William Dudley Pelley came forth with the spectacularly planned announcement that he had been summoned to serve his country as the next President. Coupled with this was the outline of a beautiful new plan which was guaranteed to "put every man and woman in the country to work in 48

hours," to "put an end to the crime wave," to "put an end to taxes and property foreclosure."

This plan is called by its originator the "Theocratic State", and in outline proposes to merge all business assets of the United States into a giant corporation in which every citizen of "certain racial qualifications" will be a working stockholder. Each person will receive, as a minimum, \$1,000 a year in credit as a return for work done. The amounts would rise in proportion to the work and ability of the individual. This credit would enable the stockholders to obtain everything they needed at stores where goods manufactured by the workers would be placed. Negroes, defectives, and "aliens" are exempt from this beautiful plan. It seems that they become "wards," and only by diligence and labor may work up to the responsible position of stockholder.

Mr. Pelley is backed by his Silver Shirts and his League for Liberation, recently changed to the Foundation Fellowship. But what the League is seeking liberation from, or what the Fellowship is founded on, he is unwilling to say. He merely states that his "metaphysical" work goes on and on; and in the announcement of his candidacy for President he says, "At the sign of the Cross! I propose to serve my country as its next President! The announcement you have been waiting for."

Forty-five years old, he has decided to be the standard bearer for the National Christian Party which he proposes to build into a big political machine in the next fourteen months. His battle-cry will be "For Christ and the Constitution". He fails to point out a means of adapting the present Constitution to fit his beautiful plan, when Mr. Roosevelt has certainly had a difficult enough time trying to buck the "Old Ironsides" with a few mildly unorthodox notions. The Pelley slogan will be "The Cross and Constitution against the Six-Pointed Star and Oriental Sovietism". He does not tell us just how the Orient and Sovietism managed to get together.

Mr. Pelley is through predicting tidal waves and earthquakes, and has gone into politics—which is nearly the same thing. It all boils down to a religious fanatic trying to go against two hard-headed, practical, political parties. We predict that sometime next fall Mr. William Dudley Pelley will fall a martyr at the hands of "Oriental Sovietism".



# Business With the Squire

## A Story

By STUART RABB

### THE MORRISTOWN MESSENGER

"The Biggest Semi-weekly in the State—Complete Local Coverage"

November 3, 1935.

Southhope, N. C.,

R. F. D. No. 2,

November 4, 1935.

Mr. Roscoe Younts

Southhope, N. C.

R. F. D. No. 2

Dear Younts:

Where in the hell is your letter for today's issue? We held up printing for an hour thinking that it would come in on the afternoon mail truck. It did not. This is the third time in the last month that this has happened. We happen to be putting a paper out twice a week. If your letter doesn't come in by mid-day on Tuesdays and Fridays we can't run it and all the subscribers in Southhope raise the devil with us.

This is the last time this is going to happen as long as you are working for us. Next time it happens, somebody else in your neighborhood will be getting 15c per inch for covering Southhope district.

One more thing, Younts. You are getting paid to cover the news of *all* the people in the vicinity of Southhope postoffice. I'm sure the pottery-painting activities of Miss Eloreë Pickett are interesting to you, but they emphatically are not of interest to our subscribers in Southhope. Squire Hedrick threatened to cancel his subscription if you don't stop giving the more intimate details of Miss Pickett's life.

What our subscribers want is to see their names in print—do you get that? It's up to you to find out what each one of them has been doing—I don't care what it is—and include it as an item in your department.

Now get out on the job and remember that when you're working for us, you've got the paper behind you.

Sincerely,

EDGAR L. JACKSON,

Editor.

P. S. If you have any more of that cider that's going to waste, bring it by the office Saturday.

E. L. J.

Mr. Edgar L. Jackson, Editor

The Morristown Messenger,

Morristown, N. C.

Dear Mr. Jackson:

I was sorry about not being able to send in any letter last Tuesday but I went to a candy-pulling over at Eloreë Pickett's Monday night and I stayed up until it was almost 12 o'clock! When I got up I was so sleepy that I had been chopping wood over at Squire Hedrick's for two hours before I remembered that was the day I was supposed to send it in. I was going to write the letter over at Eloreë's but we got to talking and I never got a chance. You know how it is.

I read what you said about getting people's names in my letter and that is what I will do from now on. I bet you will like this next one. I am including it with this letter so I know you will get it on time.

I also read in Tuesday's paper where it said Squire Hedrick was going to run for the State legislature. It had that same picture of him too, just like the one they used the time old man Dennis took a shot at him when he got lost in the snowstorm coming home from prayermeeting. Old man Dennis thought he was a chicken thief prowling around his barn—Ha! Ha! I also read the editorial you wrote about the people in the State needing people like the Squire in the legislature. You must not think much of this Dr. Neill who they say is going to run against the Squire.

Anyway, here is my letter and I hope you will like it. I am bringing some cider by your office Saturday.

Yours truly,

ROSCOE YOUNTS.

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### SOUTHHOPE NOTES

Southhope, Nov. 5—We have had such warm weather lately that it is not like winter at all. If this keeps up the trees will be budding. Joe Huccabee caught a big bass that weighed six and one-half pounds down at the lake Wednesday. He said the fish are biting sure enough

now. Dr. Drexel has been fishing quite a lot lately too.

The Women's "I Serve" Society of the Rocky Hill Baptist Church had a meeting Wednesday night at Mrs. J. K. Leonard's house. After prayers, Mrs. Leonard read part of a pamphlet entitled: "Foreign Missions—Our Sacred Charge." The Society agreed to contribute seven dollars to the Foreign Mission fund.

Arnold Moody, who got a bad cut over the eye last Sunday morning when Karr Leonard hit him with a rock in a fight that started in an argument about evolution after Sunday school, is much better and will soon be able to open his eye.

The B. Y. P. U. will meet after the prayer meeting at the Rocky Hill Baptist Church. Miss Eloree Pickett will read a paper on "What the Church Means to Me." Miss Pickett teaches a little girl's class every Sunday at the Baptist Church. Next Sunday she will teach her class about the Ten Commandments.

Rev. G. M. Marley will preach about "Punishment for Our Sins" at the regular eleven o'clock preaching Sunday.

The Methodists will also have services.

#### PERSONALS

Mr. and Mrs. O. A. Pickett visited friends in Morristown Saturday. They were accompanied by Miss Eloree Pickett and Mr. Roscoe Younts. After "taking in the town" the party returned to Southhope in time for supper.

Squire Hedrick told friends at the Postoffice yesterday that he was going to shoot the hell out of the next bunch of bird hunters that came down on his land by the river. The Squire said that he had just run a bunch from Morristown off his place.

Jim Baxter, one of Squire Hedrick's negro tenants, was ordered to get off the Squire's land for trapping quail. Squire Hedrick said that he would let the negro stay until his wife got well enough to travel.

Mr. Clarence Phelps tried to get a job from the PWA in Morristown but they put him and his family on relief.

Mr. Varner Cook, who was going to get a new tractor for spring plowing, said yesterday that he thought he would get a team of mules instead.

There will be a big square dance in Mr. O. A. Pickett's barn Saturday night. The Tyson string quartette will be there and Miss Eloree Pickett will sing several numbers.

#### THE MORRISTOWN MESSENGER

"The Biggest Semi-Weekly in the State—Complete Local Coverage"

November 7, 1935.

Mr. Roscoe Younts

Southhope, N. C.

R. F. D. No. 2

Dear Younts:

For God's sake be careful what you put in that next letter about Squire Hedrick. That last little bevy of items got past me while I was out of town and almost fixed our campaign. If you had any sense you would see that we are behind the Squire for the legislature.

The Squire's stores in Morristown are our biggest advertisers and we have got to be careful.

Now the Squire *has* cancelled his subscription and told us to go to hell.

Damn it, I ought to fire you, but after the Squire ran me off his land when I was bird hunting last week, I would go to hell gladly to get away from him. The old scoundrel had a gun. I don't think he recognized me though. If the old codger would take that gun to the legislature, he would get something done, but God knows what.

In the future, if you have to mention the Squire, do so with caution. Also send all your letters directly to me at my home so they can't get to the office before I personally check them.

You still talk too much about Miss Eloree Pickett and I tell you for the last time to stop.

We can use more personals without policy.

Sincerely,

EDGAR L. JACKSON,

Editor.

Southhope, N. C.

R. F. D. No. 2

November 10, 1935.

Mr. Edgar L. Jackson, Editor

The Morristown Messenger,

Morristown, N. C.

Dear Mr. Jackson:

Well tomorrow is election day and I guess I will take a day off. Here is my Southhope Notes for today's paper. I am sending it in with the morning mail truck so you ought to get it in time.

I was talking to Ed Rodgers down at the Postoffice and a car drove up and two men got out. They had painted U. S. Dept. of Agriculture on the door of the car. One of the men came over to where we were standing and asked Ed where Squire Hedrick lived. Ed told him and they drove off.

You know how the Squire has always been for the AAA cotton contracts and how he signed up about 12,000 acres this year. Ed and I hadn't seen either one of these fellows around town and we wondered what they wanted to see the Squire about. I guess I'll go up and ask the negro that cooks for the Squire what happened this afternoon.

Dr. Neill was through here yesterday and went to both churches. Some of the fellows who are working for him are still in town. They wanted to get me to vote for the Dr. Ha! Ha! I think they are trying to dig up dirt on the Squire.

I see you are still writing good things in your



paper about the Squire even after he almost shot you. The boys who saw you and that other fellow run from the Squire say that it was very funny. The Squire is a snorter when he gets mad. I wish I could of seen it.

I got to get to work now so I can go over to Eloreë's early tonight.

Yours truly,

ROSCOE YOUNTS.

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THE MORRISTOWN MESSENGER

"The Biggest Semi-weekly in the State—Complete Local Coverage"

November 19, 1935.

Mr. Roscoe Younts,

Southhope, N. C.

R. F. D. No. 2

Dear Younts:

Why in the hell haven't you answered my last two letters? Where are you? No Southhope letter has come in for the last two issues. I haven't been able to get down there since the big snow or I would have already found another correspondent. If I don't hear from you within two days, you are fired. You evidently think that a 13 inch snow relieves you of your newspaper work as well as the duties of farm life.

Answer me by return mail or consider yourself fired.

Sincerely,

EDGAR L. JACKSON,

Editor.

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Hotel Miami

Miami Beach, Fla.

November 21, 1935.

Mr. Edgar L. Jackson, Editor

The Morristown Messenger,

Morristown, N. C.

Dear Mr. Jackson:

Eloreë told me today that you might wonder what happened to me so I will take time off and write you. You ought to be down here with Eloreë and me. We are having a swell time going in swimming and lying in the sun. It's just like summer time down here. You probably wonder what we are doing down here in Miami. Well you need not be surprised because we were married in South Carolina last Wednesday. We thought it would be nice to spend our honeymoon in Florida so we came on down.

I read in the newspaper they give you at the hotel here that you folks had a big snow up there. I bet you wish you had part of this sunshine.

I guess you want to know how Eloreë and I got enough money to have such a swell honeymoon. Well, you remember what I told you about these government men going up to see the Squire? Well, when I went up and talked to the cook that afternoon, I found out that these men were raising a big rumpus with the Squire because he had agreed to plow under some cotton that he somehow hadn't got around to doing until after he picked it. The Squire had a pretty bad time of it trying to convince the men that he would make it up the following year. The cook said he was begging them to keep it quiet until after election.

Well, when I came back by the postoffice, those men who were working for Dr. Neill came up and wanted to know about the government men and the Squire. I don't know how they found it out but they wanted to pay me some money to tell them. But I didn't want to hurt your campaign so I didn't tell them. I went on home.

After while the Squire drove up in front of the house and came up on the porch where I was sitting. I never could figure out how he knew about what I had done, but he found out some-way. I was about to tell him that I wasn't going to say anything about it when he pulled out a big roll of bills and offered me almost twice as much as the other men to keep it quiet. Then I thought about Eloreë and how she had always wanted to go to Florida. So I did business with the Squire.

Well, that's how it was, and here we are. I hear the Squire won the election. So maybe he will advertise some more in the paper. By the way, you ought to see these papers down here. They are *real* papers.

I will be home next week, and will write you a letter as soon as I get there. I ought to get lots of news by that time.

Well, Eloreë and I are going out to the dog races this afternoon, so I will have to go get ready. You ought to see these dogs run. They are even faster than that gun-shy pointer pup you had, Ha! Ha!

Yours truly,

ROSCOE YOUNTS.

P. S. Dad is going to bring you a jug of that cider for Thanksgiving. Hope you enjoy it.

ROSCOE.

## Reviewing the Books

**THE UNPREDICTABLE ADVENTURE.** By Claire Myers Spotswood. Doubleday, Doran. Garden City, New York. 456 pp. \$2.50.

*The Unpredictable Adventure* is dedicated admirably to a second-rate critic, a cheap popularizer of books he hasn't read—Burton Rascoe, the great critical mind behind the book department of *Esquire*, a man's fashion magazine. Fortunately, it's better than its dedication might lead you to expect. If it weren't, we'd assert our independence and refuse to review it at all.

Anyway, *The Unpredictable Adventure* is the intellectual and physical autobiography of the two halves of the same woman, respectively named Femina and Tellectina, who rebel against all that is conventional in their native land of Err; and go courageously forth into the land of Nithking (Thinking, to all whose interest in Anagrams has been replaced by Monopoly).

When little Tina forsakes Grimm and Anderson, boatmen for the wonderful Romanz Island, to go away to boarding school at Rote Hill, her Aunt Sophistica writes her an epistle to young Puritans: "to tell you that if you turn the other cheek, life will smite it twice as hard as she did the right cheek; that the meek do not inherit the earth, but a hell on earth; that life is your adversary, and a grand cantankerous old woman she is, too; that if you ask little of the old girl you receive even less, therefore demand; and that the two cardinal sins are: to hurt others deliberately (though hurting is inevitable) and to fail to enjoy life as much as possible."

In the great Dotbu Desert, Tellectina encounters Dreiser, James Harvey Robinson, Robert Briffault, and Emerson. She swims up the river of Publi Copinion, with the aid of Renan takes up her religious doubts, decides that sex was no problem to Jesus personally, so he doesn't have any help for her.

And so, through four hundred and fifty-six satirical pages, Tellectina wanders on, freezing on the heights of Absolute Truth, realizing that existence there is lonely, and deciding finally that she wanted the comforts of civilized life in Err more than her independence. At the age of thirty, she returns home to the bosom of her stupid family in Smug Harbor, the Land of Err.

Miss Spotswood's allegorical device offers her ample opportunity for effective satire on modern civilization; and gives her a chance to piece together the best that she's enjoyed from the minds her reading has led her into contact with.

She puts a strain on the reader, and expects him to do his half, and so he does, willingly at first, but four hundred and some pages are a lot to wade through playing anagrams on every page to find out what she's talking about. Your intellectual curiosity will take you just so far; and then you start remembering that you can get good beer at Harry's.

—NELSON LANSDALE

**RELIGION AND SCIENCE.** By Bertrand Russell. Henry Holt and Co. New York. 265 pp. \$2.00.

When the church refused to give up its belief that the earth was the center of the universe, science put on the boxing gloves. For hundreds of years traditional religion, with its bloody Inquisition, prevailed over this upstart science; but by the seventeenth century the church's "absolute and eternal truth" about the nature

of the cosmos was flooded. In its first bout science had come forth the champion. From then on, neither the dire curses of the popes nor the blazing fires of persecution could halt the victorious advance of science in its quest for truth. Medicine was cleaned of superstition. Opposition to evolution failed. Against the intolerance of the church, science, explains Bertrand Russell, has emerged the triumphant victor.

Under the microscope of science the theory of cosmic purpose collapses, Russell declares. Into the waste basket, too, he discards the metaphysical doctrine of determinism, belief in immortality, and the claims of mystics. Admitting science cannot decide questions of value, he maintains that such issues cannot at all be intellectually decided. "What science cannot discover," he bluntly states, "mankind cannot know." Yet religion, he feels, is the better for its cleansing tilt with science.

The fundamental principles of Christianity a radical social philosopher of Nazareth laid down twenty centuries ago. To his simple teachings, after his death, were added complicated amplifications, limitations, creeds, and cumbersome dogma—a pile of rubbish which all but hid his real philosophy of life. In sweeping away these inessentials, *Religion and Science* helps clarify the way to a better understanding of the true Christian religion.

—DON MCKEE.

**LAWLESS JUDGES.** By Louis P. Goldberg and Eleanor Levenson. Rand School Press. New York. 242 pp. \$2.50.

"The very title of this book will doubtless shock many good citizens," says Professor Morris R. Cohen in its introduction. Unfortunately he is right. The American public, so freely critical in all other matters of government, has been over deferential to actions and ideas of its judges. By challenging our traditional complacency in regard to the judiciary, the authors have rendered a real service.

They attempt to prove by cases taken from court records that judges in general have assumed an arbitrary and despotic power not granted them by state or federal constitutions and legislation. Undoubtedly this material was originally intended to show "lawlessness" in trials on every sort of issue, but the selected cases center about the conflict between capital and labor.

There is much to be said for the liberal view adopted by the authors in discussing these highly controversial questions. One only regrets that they have been unable to say it. He is puzzled that a development of such potentially powerful material should be so weak,—that a treatment of such fundamental ideas should be so superficial. He is disappointed that instead of going directly to the heart of their problems the authors evade the issue and beg their own questions by a continuous use of the word "obviously." He is disgusted that in an indictment of prejudice and bias the prosecutors should display the very qualities which they condemn.

Yet even this cloud of defective presentation and interpretation cannot hide the merit of the writers' ultimate position. Perhaps it is all the more stimulating that to share their conclusions the reader must carefully select, qualify, or disregard their various underlying arguments. And for this reason we indorse the terse introductory statement of Professor Cohen: "I heartily commend this



book to those who are interested in securing greater justice to our working people, although I cannot agree with all its statements.”

—PAUL MICKEY.

**CHALLENGE TO DEATH.** Storm Jameson, editor. E. P. Dutton. New York. 337 pp. \$2.00.

**PEACE WITH HONOUR.** By A. A. Milne. E. P. Dutton. New York. 232 pp. \$1.00.

There is at least one professor on this campus who is a freshman when it comes to understanding war-and-peace. For that man, these two books should be required reading.

Milne's book (which is in a new popular edition) is fascinating reading. In his sly way Milne stings like a gad-fly, sparing neither diplomats, the press, the church, nor high officials of the political world. He argues that when we say it is impossible to renounce war, what we mean is that it has never happened in our experience, and he bitterly criticizes diplomats for living in "a world in which nothing can happen tomorrow which did not happen yesterday."

When a "visitor from another world" exclaims, "But it is unthinkable that beings endowed with souls and intelligences should behave like this," Milne answers: "Not until you tell him that the human race is supposed to have descended from the apes, and has been descending steadily for a million years, will he be able to understand it."

Milne concludes with the fateful warning that if the economic life of the world barely survived a war which it entered in a condition of health, it cannot, starting in its present condition of ill-health, survive another war.

*Challenge to Death* is a well-rounded, connected collection of essays on specific phases of the general problem of war-and-peace written by fifteen British authors, of whom ten served their country in the World War. Their approach is from the English point of view, but so fundamental are their observations that their logic is easily understood and followed in any language and is applicable to any people.

Viscount Cecil, Storm Jameson, Vera Brittain, Rebecca West, Julian Huxley and J. B. Priestley are among the writers. Their method is at times almost cold; passion has no place in their argument which proceeds, by as many avenues as there are chapters, to one conclusion: Issues result in wars because there is no common social framework and common authority to curb the overt impulses of state sovereignty. Their solution is not a pat one, nor is it absolute or completely detailed; it is merely an attempt to arrive at "first principles" that appear to be prime today but which later may be discarded. Summarizing them, one can say that their analysis will probably stand the test of additional study, though their solutions may be found unworkable.

—J. Y. B.

**DISCOVERY.** By Richard E. Byrd. G. P. Putnam's Sons. New York. 384 pp. \$3.75.

Equipped with all modern and ancient conveniences—everything from three airplanes to two silver-plated, plush-lined coffins—the second Byrd Antarctic Expedition sailed from Boston in October, 1933. Slightly over 16 months later the expedition turned homeward. And with these men, back from the land that Time forgot, has come a story of a frozen continent, the refrigera-

tor of the world—"within whose still undiscovered, still unknown and uncharted regions could be secreted the whole of Europe."

In a story "about 110 men and not one alone," Admiral Byrd explains the reasons for the trip and the results that he hopes have been accomplished. Our guess is that you will read this book with mouth wide open—half the time in laughter and the other half in amazement. You will roar when the pregnant cow, Klondike, fulfills the everlasting duty of her sex 247 miles north of the Antarctic Circle and thereby misses achieving the distinction of being the only mother of a calf born within the Circle—and you will grip your chair when fire breaks out and threatens to destroy the surgical instruments with which an appendectomy is about to be performed.

"Commercially the Antarctic is small change." But because science does not stop where profits cease, the 22 divisions and sub-divisions of scientific research which profit from this expedition, of themselves provide ample justification for the undertaking.

Because they dared to live on the edge of an ice barrier in danger of caving into the sea, these men brought home the data—"the Antarctic bacon." They brought home tales of life clinging to land 800 miles from the Pole, despite temperatures of  $-70^{\circ}$ ; of the frozen remains of tropical flora; of iron at the bottom of the Ross Sea; of coal deposits estimated second in size only to those in the United States; and of 450,000 square miles of land and sea subtracted from the fast dwindling uncharted areas of the world.

And *Discovery* has the most satisfactory ending possible—"... it was 'so long!' again to Antarctica, and no one left behind."

—DAVID H. SCOTT.

**MARK TWAIN: THE MAN AND HIS WORK.** By Edward Wagenknecht. Yale University Press, New Haven. 301 pp. \$3.00.

The name, Mark Twain, is undoubtedly the most famous pen-name in American literature. Mark Twain, the great American humorist, was the representative genius of his time; but the man behind the mask, Sam Clemens, newspaper man, riverboat captain, miner and general business man, was above all else a human, and as such Wagenknecht presents him in this biography.

No less than a dozen biographies of Mark Twain have appeared and no less than a dozen different opinions about him have thus been advanced to the public. Van Wyck Brooks with his prattle of complexes has attempted to tear him from the pedestal where his reading public and Albert Bigelow Paine have placed him. And, lately, Miss Brashear has eulogized him and again placed him on his humorist-throne. Other biographers have wavered between the two extreme views with the general consensus of opinion being that Twain is the essence of American humor. Wagenknecht, if it can be possible, strikes a medium among all these. His biography is a distinct photograph, rather than an X-ray, a critical representation rather than an analysis. If anything, his work approaches some of Gamaliel Bradford's "psychographies."

Mr. Wagenknecht has made a study of all the available material on Mark Twain: his earlier biographies, his notes, his letters, and his works. This material he has evaluated, using only the proven facts, and spicing the



book with choice anecdotes taken from the life and works of Twain. All in all the book is a sympathetic and understanding treatment of the "great and sublime fool," as Twain termed himself. Especially well done is the treatment of the tragic points in Twain's life. The deaths of his daughters, his financial failure, and his failure to gain a standing as a serious writer are all told with a feeling that is unknown to most biographers. Twain, the man and his work, is presented by a knowing and understanding author so that Albert Bigelow Paine, the authorized Twain biographer, calls the work "the best Mark Twain book that is likely to come along for many a year."

—ELMER D. JOHNSON.

**CIRCUMSTANCE.** By William M. John. The Macmillan Co. New York. 301 pp. \$2.50.

Kirt Ralston, a Princeton senior, is seduced by a servant girl who bears him a child, then turns to prostitution.

The result is a tragic mess of filth and sordid depravity. Pretending to be a realistic novel, Mr. William M. John's work is nothing but an unsubtle attempt to pander to the taste of snappy-story-lovers.

The problem treated is important. The manner in which it is treated is decidedly inferior to the method of Joyce, Faulkner, Wolfe, Hemingway and others who deal with sexual matters frankly but at the same time artistically.

The puzzling thing about the book is why the cover does not make more apparent what is on the inside. It's certainly obvious after reading three pages.

This revolting waste of ink costs \$2.50. In every other sense the book is cheap. —BERTRAM LEWIS POTTER.

**BUTCHER BIRD.** Reuben Davis. Little, Brown and Company. Boston. 298 pp. \$2.50.

Reuben Davis adds another to the crowded list of books depicting negro life; but his novel is perhaps unique among them in that it does not picture the negro struggling in vain against inequality and injustice. It does not attempt to analyze the sociological status of the Southern negro share-cropper, but is merely a story of these simple folk living in a separate world, oblivious to the reign of the white man.

The share-cropper is Manboy, generous, dependable, supporting his old mother by industrious labors in his cotton field. The story concerns the difficulties that follow him after he takes up with Sophronia Dove, a "trouble-toting little bitch from the big towns," big-eyed, high-hipped, who has a peculiar affinity for all men, especially sanctified preachers. Manboy changes her habits—whether for better or for worse, it is up to the reader to judge.

The plantation atmosphere is laid on thick. Negro dialect is used not only in conversation, but throughout the book, with the result that the descriptions are full of the primitive poetic elements inherent in negroes.

If Mr. Davis' novel has any claim to fame, it is because it vividly displays plantation life and the drama of love and hate, virtue and vice, which are an essential part of the life that is too commonly supposed to be a monotonous, colorless, almost animal existence.

—KENNETH TANNER.

**THE HURRICANE.** By Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall. Little, Brown & Co. Boston. 257 pp. \$2.50.

As any reader of the *Bounty* trilogy will gladly testify, Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall are master story-tellers. Having married native women and lived on Tahiti since the War, they know more about the South Seas than any modern writers. In producing *Mutiny on the Bounty*, *Men Against the Sea* and *Pitcairn's Island*, these two author-adventurers dug deeply into the dull, colorless records of the British Navy and pulled out one of the most thrilling stories in modern literature. For this really remarkable work they gained the whole-hearted acclaim of the literary world and its keen anticipation for their next book.

It was not long in coming. In *The Hurricane*—which, unlike the *Bounty* group, is not based on fact—they present an awe-inspiring picture of the unconquerable fury of aroused nature. The story concerns the effect of harsh French administrative justice on Terangi, a native of a small island of the Lower Archipelago, and how it was thwarted by a savage, twisting, all-demolishing hurricane which destroyed the entire island.

Terangi breaks the jaw of a white man who insults him and is sentenced to six months in a Tahiti prison. After breaking out several times and being recaptured, he unintentionally kills a guard. With his wife and child he escapes in an outrigger canoe to a small, distant island. When his arrest seems imminent, the storm intervenes. Out of the island's 150 inhabitants, only a handful survive, having ridden out the storm in a boat tied to a stump, while around them stout palms with human cargoes were snapped off like matchsticks.

The storm takes up the last half of the book. Because of its wonderful and original description of the majestic forces of outraged nature, *The Hurricane* is much more than just another book by a pair of famous authors. Reading it is a gripping experience which no one should miss.

—WILLIAM D. POE.

**COSMOPOLITANS.** By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran. Garden City, N. Y. 272 pp. \$2.50.

In this volume the noted English writer, W. Somerset Maugham, has collected the cream of the short stories he wrote for *Cosmopolitan* magazine from 1924 to 1929. *First Person Singular* caused a natural skepticism as to the merits of Maugham's short story writing; *Ah King* did away with much of that doubt; and now *Cosmopolitan* leaves us confident that the name of Maugham belongs on the list of greatest living short story writers. Many critics are of the opinion that if Maugham could write plays and novels—the notable exception being that giant dealing with the causes and effects of obsession, *Of Human Bondage*—as well as he pens short stories, he would be ranked as the foremost living author.

In a most economical fashion (it is indeed remarkable how much Maugham can relate in one sentence) the author tells some thirty stories, most of them, as usual, dealing with characters of the Far East. We start off in the first story with two meticulous gamblers en route from Hong-Kong to Shanghai, and finish with a horrible tale of four fat Dutchmen and a Malay girl on an East Indian steamer. All are fascinating bits.

Above all else, it is Maugham's desire to entertain. He says, "The novel may stimulate you to think. It may



satisfy your esthetic sense. It may arouse your moral emotions. But if it does not entertain you it is a bad novel." He further states that it is ridiculous to think that any novel may have a scientific value. "The novelist deals with individual cases which he has chosen to suit his purpose. They may exemplify the rule; they cannot serve to formulate one."

Whether or not this theory is true is debatable; but there is no doubt that Maugham's wish to be entertaining is fulfilled in this set of short stories.

—MORTON FELDMAN.

## THE VILLAGE KILLERS

(Continued from page nine)

*lost and the two thousand dollars you gave me to get the stuff with is gone*

*I dont guess you will ever see me again because I am going up north because I am afraid you might be mad at me for doing what I have done and will do something to me like what they say you have done to other people for the same thing*

*I am sorry I lost your money and I will get it back to you as soon as I make some up north*

FRANCIS CLAYBORN but when he finished it and read it over he tore it up and went over and lay down again on his back on the bed. He was going back to Clayton driving the truck, to Pozzy and tell him how it had happened, how he had slipped up this once and wouldnt any more, and ask him for time to pay it back. And he knew Pozzy, he of the great Greek face, would slap him on the shoulder, perhaps a bit sorrowfully—at least as sorrowfully as the happy Pozzy could get—and say, "It's aw right, kit. You jus come on and keep up what you been doing and you'll have this lil accidents paid up in no time. You know I'm do likes you, and we wont let this lil thing bus that up." He knew that was what his friend Pozzy would say, but he didnt like to go back and face him that way, without any immediate way to pay him back at least a part of what he had lost.

Toward morning he fell asleep and dreamed a big grey angel shaped like a whisky-bottle came out of a cloud down to him and came to rest softly on the earth before him. Then it melted down and there was Pozzy crouching down looking at the ground between his knees, a great wide fat beaming Pozzy, scratching something in the soft earth. He attempted to bend down to read what Pozzy was writing on the dark earth but Pozzy rubbed it out and stood up and looked at him. But when he looked harder it was Jake standing there laughing out loud and holding out a great bunch of purple violets. Then

the violets were lottery tickets and Jake was trying to make him take them.

He woke up and found he still had his clothes on and they were clinging to him from sweating and slobbering. He took them off and got under the shower and dressed again in his driver's clothes. He went downstairs; went straight to the garage where the truck stayed, without eating breakfast. Buddy was there waiting in the truck eating a hamburger. The negro turned smiling to him.

"Le's get gone, boss. We got a sho nuff load to get fo them folks fo this here Foth-a-July drinking." Francis did not answer but backed the truck out of the garage. The negro looked out of the tails of his eyes at Francis when they did not turn down the street that led to the warehouse where they would pick up their loads, but savagely whipped the big truck onto the highway and toward Clayton. The negro said nothing.

They drove hard all the way back. Francis refused to stop to get anything to eat. But at a small town twenty miles from Clayton the fanbelt broke and they had to stop to buy a new one. The negro got out of the truck and walked toward the watercooler, Francis sitting slumped over the steeringwheel. He paid the station-man for the fanbelt and sat waiting for Buddy to get back into the truck with him. The negro did not come. Then he knew that the negro knew what the trouble was and had done what he himself should be doing now.

He drove into Clayton at seven oclock in the afternoon. He did not go straight out to the Tavern but went to his home, stopped at the curb, got out even before the truck had stopped rolling, and ran into the house. He nodded mutely to his surprised family and went straight back to his room. He pulled his dresser open and rummaged back into its far corner. There was a white cold-cream-jar there. He pulled it out and screwed off the tight top. Inside were bills—some tens and some fives and some ones—which he thrust into his pocket. He strode back through the diningroom where the family was eating. Not speaking, he slammed the door behind him and ran for the truck. He sat in the truck counting the bills; there was a bit over two hundred dollars. He carefully folded the money and put it into his pocket and drove out toward the Tavern.

He did not think what he was going to say to Pozzy when he got there. He only knew that

whatever he did say Pozzy would understand and would not make him talk much. For Pozzy would realize how sorry he was and how he would work to make it up.

He pulled into the driveway of the Tavern just as it was beginning to get dark. There were still the straight telephone poles and the dark fields of cotton out to the left; and there to the far right lay Clayton with its lights just beginning to be turned on. Through the window he could see Kayo the bartender drawing beer and stacking pretzels onto a white dish. He saw Pozzy leaning back in his chair with one shirtsleeved arm across its back, listening smiling to Ferry talking. Ferry's face was well out over the table. He was talking earnestly to Pozzy; maybe telling him a joke, maybe carrying on his endless rigmarole about the prices of whisky and beer. He could see them clearly; more clearly, he thought, than anything he had ever seen in all his life. Those blacksuited men were leaning against the bar talking together and with Kayo who was now polishing the mugs. They all had flat backs and their faces were alike, save for an occasional twist of the flesh or the angle of the nose. All three wore striped ties and shiny black shoes and had their hair cut alike. Pozzy was grinning broadly now; it must be a joke Ferry was telling. Ferry too was smiling his hard, vicious smile.

He opened the door of the truck, slammed it hard, and walked through the screen door of the Tavern, letting that slam too. Pozzy saw him and held out his arm grotesquely, signing for him to stand by till the finish of what Ferry was saying. Ferry cut his words off short, each one.

"Then the gal says 'Nah; not here, and not now.' 'Why?' says the fella. Then the gal turns to him and says 'Hadn't ya heard?—Today's FLAGDAY!'" He bent forward over the table to watch Pozzy. Pozzy let himself roar.

"Flagday! Heeow! Ah Ah Ah!"

"Pozzy . . ." Francis said.

"Flagday! Wh-wh-wha—Flagday! Haaaaa!"

"Pozzy . . ." Francis said.

"Flagday!"

Francis gulped and watched the little eyes in their tight cases of flesh as they hotly gleamed from their slits.

*Flagday Flagday Flagday*

"Buddy unloading?" Pozzy said. "Le's go see." He started to get up out of his chair.

"Buddy's not here," Francis said. Pozzy looked around over his shoulder quickly.

"Huh?" Ferry said.

"Buddy got off back at Banburn," Francis said.

"Whah fer?" Pozzy said.

"Sit down, Pozzy," Francis said.

"Yuh asking me er telling me?" Pozzy said.

*Oh God Oh God Oh God*

Pozzy walked over and stood across the table, leaning on it, looking down at Francis from incredible height; then sat down, leaning heavily forward.

*Oh God Oh God Oh God*

Ferry stood at the side of the table. The men at the bar were turned around with their elbows back on the bar, looking at him with their bright vicious eyes. He reached into his pocket and pulled out the neatly folded money. He laid it down on the smooth table.

"There," he said. Pozzy looked at it.

"What fer?" Ferry said. Oh God, why didn't Ferry stay out of it and let him talk to Pozzy? just Pozzy by himself.

"That's the beginning," he said. "There'll be more."

"Now wait a minute," Ferry said.

"Whassa mattah?" Pozzy said. Then his eyes got big and he leaned across the table. "Wha's—that—fer?" slowly.

"I—I—Well, I didn't get the load." Pozzy sat watching him with bland horror. The men at the counter were standing out from the bar now, arms hanging loosely. Ferry stood faintly swaying. "I lost it." *Oh God Oh God Oh God* "I lost it on the trip. It must've fell out of my pocket." He did not know why he told the lie, even as he told it.

"And Buddy got out back at Banburn?" Ferry said.

"Yes."

"He got it?"

*Oh God I cant do that*

"No."

"How do you know so well?"

"Because I lost it . . . before we got there."

"Why didnt you let us know sooner?"

"I didnt—I was—Ah, I lost it on a horserace."

"Yu . . . yu . . . yu did . . . yu," Pozzy said.

"There," Francis said. He pointed to the flat folded bills. "That's part payment. I'll pay you the rest soon."

"What with?" Ferry said.

*God God why doesnt he stay out of this? Pozzy's the one.*

The men from the bar came over and stood



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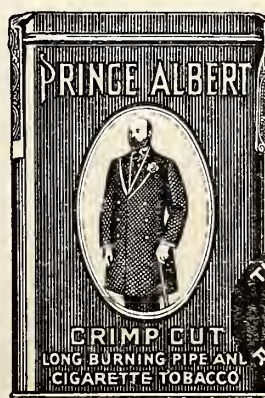
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around the table.

Pozzy's arm came out faster than Francis thought Pozzy ever could move. It gripped him by the shirtfront.

"Yu . . . yu— My money. my money. Why, you—" He sputtered off into nothingness.

"You're go' get it back!" Francis said. "You will!"

Ferry came around the side of the table as Pozzy held him from across the table. Ferry caught him by the coat-lapels and threw him at the men from the bar. They caught him falling and held him; one in front, and one on each side holding him with their slim delicate hands beneath the armpits. They dragged him through the narrow side door, jerking him through side-wise.

Just outside, the man in front went around behind him. The two holding him by the armpits jerked him around facing the wall. The behind man shoved hard with the flat of his hand at the back of the boy's head. His face struck the wall.

*I could feel my face flatten out But where are they going to do it? where is Pozzy now?*

Ferry came up behind him and began kicking. He kicked hard with his sharp shoe; kicking and kicking.

"There, there; now, now; there, now." Ferry said something each time he kicked. Francis turned his head around wanting to watch. He saw Pozzy standing watching, just behind Ferry.

*Pozzy Pozzy*

Pozzy came forward.

"Goddam you!" he screamed, kicking. "Goddam you!"

Francis felt no-feeling run into his legs and did not know how he was standing. He felt one of the men slapping at his face with the flat of his hand; hard quick blows. He tasted blood. He hung limp between the two men, Ferry still kicking and Pozzy hitting at the boy's back and neck with his short arms. He was shouting in a strange tongue now. Francis let his head hang down.

*I am numb now I am numb now*

"I'll get the car," Ferry said, and left them; the two men holding the limp form, Pozzy standing back breathing hard, the other man standing beside him.

The car came roaring out of the garage. Ferry stopped it just beside the group. Pozzy got into the front seat beside Ferry. One of the men got in the back seat; the other two shoved Francis in and the man caught him; and one of the other men got in beside him. The other shut the door and stood watching. The men held the boy up with their shoulders. The car roared down the highway for some time; then onto a side road.

*They will do it now that Pozzy that Pozzy*

Ferry stopped the car, got out, opened the back door.

"Here," he said. Pozzy got out the other side of the car and came around to where the three were supporting Francis.

*There were five of them a while ago I guess they must have left him to take care of things while they shoot me and put me in the ditch That Pozzy*

They dragged him to the slight ditch and dropped him into its shallow depth. He lay on his back and could see the stars wheeling up above him and did not think there was anybody around him now.

Ferry stepped straddling the ditch. Gingerly he leaned down and rested his knees on Francis's shoulders. He looked like a stiff mechanical monkey as he lifted his arm and struck hard swift blows down again and again with enginelike time-beat.

"Now. Now. Now," he said with the beat. Francis looked up at him, watching as the mechanical arm came down again and again. He knew Pozzy was standing alongside the ditch watching.

*When? When? But he could only watch the pale fist as it rose and fell. Dont let him stop Dont let him stop If he stops they will do it and leave me here bleaching for them to find*

He saw that the fist was no longer there. He did not hear them walking and he did not hear the car whine and drive off. He was quite calm and quite cool. There was profound peace and lightness to his body.


He lay there, watching the stars slip and scud, with no-feeling all through him. He watched the night and did not hear himself breathing. He tried to move his split lips and could not; but anyway he thought it.

*That bastard he thought That bastard*









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# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE



## KICK GRAHAM OUT!

BY CHARLES A. POE

## DOES COLLEGE-BRED MEAN ILL-BRED?

BY BEN NEVILLE

## AFTERMATH OF MANSLAUGHTER

BY NICK READ

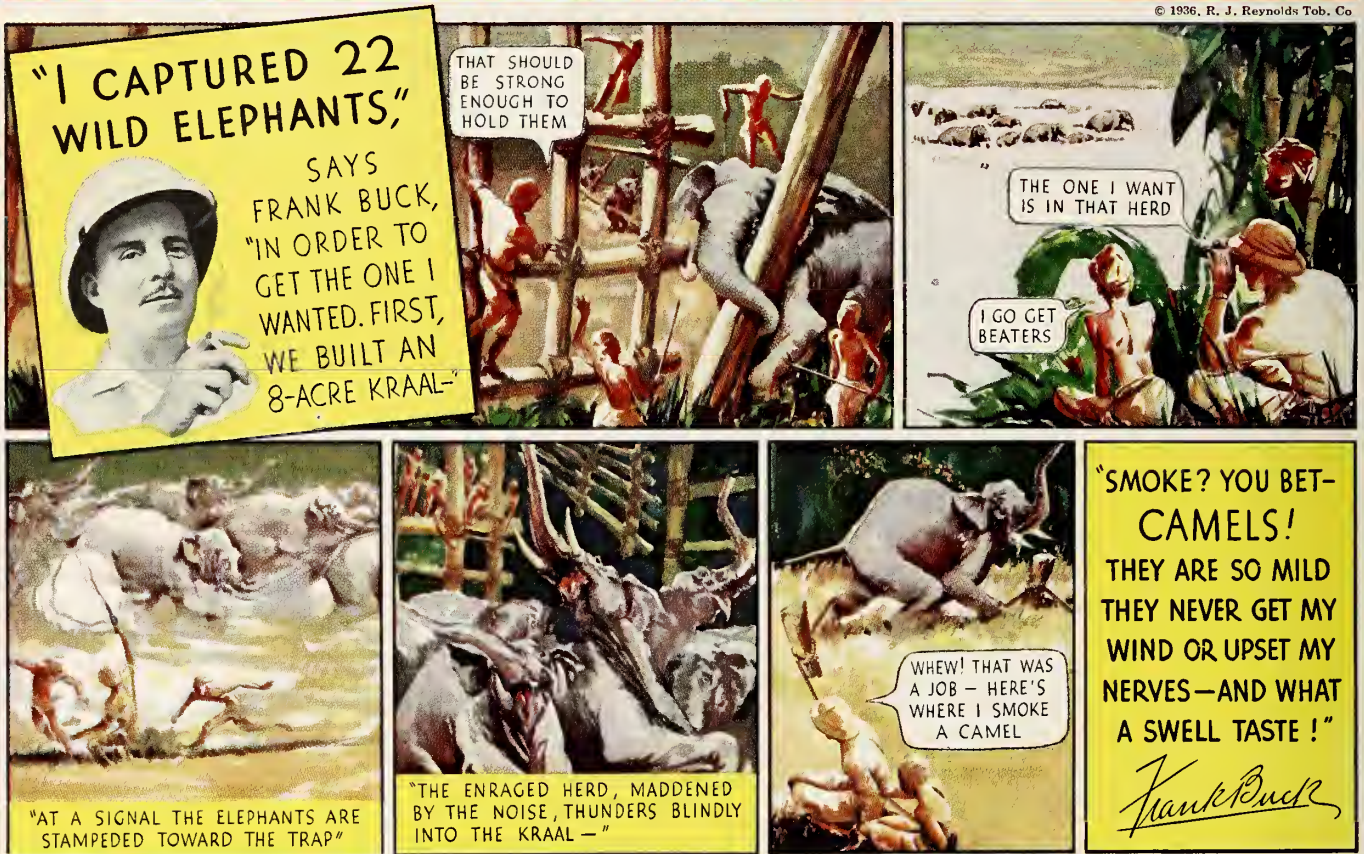
## THE PLACE OF CAMPUS POLITICS

BY TAYLOR BLEDSOE

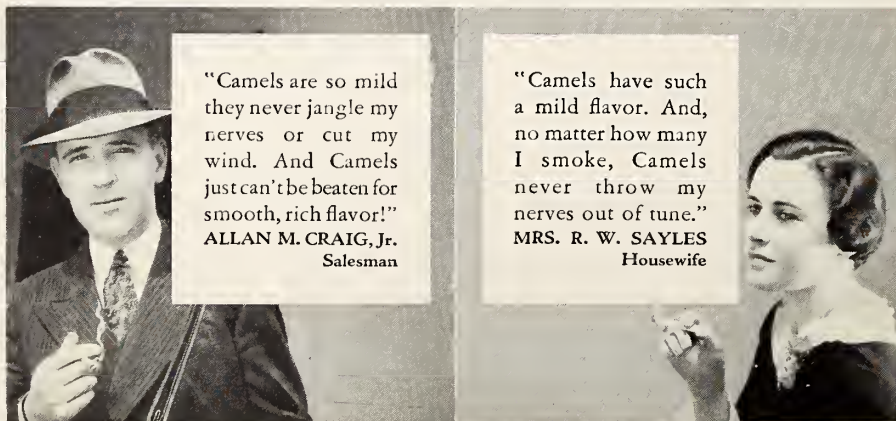


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Oldest College Publication in the  
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# Kick Graham Out!

## Nominating the Logical Man to Succeed Him

By CHARLES A. POE

**WE MUST** get rid of Dr. Frank Graham.

A group of zealous alumni, solely with the interests of our great University in their hearts and for no selfish reasons whatsoever, have started the movement to rid our fair campus of his pernicious influence. We students must join in the battle to make Carolina safe for conservatism.

There is one man who is primarily responsible for the present standing of Carolina. That man is Dr. Graham. Does anyone ever write a letter to a newspaper editor cursing the University of Alabama as being a "hotbed of radicalism"? Does anyone ever say that he is not going to send his son to the University of South Carolina because he is afraid his son might become an atheist? No. No! The University of North Carolina is the only institution in the South about which one hears such comments. Were it not for Dr. Graham, we would not be subject to such caustic criticism.

### II

After his inauguration, it was not long before he showed his true color—red. One of the first indications of just how dangerous and unpredictable a person is Dr. Graham came when he went on the bond of his young friend Alton Lawrence, that Socialist or Communist or whatever he is. There was absolutely no excuse for this. Of course his friends say he had known Lawrence as a student and felt sure Lawrence was innocent. But this is one of the qualities for which Dr. Graham deserves to be most deeply damned—letting considerations of "friendship, innocence," etc., affect him in cases where the charge of "socialist" or "labor agitator" has been leveled at a man. Has it not long been thought that if a Negro is charged with assaulting a white woman he should straightway be lynched without wasting time examining the evidence against him? In the same way, if the charge of "communist" or "labor agitator" is made against anyone, why waste time in evidence?

Nor is Dr. Graham's action made any the less stupid by the fact that when Lawrence's case was tried, it was non-suited. If Dr. Graham wanted

to help Lawrence, he should have given the money to some friend and let the friend get him out of jail. In that way he would have kept his name out of the newspapers and would not have had noble patriots like William Randolph Hearst warning the whole country that the University of North Carolina had a "red" as its President. Naturally there were a few wild-eyed radicals who approved of what Dr. Graham did; but theirs is the only type who will be attracted to the University by such action, and they are the very kind of people we do not want in our good state.

As infamous as was the Alton Lawrence episode, we got an even blacker eye when Dr. Graham was put on the *Nation's* Honor Roll. The ignorant lower classes who heard about this probably thought he had won some great national recognition; but anyone with any intelligence knows that the *Nation* is one of the most radical and unpatriotic magazines possible. What we need is a president who will be praised by Hearst, not the *Nation*.

Dr. Graham exhibited his lack of the proper attitude when he allowed the engineering schools to be consolidated at State College. He should have had courage enough, school spirit enough, to stand up for the rights of his own school, the Chapel Hill unit, and demand that the engineering school be left here, even though the majority of the committee he named to study the question recommended that engineering work be merged at State College. He should not have let the report of the committee influence him in his duty to his school. This showed the weakness of his character.

Dr. Graham's apologists point to the admitted fact that when President Roosevelt wanted a man to head his Social Security Commission to plan a system of old age pensions and unemployment insurance, he came straight to the University of North Carolina for his chairman. Yet must we not admit that Graham's leadership in such matters has simply deepened the antagonism to him by powerful industrial interests in our own state? And is not this opposition by men who count in



North Carolina more important than Roosevelt's approbation hundreds of miles away?

One of Dr. Graham's greatest faults is that he spends far too much of his time in other states making wild speeches, instead of staying in Chapel Hill, Raleigh and Greensboro, attending to his duties as President of the Consolidated University. Last fall he went all the way up to Canada to argue in defense of our two-year medical school, when he could very easily have left this matter up to someone in the med school. Of course his friends say that it was his fine work that saved the school, but that does not prove that someone else would not have done just as well.

Here we have the main reason why Dr. Graham is not fit to be a university president: he is always doing something. He seems not to understand that in this position one is supposed to be a figurehead and nothing more—seen and not heard. He has no more sense than to say exactly what he thinks. He never stops to consider what the rich, powerful alumni want him to say; and he never seems ashamed of anything he does or says, even when many of our outstanding citizens express their disapproval.

His speech at the Williamstown Institute of Human Relations last summer well shows his extreme views. To quote from it: "The American people are now in the midst of a third historic occasion for the amendment of their fundamental articles of government . . . to provide a constitutional basis for a congressional bill of human rights, such as the right to honest competition, equality of bargaining power of workers through organization and of consumers through information, social security against the economic hazards of modern society, and social control of the means of an abundant production of goods for a more abundant distribution of the good life." What insidious doctrines are hidden herein under the false label "liberal thinking"!

Dr. Graham's crowning stupidity was the "Graham Plan." By the admission of its advocates, the new restrictions contain nothing that was not already in the Southern Conference or University rules; so what was the need of creating so much disturbance about some rules that we already had? Of course, the rules were not being enforced; but everyone was satisfied with the situation. He should have let well enough alone. If the Graham Plan is enforced, we will never again

have an almost-Rose-Bowl team; and when in later years someone asks us where we went to college and follows up with the inevitable question, "What kinda football team ya got?", we will have to blush shamefully and change to a more pleasant subject. What does all this talk about "standards of honor" in athletics amount to if it doesn't give you more victories?

And all this brings us right down to what is the main trouble with this man Frank Graham. He has no proper standard of success. And the whole University will never have proper standards of success so long as he heads it. His foolish idealism will never get us anywhere, and we have already been warned that rich men who might otherwise give us money will not put up with it. Dr. Graham is so foolish as to think that we ought to train lawyers interested in justice and statesmanship as well as getting rich clients; doctors interested in social welfare and public health as well as medical technique; industrialists interested in workers' living conditions as well as their own dividends; business men who mix altruism, social service and such truck along with running their jobs.

What can you expect in a state whose university trains men with such ideas? What can you expect but unrest, questioning, continued dissatisfaction with the status quo, continued monkeying with reforms in our sound industrial and capitalistic system? It is plainly high time to kick Graham out in order that we may have a university freed of isms and quixotic impracticability.

### III

Thus having reached the proper conclusion that Graham must go, we now come to the question as to whom we shall choose to succeed him. In order to make sure that we select no one who possesses any of Dr. Graham's faults, let us lay down a number of qualifications of the ideal college president, and then look about us to see who most nearly fits the requirements.

For the position of President of the University of North Carolina, we want a man of average intelligence (men of great intelligence are often not conservative enough). He should not express himself on important controverted matters. He should not be so weak as to give in to all demands made upon him by influential alumni; however, he should consider their wishes carefully, and he will then usually come to the conclusion that they are right. Above all, the President of the Uni-

versity should be solid, conservative, one-hundred-per-cent American. As often as he may relevantly do so, he should praise the Constitution, "rugged individualism," and our capitalistic system; and he should avidly seize each opportunity to denounce every tendency to undermine the very foundations of our life, such as Russia, free love and atheism.

Who best meets these requirements of the ideal President? One name pops instantly to mind. There is one man who can qualify under each of these demands, one man who is the logical candidate for this job. That man is David Clark.

His selection will probably create some surprise. David Clark has long been known for his opposition to the University of North Carolina, you say. On the surface this is no doubt true. He seemed to be our greatest enemy; in reality he was our most sincere friend. Contrary to what some persons believed, he did not attack the University just to create a sensation or to further the interests of the textile manufacturers who opposed Graham. The real motive for his actions was love. He loves our University deeply, sincerely, and he was willing to suffer the pangs of adverse criticism in order to make some constructive suggestions and help set us on the right path.

Proof that David Clark's criticisms have done us much good is found in the movement to get rid of Frank Graham, which is due in large part to the courageous, untiring fight Clark has waged. If it were not for Clark, Dr. Graham might be sitting contentedly in his home, unthreatened by any possibility of being ousted. We can best show our gratitude to David Clark for being instrumental in helping us get rid of the man whom he designated "North Carolina's greatest egotist" by offering Clark himself the Presidency of our University.

David Clark is a man of action. He will begin housecleaning as soon as he is installed. Quite a few professors whom Graham allowed to remain—yea, even encouraged in their work—Clark will kick out. Dr. Odum, for example, will have to go: he is entirely too sympathetic with the Negro. Dr. Groves certainly will have to leave. (It is rumored that on some of his classes he leads in discussions of sexual topics in which the students unblushingly participate!) Dean Carroll, too, will be forced to depart, if he is unwilling to quit teaching Economics 195, in which his students are told about Socialism and Bolshevism.

These are but a few whom Clark will oust. Clark might interview each professor to get his views on important subjects; if these views are not such as should be presented to young minds, the professor will not be allowed to remain. Some teachers, not desiring to lose their jobs, might hide their radical views from Clark; to remedy which, spies might be placed in each classroom. Or better still, since we have the honor system, each student can be put on his honor to report any professor teaching socialism, communism, free love or atheism. These might be designated "the four cardinal sins," thus instilling in the students an abhorrence of them.

#### IV

But President Clark will not content himself with weeding out the radical professors and students. He is too thorough in his method for that. He knows that the printed word is the root of all evil; that the profs would not have such subversive ideas to dish out to their unsuspecting pupils if they did not have access to those sources of virus, the books written by servants of the Soviet and the Devil. There are thousands of these books, all laden with the germs of diseased minds, in the stacks of the University library, where they can be procured by any student, boy or girl, Christian or atheist, senior or freshman or even high school student. Very few will be the same after having devoured, in their innocence, the polluted words. These immature college students are incapable of discriminatory reading, are unable to discern the fiendish motives prompting the writing of these books.

Our new president will soon put an end to this. One of his first official acts will be the appointment of a Library Purging Committee composed of upright citizens noted for their opposition to all modern isms, whose duty it will be to see that the Library contains only those books which are fit to be read.

Let's eavesdrop on a conference between President Clark and the Chairman of the Library Purging Committee.

Chairman of the Library Purging Committee: And I suppose you want us to get rid of the works of Karl Marx?

President Clark: By all means.

C. L. P. C.: And all Norman Thomas' books?

Clark (his eyes lighting up): Soak 'em in oil and burn them! And books by that Communist secretary, Earl Browder, too.



C. L. P. C.: I don't believe there are any books by Browder in the library.

Clark: Well, order some by him and burn 'em.

C. L. P. C.: Yes, sir.

Clark: Is there anyone we've overlooked?

C. L. P. C.: There's one North Carolinian, President Clark, whom we aren't quite sure about. I hesitate to mention it, but for certain reasons we thought you might like to make an exception—though he seems to be about as radical as any of 'em.

Clark: Nothing shall influence me to deal lightly with radicals. Just give me proof of radicalism and out go his books.

C. L. P. C.: To begin with, he shows no reverence whatsoever for the Constitution, advocating a convention to revise it and saying that "as to constitutions, the forgotten man made them and he can make others when he deems that justice to himself and to those dependent upon him shall require it."

Clark: Doesn't sound so good. Read me more.

C. L. P. C.: "The public would be glad to see the telegraph, telephone and express companies made a part of the postoffice. . . . In these demands there is nothing unjust." He advocates the government taking over and operating lighting, water, street transportation, and railroads. And he even goes so far as to urge that it take over the manufacture and sale of tobacco. "The Government would restore fair prices to the farmer, based upon the size of the crop, reserving to the government only a fair profit to revenue, and even that profit will go to reduce the weight of taxation and not to swell the estates of a few multi-millionaires, as now."

Clark: Obviously a Socialist.

C. L. P. C.: He seems to be suggesting revolution when he states that "Mankind would still be on a far lower level if the French Revolution had not occurred."

Clark: A damned Communist, that's what he is.

C. L. P. C. (reading on): "When the people look upon a million-dollars-a-year salary to a Steel Trust President, and hundred-thousand-dollar salaries to many others; when they see the palaces, the steel yachts, the appliances and luxuries of countless wealth which are daily flaunted before those who created but do not enjoy that wealth, and then turn to their own squalid surroundings, they are debating the justice of the

present distribution of wealth; for all wealth is produced, and can be produced, by labor only."

Clark: That sounds very much like Frank Graham.

C. L. P. C.: He seems to have stood for protection to employees, shorter hours for labor, and prohibition of child labor. He especially deplors the situation in Gaston, the cotton mill county, where he says that the cotton manufacturers don't pay their fair share of taxation (President Clark becomes aroused) and the taxes are piled upon those who have to work for a living. He also warned the people against the dangerous influence which men of great wealth may exert in colleges and universities by making large gifts and then attempting to control the economic and social teachings of these institutions. "Beware of the Greeks bearing gifts," he said. The people, he said, must provide liberal support for their universities primarily in order that teaching may be free and not dominated by any fear of wealthy benefactors.

Clark (furious): Bring his books to me! I want to tear them up with my own hands and make a bon-fire of them. Those are the words of Frank Graham; I know they are! He spoke them last year at—

C. L. P. C.: No, these words were spoken and written many years ago.

Clark: Dammit, tell me the name of this man!

C. L. P. C.: He was your father, Chief Justice Walter Clark.

And President Clark, in a voice stern with duty, will order the Chairman of the Library Purging Committee to burn the score or more of books and pamphlets written by his father, Chief Justice Walter Clark. For David Clark is a man who makes no compromise in his fight on radicals—just as his father was a man who never compromised in his struggle with the men whom his son now represents.

## V

Under President Clark our University will change rapidly. No longer will parents fear to send their loved ones to Chapel Hill. No longer will atheists and socialists live in dormitories with normal people, unsegregated. No longer will our University bear the infamous title of "liberal institution," which is only a pretty name for "hotbed of radicalism."

Down with Frank Graham!

Up with David Clark!

# Does College-Bred Mean Ill-Bred?

## What the American Co-ed Thinks of the College Man

By BEN NEVILLE

**C**OLLEGE MEN are the most selfish and egotistical creatures on earth!"

Such is the opinion expressed by prominent college girls from all parts of the nation, in reply to a questionnaire sent out to campus leaders in most of the country's leading colleges to determine what the American co-ed thinks of her college brothers.

Her opinion of the average college boy is none too flattering. To her, he has many glaring faults; in fact, she says he gets drunk too much, he lacks respect for girls and older people, and he has no sense of responsibility for his social obligations. Too often he "stands her up" when she has a date with him, and he isn't at all courteous about helping her into an automobile. His table manners are abominable, and he likes to brag about his dates around his fraternity brothers. He is rude, insincere, disrespectful, inconsiderate, impolite, discourteous—to mention but a few of his current failings. In short, Betty Co-ed is a bit discouraged about the calibre of the college boy she is supposed to rush during this leap year.

"The thing that gets in my hair most," confesses a girl at Syracuse University, "is when boys don't stand when a girl enters the room; and I could scream when my partner keeps bumping into other couples on a dance floor. I hate unnecessary profanity, and I don't like loudness in a boy either. It's too childish. And I hate boys who adopt a 'you're-so-dumb, little-girl' attitude—it makes me swear."

At the University of Buffalo the girls have found the men quite mannerly in the Blue Book sense of the word, but the chief shortcoming is undue familiarity on short acquaintance—a fault which, declares one, can be nipped in the bud by the girl. Nebraska co-eds agree that the boys possess commendable manners but are peeved by their never-ceasing effort to be clever.

To describe what Western Maryland girls find wrong with their college boy friends would require running through a list of rather uncomplimentary adjectives. They say men are rude, have no respect for girls and take them for granted, are inconsiderate, have poor table manners, and lack the "niceties of polite society." This idea of

treating girls as just dates and not as persons, of considering girls as other boys, hits a responsive chord at Auburn and Smith, where drunkenness and irresponsibility to social obligations are other prominent hates.

Girls at Ohio State are of the opinion that college men are extremely self-centered and have so many queer ideas about being different that they really get queer. Duke co-eds agree that their college brothers are overly conceited and "rather negligent about observing the fundamentals of good manners."

Carelessness of speech and a profusion of filthy remarks are rated by Southern California co-eds as being the most prevalent faults, along with fickleness and a failure to observe "the little courtesies that mean so much."

From the University of Indiana comes the opinion that "the most common failing of college boys occurs in a fraternity house after a date. There each boy openly and rudely classifies each girl according to her actions, and he seems to surmise that if she acts fickle with him she will never be sincere with anyone on that campus. Sometimes a girl doesn't have a chance to live down a reputation after a boy has branded her."

The girls at Delaware Woman's College agree that college boys go in for too much "heavy loving" and are usually the type who "like to brag, confidentially of course, to his pals about 'what I did with that babe'." Replies from the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina indicate that the girls there too feel that "bragging and lying about girls in bull sessions" is a common failing among boys. Other faults, in the opinion of W. C. U. N. C. girls, include passing out at crucial moments, acting as if girls were intellectually inferior, failing to answer letters promptly, stringing lines and "rooking" dates, and driving up in front of a girl's house without going in for her. Most boys are "positively rude to mothers, fathers, and older people."

"An incessant desire to neck" is listed by University of Georgia co-eds as one of Joe College's defects. Excessive drinking ranks high as an evil in the eyes of the Georgians, who also criticize the modern Lochinvars for neglecting less popular girls at dances.



At the University of Texas, the girls do not object to profanity—it's the western touch, they say—but are simply furious with conceited boys, as well as those who over-estimate their liquor capacity.

Thoughtlessness and a lack of respect for girls and older people head the list of objections at both Greensboro College and the Virginia State Teacher's College. A failure to recognize how much liquor "they can hold like gentlemen," together with a lack of consideration, conceit, and immoderate advances sexually, are listed by University of Oregon co-eds as the greatest defects of college men. According to the girls at Winthrop College, boys are discourteous, conceited, and as a rule, are not neat.

From Mary Baldwin College comes a plea for the 1936 college man to be more considerate, "and at least keep all dates." "They are usually two-timers," one Mary Baldwin girl declares, "but they should learn to be four-timers, like college girls!"

## II

Enough for the defects of the college man! Let's look at him as these same girls would remodel him, along the lines of the pattern suggested by them for the perfect male, embodying all the qualities and traits desired by an Ideal Man. It may be, as suggested by a co-ed at Carnegie Tech, that "any preconceived notion of the ideal man would tend toward maladjustment in actual life. Inevitably comparisons are made between the ideal and the real, and these are usually not complimentary to the latter." Just the same, Betty Co-ed hopefully describes her 1936 Ideal Man.

Not exactly a Prince Charming, nor yet a tough hombre, he must be a man's man, tall and dark, and must possess a high social background and reasonable finances. His looks aren't particularly important, so long as he doesn't wear a mustache. Intellectually, he must be above the average, possessing a happy disposition and vibrant personality. It is preferable that he have an automobile and be a good dancer. He must dress neatly, have a keen sense of humor, be courteous and gracious in his manners, considerate of girls and older people, and athletically inclined to the extent of engaging in the less strenuous sports and being an interested spectator of others. He may smoke as much as he likes and take a few sociable drinks, "if he can do so without getting tight."

According to comments from every section of the country, the American girl likes brunettes,

because "they usually have more self-confidence and determination than blondes." Ruggedness of feature is preferred, rather than delicate beauty, because handsome men are usually too conceited—and, too, "they remind one of the smoothy type, the kind that 'loves 'em and leaves 'em.'"

As for mustaches, practically every girl was vehement in her protests against "any kind or vestige of lip adornment," stating that mustaches tickle. A more tolerant lady at Ohio State declares that wearing a mustache would depend on the look in his eye; he of the evil gleams must by all means be adorned. Other girls placed bans on the waxed or Hitler types.

The perfect man is expected to be at least intellectually equal to his girl friend. He must be well-educated, both from school and experience, have common sense, and be able to carry on an intelligent conversation concerning any subject of present-day interest. He should be well-read on all the current books, and exhibit an appreciation of music and art. College graduates are preferred, though Phi Beta Kappas are not much in demand. As one girl from Mercer expresses it, "He must have a degree or two. I've spent most of my life going to school and I wouldn't enjoy spending the rest of it with a man I couldn't talk to." Other intellectual attributes should include a sense of values and a desire to increase one's outlook on life; in short, a perspective only obtained by the intelligent.

The most admirable habits of a man are cleanliness, neatness, promptness, diligence and patience. A Salem College girl wants a man who always carries a clean white handkerchief, never picks his teeth, is not afraid of snakes or lightning, and is able to carry on an intelligent conversation. Several girls desire a man who smokes a pipe. "It makes him look so masculine."

Automobiles are not necessities, but they help. As a girl from Georgia writes, "Those boys who have cars are lucky and can usually depend on a better time." "He doesn't have to have a car, if he can keep me entertained without one," declares another. Others indicate that if the man is everything they want him to be, the car can wait: it will come later. One girl says he must have a car, "even if it rattles."

Many girls are of the opinion that profanity is evidence of a lack of good breeding, while a goodly number don't mind "an occasional 'hell' or 'damn.'" But when repeated every breath profanity gets monotonous.

He should be a fair dancer, at least able to keep time. If he can't dance well he must know how to talk so that his partner is not aware of the fact that he isn't particularly proficient at the terpsichorean art. "If he can't square dance, he should be willing to try it once," opines a Mary Baldwin girl. "It doesn't matter; I can always teach him to dance," writes a Syracuse co-ed who adores the kind of boy who goes hunting and fishing, and likes it so much that he "doesn't give a damn about a female—while he's hunting and fishing."

### III

The Ideal Man must have a smooth technique in love-making, avoiding cave-man tactics, but must be definite enough to show his love. He must be affectionate, tender, and considerate. He should be jealous enough to be interesting.

"As for love-making," according to an Ohio State co-ed, "one should do anything he gets in the mood to do, so long as it does not have an after-effect, like the morning-after headache." A Nebraska girl, who wants her man to have the qualities of a good host, says he must like to spend quiet evenings by the fire and that his advances should "include sweet kisses and tender embraces—no more."

Salem College girls agree with Southern California co-eds that they hate the all-powerful, cave-man type, but "the cold job is almost as despicable." A Winthrop girl thinks a man "should be just a little tough at times—just to make me appreciate him."

That a man's advances in love-making during courtship should be enough to satisfy the love of each but should never go into sexual relationships is the opinion expressed currently by Guilford

and Oregon University girls. "He should remember that 'damaged goods' are damaged for life, that girls are human and their resistance is easily broken down. When it is gone she wants to do as much as the boy, but when she gets home and calms down she will hate the boy for everything he has done that she would not have allowed had she had control of herself."

Girls at Pomona College and at Western Maryland are content to let the boy use his own judgment concerning advances. "He'll be able to sense how far he can go and what a girl wants from him, so there—" A Missouri co-ed says that a man should not make any advances until he is sure they will be accepted.

"He must have a finished technique in love-making," writes a Duke co-ed. "My mission in life is not to train amateurs!"

Auburn girls, who feel that neglect and indifference is worse than doing the wrong thing, want to find a man who is always filled with the same interest and enthusiasm that he shows on the first date. Advances should be loving, say Buffalo co-eds, but not over-bearing in their familiarity. Too ardent affection in public is bad taste and quite embarrassing.

"I want to be able to distinguish him from a refrigerator," is a comment from Western Maryland, along with, "He must love the ears off me," and, "He must love me enough for me to find if I'd like the rest of it—."

A University of Indiana girl wants her ideal to "combine wit with intelligence, sweetness with flippancy, and myself with an angel." "I don't want a flawless specimen," she continues. "I just want a boy like my dad!"

## Aftermath of Manslaughter

### A Story

By NICK READ

ARTHUR SAT THERE on a tall stool gazing out of the window, his eyes fastened on the street below with a dumb fascination. He watched the cars going by on the grey pavement in the grey afternoon, unconscious of the drone of voices around him in the brightly-lighted dissecting room. Unconscious, too, of the moment his eyes had strayed from the huge volume of Gray's *Anatomy*, lying open on his knees, to the passing

cars on the street. It was so easy to watch the life in the street, to see the automobiles of all makes and call them by name—Ford, Buick, Chrysler, and sometimes a long slinky Cadillac or Packard or Lincoln; so hard to study a diagrammed kidney and name its parts—cortex, medulla and hilum—and determine how it suffered from nephroses, nephrites, sarcoma, and carcinoma.



Arthur didn't know much about the insides of cars, but he was certain they were not as complicated as kidneys. At least there weren't Latin and Greek names for spark plugs, coils, and cylinders. But he was supposed to forget about cars now—supposed to study medicine. Since his family had taken his sporty roadster away from him, however, it seemed he could think of nothing else. Watching automobiles had become a kind of mania with him. Although he tried to conceal it in front of his friends, he was passionately addicted to examining all the latest models, appraising their lines, peering inside at their instrument panels, criticizing the curve of their fenders and the style of their radiators.

He watched a LaSalle roadster like the one he had owned swing out from a line of cars and pass them with complacent assurance, an impudent spurt of smoke coming from its exhaust. "Hell," grumbled Arthur to himself. "Just look at that crazy driver passing three abreast." Why didn't they let him have his car back? He was a damn sight better driver than any of those fools down there. "It's just because of that damn accident," he muttered under his breath. In ten months you'd think they would forget about that mess. He hadn't forgotten; no. But how could he when he was reminded of it every time he looked at an automobile and remembered why he didn't have his?

A long black-and-silver sedan speeding down the boulevard caught Arthur's eye. A mad desire to be at the wheel burned within him and the driver instead of his parents instantly became the object of his anger. At the nearby intersection a shabby little man stepped out from behind a parked taxi, and unmindful of the car bearing down upon him, started across the street. A loud blast from the machine's air horn, a sharp shriek of rubber scraping on asphalt, and the little man jumped back, escaping death by an inch.

Arthur stopped his ears and shut his eyes. But the sound of the screaming tires pierced his stopped ears and lodged vibrating in his brain. That sickening sound of tires, a dull thud and a scream. He saw the white faces of a crowd, cruel and curious, closing in on him, the awesome blue and gold uniforms of police, inflexible automata of authority, and the confused turmoil in the street. As clearly as if it had happened right then in the street below he saw it, heard it, and clearer and louder because of his stopped ears and shut eyes. He remembered how his bowels

had felt as if they were dropping out of him, how he had lost all power over his legs that were no longer legs capable of movement, but loose wobbly props between him and the pavement.

He tried to see black or red—anything but the scene before him. He tried to hear his mother's voice, some familiar sound, anything but the cry of tires, the jumbled voices of the crowd, and the blaring of horns which drowned out all else. He knew he couldn't escape that vision and those sounds, and the blood rushed to the top of his head and he was helpless and afraid like he had been near the end of an exam when he couldn't answer the questions. He was numbed by the kind of fear he had felt at night when after fighting off insomnia by thinking of sheep and numbers until he was sinking off into unconsciousness, he had suddenly realized that he wasn't asleep yet, and the fear of spending more sleepless hours undid in an instant the work of his slow efforts. In the grip of this fear Arthur's mind was caught and delivered to the ravages of the vision. His memory poured fuel on the fires of remorse that tortured him with an aching pain, fed on his heart.

In front of the bank of white faces was the blood-smeared face of the man he had run down, the man he had struck with a dull thud. That face, contorted in agony, gazing at him with wide despairing eyes, cursing him with silent curses—he had stood and stared at it, fascinated. He hadn't moved to help the crumpled form. He had stood there with shoulders slumping, weak as an exhausted swimmer, sick at his hollow stomach, and watched the blood trickle out of its mouth and run down into the gutter in a little stream. He had wanted to faint and wake up at home on the big sofa before the fire with his parents around him and his brother and sister laughing at him. He had wanted to think it was a bad dream and if he went back to sleep he would wake up in the morning and hear his mother downstairs giving the market order for the day to the cook, hear his young brother and sister arguing over the jam at the breakfast table, and Brownie barking at a delivery boy. For a minute it *had* seemed like a dream and then he had known it wasn't and he had longed to sink out of sight. He had felt like he was sinking right through the pavement, but he hadn't and there were thousands of chalky faces thrust out at him, the pink fat faces of the cops, and always the bleeding one. He had been very still and hadn't

moved until they carried the dying thing away, until they had carried it away but not out of sight. It lay there just out of his reach, as it had for ten months, bleeding, gaping, blowing bubbles of blood. Why didn't it wash away in its own blood?

Arthur cursed and gripped the stool. He had to get hold of himself. He'd snap out of it now. He'd been freed, hadn't he? The dirty bastards of police had accused him of manslaughter, of killing the poor man who had no family; but the court had acquitted him. What if his father was rich and a friend of the judge? By the court's decision he was free. There was no blood on his hands. Why didn't that Goddam face go away?

Someone touched him on the shoulder. Arthur jumped, nearly upsetting the stool, and with a startled expression looked up at the student who had approached him.

"Did I scare you? What you been staring at so hard?" asked the boy.

"Oh, hello, Jim. I just saw a man nearly get killed down at the corner. The dumb guy stepped out from behind that taxi right in front of a speeding car." Then with over-composure, "We almost had another corpse to work on."

"Well, we'd better get to work on the one that's just been brought up from the tank. I came over to get you so you can help out with the dirty work."

Arthur got off his stool and accompanied the other student over to a dissecting table where several others were preparing to begin work on a stiff that lay wrapped like an Egyptian mummy. The others were exchanging facetious speculations on the appearance of the cadaver when uncovered. Arthur joined in the conversation. He had to joke, his nervous tension finding in talk an unsuppressible release.

"What part of him do we attack first?" asked a student.

"We begin on the skull," said another student.

"We probably won't find much in this boy's

cranium and it'll be a sweet job sawing the top of his damn skull off. He's plenty tough, I bet," remarked Arthur.

"You'd be tough too, pickled ten months in formaldehyde. Undo the bandages on his head, Art."

"I knew this fellow," went on Arthur as he unwound the bandage from the stiff's head. "He was mean as hell, had a criminal record in fifteen states, and got stabbed to death in a fight."

"I suppose you stabbed him," said someone, but no one answered as they were anxious to see what the stiff's face looked like. First the top of the shaved skull appeared, tanned by the formaldehyde to leather color. Then the flat forehead, mashed nose, sunken mouth and sharp chin with leathery skin tightly stretched across it showed from beneath the wrapping. One side of the face and skull was tanned to a dark brown. The other side was black.

"Jesus! look at that bruise. Makes him black as a nigger on this side," someone said. "He didn't get stabbed to death. This guy got hit by something and hit hard."

Bruised face . . . hit by something . . . hit hard. Arthur dropped a handful of soggy bandage to the floor and stood and stared at the face. He knew the others would notice him if he kept on staring, but he couldn't take his eyes away. He just stood and stared and watched the blood trickle out of its gaping mouth and run down into the gutter in a little stream. He heard the confused voices of the crowd—the strange menacing voices from the strange white faces thrust out at him, and in front of all he saw that face on the table with the blood trickling out of a gaping hole in the middle.

Someone shook him. The smell of formaldehyde suddenly became very strong. It burned his nose. Funny he hadn't noticed it before. His head was expanding and expanding and little beads of sweat popped out on his forehead.

"I think I'll step out for some air," spoke a voice within Arthur not his own.

## **Advice Intended to Be Taken by Myself**

Consummate skill lies in knowledge, not in action;  
The craftsmanship is in itself attraction  
For a man with clever mind or supple hands;  
He best completes the deed who understands.  
Fancy that you can write, but never do it,  
Rather than scrawl a line and stay to rue it.

—Dave Franklin.



# The Political Pot Boils

## Candidates for State Offices Swing Into Action

By FLOYD FLETCHER

**I**N THE SPRING of every leap year, the nationwide fancy turns to thoughts of political scalp-getting and patronage promises. In the nation this year the Rooseveltians are pitted against the anti-Roosevelt Democrats and the "chicken in every pot" Republicans, with Roosevelt having sufficient grip on the public imagination (and purse-strings) to assure his reelection by a comfortable majority.

But in North Carolina the story is different. Here the main battle is not party against party but candidate versus candidate seeking the nomination on the Democratic ticket. Since this practically assures the winner in such a struggle of the position he seeks, particular emphasis is placed on winning the party's support in the primary.

By far the biggest scrap in the state for the current year, of course, is that over the Democratic nomination for Governor. And there are three powerful scrappers in the field, too: one a new comer to politics; the other two, seasoned veterans. The new comer is R. W. McDonald, Ph.D., one time professor at Salem College in Winston-Salem and hailing originally from somewhere in Illinois. The old timers are Clyde Hoey of Shelby, famed as a "silver-tongued" orator "on the stump," and admired for his readiness to address any and all church gatherings; and A. H. (Sandy) Graham, particularly noted for being devoted body and soul to the Democratic Party and for having been politically pigeon-holed at the last state election by being elected to the position of Lieutenant-Governor of North Carolina.

### II

Both Hoey and Graham are closely allied with the "Administration," which is the term applied to the controlling political interests in the State. It is a singular fact that for the past 16 years every Governor has had the active support during his campaign for nomination of the Governor who preceded him in office.

The candidacy of these two men so closely allied with the "Administration" does not, at the present moment, represent a split in their forces.

It appears that the "Administration" cannot make up its mind as to just which one it will throw its full support. It will, of course, choose the one which appears the stronger in the light of the conditions existing at the time when a choice is necessary. As to just which one that will be, nothing definite at this time can be said.

McDonald is the ardent foe of the Gardner "reign" in North Carolina. On him is pinned the hopes of the "anti-ring" Democrats. To say the least, the "Administration" is more afraid of McDonald than of the fourth candidate in the race, McRae of Charlotte, who, up to this time, just hasn't received the benevolent glory of public enthusiasm in his behalf. It is assuredly a race of McDonald against the "Administration."

As to the platforms of the candidates, full details cannot be obtained as this article is being written, but a general idea, with some fair degree of accuracy assured, can be forecast. Hoey (pronounced Hoh-ey, and not, as some would have it, Hooey) prefaced his opening address in Charlotte on February 8 with the statement that "I have no platform and no issue," thus indicating that he is clearly running on the Democratic party record in North Carolina. Graham will probably adopt the same program. McDonald comes out strongly in opposition to the sales tax, and among other things, in favor of larger educational allotments and full participation in the National Government's security program. He will be strongly attacked because of his substitute tax program which includes higher taxes on corporations.

Even though running in the very "backyard" of the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, i.e., Winston-Salem, Dr. McDonald won a decisive victory in the race for the legislature two years ago in spite of the active opposition of the above-mentioned concern. With their interests at stake, you can be assured that the larger industrial interests of the state will oppose McDonald.

As to the question of just what part the two North Carolina senators, J. W. Bailey and "Bob" Reynolds, will play in this gubernatorial fight, nothing definite can be said. But it appears that Bailey, having a fight of his own to wage, will

adopt a "hands off" policy, while his appointees, through no influence exerted by him, will probably support Hoey. Should Reynolds take any active part at all, he may tend toward supporting McDonald while his appointees will more than likely follow their own dictates.

The question of the possibilities of the various candidates is, of course, one man's opinion against another. It looks to the writer as though Hoey, brother-in-law of former Governor O. Max Gardner, will, in the end, receive the "Administration" support, and Graham will either be put into the political discard or receive some sort of political assurance and bide his time until "four years hence." McDonald may give one of the most amazing exhibitions of an uphill fight that the political enthusiasts of North Carolina have yet seen. A strikingly personable nature and interesting (if somewhat questionable) political logic, both of which he so fully possesses, are sure to make a considerable impression on the minds of the North Carolina citizenry.

The fact that McDonald has been a resident of North Carolina for only a dozen years or so is being used as a weapon against him. But to the alert mind, not too closely circumscribed by its political heritage, McDonald, for that very reason, is something of an admirable political phenomenon, because he is leading a fight which his native-born elders have been slow—too slow, some say—to take up. However, close political observers are wondering what McDonald's budget would look like were he to be elected and live up to his promise of abolishing the sales tax and at the same time increasing the educational allotments and participating fully in the social security program.

My personal forecast is that McDonald will reach the second primary along with Hoey and that there the balance in favor of one or the other winning the nomination will be so small that the outcome cannot, at this time, be foretold with any degree of accuracy.

### III

Listed in the semifinals bracket of the political fight card for this year we have the struggle for the national senatorial seat now held by J. W. Bailey. Bailey is very actively running for reelection to the position that he has held since defeating F. M. Simmons back in 1930. Within the six years that he has been senator from North Carolina he has placed himself among the leading political thinkers of the nation. He is opposed

in his race by R. T. Fountain and David L. Strain. "Dick" Fountain, as he is more commonly known, made a strong bid for the gubernatorial nomination by the Democratic party in North Carolina in 1932. His vote was largely anti-Ehringhaus, rather than pro-Fountain. Because of his rather pleasing personality and state-wide contacts made during this campaign, it is certain that he will poll a rather large number of votes in opposition to Bailey. At the present, Strain is not accredited with sufficient force to cause either of the above-mentioned candidates any loss of sleep.

Bailey will be forced on the defensive from the start in proving the creditableness of his actions while in Congress. Fountain, who classes Bailey among the "sterile intellectuals," will probably make wide use of the fact that Bailey has not, on every occasion, voted in support of executive measures submitted to the Senate for its stamp of approval. Strain also will likely adopt this method of attack.

Bailey has, during his term of office, alienated some of his most ardent supporters by his stand on certain questions of political importance. The fact that he favored the repeal of the prohibition amendment tended to break off his close connections with the die-hard Baptist leaders in North Carolina, among whom he once ranked high. His positive stand on various other issues has added to this severance with former affiliates, while on the other hand he has had control of sufficient political patronage to gain a strong grip on the political "ties that bind" in North Carolina. This power alone would win for Bailey, but when this is combined with his senatorial impressiveness and his power to control group emotions, he has a combination of forces of such strength that the uninspired opposition that he is now receiving cannot offer any serious impediment to his renomination for the senatorial position.

Then there are the various combats for several Commission posts and Secretarial positions to fill in the fight card. Secretary of State Stacy W. Wade is opposed by several office-seekers who were primarily attracted by the increase in salary authorized for that position by the last legislature. Both Commissioner Fletcher of the Labor Department and Commissioner Graham of the Agricultural Department are expecting the usual host of opponents in seeking the party nomination for their posts. But the present Commissioners are expected to come out on top, since mere  
*(Continued on page thirty-two)*



# Murder by Aristocrat

## A Short Short Story

By MAC SMITH

**I**T WOULD have been an entirely different matter, of course, if Jefferson Boggs had been a slave, or even if he had been one of the many shiftless and irresponsible poor whites. But he wasn't: while no aristocrat, he was the son of a respectable storekeeper, and was industrious and fairly well-liked. Hence the general feeling, even among the wealthy plantation owners, was that Randolph Courtney had no business killing him—especially for such a trifling matter as a gambling quarrel.

All the evidence pointed to that as the sole reason for the murder. They had found the dead body, with three bullet holes in the stomach, in the rear of Old Man Boggs' general store. Near the body were a couple of dice, three broken whiskey bottles, and Randolph Courtney, drunk.

Everyone was convinced that this time the shield of being an aristocrat was not an adequate defense. Even the twelve powdered wigs in the jurors' box in the stuffy little courtroom over the postoffice were of the one mind that Randolph Courtney could not shoot a man in cold blood and go scot-free, especially in view of the fact that he had no excuse to offer.

One person, however, was determined that Randolph Courtney was not going to hang: Anne Courtney, his pretty young wife, daughter of a small farmer. How she could save him from the gallows she had no idea; but she felt that there must be a way. It was unbelievably ironical that her husband had killed her former suitor, and that now he too would have to die. They had quarrelled over her before, but there had been no bloodshed; and Anne had been relieved when, after her marriage to Courtney, the bad blood between him and Boggs had seemed to clear up.

Anne's thoughts were interrupted by the cries of her baby boy. She started towards him, then stopped suddenly. . . . Maybe she could save Randolph after all.

### II

In the tiny, smoke-filled courtroom, the prosecution briefly presented its case: Randolph Courtney, drunk, gambled with Jefferson Boggs when the two were alone in Boggs' father's store. Evidently Courtney lost, and a quarrel ensued. Aris-

tocrat Courtney killed Boggs with three bullets through the stomach.

On the stand a few minutes after the prosecution had finished, Courtney himself was unable to clear the matter. All that he could clearly state was that he had been violently drunk. He pleaded guilty.

Then Anne took the stand.

"Anne Hicks Courtney."

"Now Mrs. Courtney, who was your father?" asked the defense lawyer.

"Josiah Hicks."

"Do you mean the Josiah Hicks who ran the little three-horse farm over near Cross Creeks?"

"Why, yes."

"How long have you been married to your husband, Mrs. Courtney?"

"Over a year, sir."

"And are there any children?"

"Y—yes, there is a baby boy."

"Now, Mrs. Courtney, could you tell the court if you'd ever had any love affairs before you married young Courtney?"

"I had another suitor, it is true, besides my husband."

"Who was this other suitor?"

"Why—Jefferson Boggs, sir."

Randolph Courtney had sat through the trial immobile until now. This discussion stirred him from his lethargy.

"Since your marriage, Mrs. Courtney," continued Courtney's lawyer, "had you and your husband ever talked about Jefferson Boggs?"

"I don't believe we ever did, sir—until that night just before he left for Mr. Boggs' store."

"Ah! Mrs. Courtney, you saw your husband before he left. Had he been drinking when you saw him?"

"Yes, he had been drinking, sir—a great deal. I tried to keep him from waking the baby."

"You said there was talk between you and your husband of Jefferson Boggs. Please tell the court what passed between you and your husband before he left the house that night."

Young Randolph Courtney, by this time, had drawn himself up, intent on the trial proceedings. He heard his wife tell the court that just before

the murder of Jefferson Boggs, Courtney had come home to Anne, drunk and violent, and had been told by his wife that the baby boy was not his.

Weeping shamefacedly, Anne Courtney stirred the court with her story which had sent her husband out into the night armed to kill Jefferson Boggs.

The jury retired and almost immediately came back into the stuffy little courtroom and recommended a short sentence.

Sober, aristocratic, sympathetic Judge Winstead ordered rich young Courtney to one day in prison for the murder of Jefferson Boggs.

On the day he was set free, Randolph Courtney killed his young wife and baby.

## Election Idyll

### A Sketch

By STUART RABB

UNCLE BOB saw his dusky features reflected in the glossy metal top of the ballot box. The slot there cut an empty part through the whiteness of his hair. As he watched, one of the perspiration drops on his forehead thumped on the sheet-metal, splashing out an eye. Uncle Bob sighed deeply. Reckon he'd have to get that box off the floor to up there on the shelf . . . white folks gonna be votin' tomorrow. His old frame creaked as he bent to lift the box. Very carefully he slid the box into place. Then he reached up and thumped it—*blum-blum* . . . old box empty now but it sho' gonna be full tomorrow. . . .

Outside the polls, Uncle Bob looked back over his shoulder. All those signs looked mighty fine. Big doin's in town tomorrow. Better get back early so he wouldn't miss anything. . . .

Dave felt very important as he helped Joe the bootlegger load the flivver truck. On the street they were saying Joe was the most important man in town while the polls were open. They wouldn't start voting for an hour or so yet, but Joe always believed in being on time. That was why they called him the best bootlegger in town. Dave guessed they thought he was pretty important too. He helped Joe make a lot of money by keeping the farmers in line. Dave knew all the still operators in the county. Ordinarily he brought in 20 or 25 gallons twice a week. They'd been stocking up heavily, though, for the last month. Joe always said election day was his best customer. They stood and looked at the cargo—50 half-gallon fruit jars full of shining white corn likker . . . now to cover them up with this moist burlap . . . keep it cool enough to drink. . . .

"Boy, there's lots of votes under them bags," said Joe.

Down at Party headquarters, red-faced Local

Chairman Sam Branch forced a pudgy finger inside his wilted collar and pulled hard as he dared. Over in the corner a stitchily revolving electric fan directed against his burning face an equally torrid blast of air. Big Sam looked through the plate glass windows of the deserted store which the Party always used for election headquarters. They were turning out, all right. Buggies, model-T's, school busses were bringing in the voters. Sam smiled when he thought about those school busses. That was his own idea . . . he knew the county school superintendent . . . got his job for him, in fact . . . couldn't hurt anything if they used the busses for one day . . . duty of every citizen to vote . . . for the Party . . . what if the Party did pick out the voters to bring to town . . . it was his idea, wasn't it?

Big Sam picked up one of the printed cards on his desk. The right candidates were all there. One card to each farmer—and one drink of whiskey . . . one card to everybody else—and two drinks of whiskey. And where were those women who were going to bring the cars to get voters in the suburbs? Maybe he better call Mrs. Spain, just to be sure there was no slip-up.

Oscar Voight stamped the hot pavement to get the red farm dust off his shoes. It was his first chance to vote in the primaries. He'd been reading in the paper about who were the best men. Over there at Party headquarters, things were buzzing with activity. The polls were due to open in a few minutes. He saw his Dad over there near the courthouse steps, talking to a man who clutched a package under his arm. Oscar thought he might as well go over and see what they were talking about. His Dad introduced him to the other man in such a shaky voice that Oscar didn't ever hear his name.



"Who you gonna vote for, Son?" asked the stranger.

"Well, I—I was thinking about voting for Dr. Stiles and . . ."

"Never mind, Son, let's go back here and talk this thing over." His father smiled. They went into the very hot and very dirty courthouse washroom. The man took a half-gallon jar and two glasses out of the package. He poured a glass almost full out of the jar and filled the other one with water.

"Here, Son, drink this and you'll feel better. It's too damn hot to be sober in town today."

Oscar had tasted whiskey several times before, but never anything quite like the liquid fire in that glass. He filled the other glass again and drank a second draught of water. The man was talking about politics now . . . about something Dr. Stiles had done . . . ought not to let a man like that represent the party . . . here was a card with the best men on it. . . . Oscar took it. He heard himself telling the man that it was too hot in the washroom . . . he was going out to get some air. The man gave him another drink before he left. Oscar went down the stairs unsteadily.

Later he was trying to mark an "X" opposite the names on the ballot that were also on the list he had in his hands. There was a man beside him laughing! . . . he helped him make the mark fit in the little squares . . . it was fun . . . then he was sitting on the courthouse steps . . . it was very hot. . . .

Big Sam heard the vote counter drone off the last ballot. Another victory for the party, he thought. Another landslide. That's what the papers would say tomorrow . . . PARTY

CHOOSES POPULAR CANDIDATES. Sam asked Fred for a cigarette. "Well, boys, we did it again." He looked over the vote tabulator's shoulder. There were the results in black-and-white . . . a six-to-one majority . . . *organization* . . . that's what it took to win an election . . . and likker.

"Let's get some sleep, boys."

In his office, Dr. Stiles was trying to read the Medical Journal. The hands on the desk clock blended over 12. He should have known better than to try to buck the party. What if the members of the school board were rotten? He knew he wouldn't have been able to have done much against the majority of the members. And the Party had used campaign expedients against him that had hurt his practice. All because he'd done what he thought was right . . . Mac had been right . . . doesn't pay to get mixed up in politics . . . better stay out and let the rotten system decay in its own corruption . . . what would his wife say?

"Gonna be 'nother hot day," muttered Uncle Bob, looking over where the six o'clock rays from the morning sun came through the courthouse door and spread themselves on the littered floor. Lawdy-Lawdy, what a mess whitefolks make on 'lection day. Uncle Bob shoved the trash down the hall with his push broom. Goin' take him more'n hour to clean up downstairs. 'Llection day sho is lot of trouble. . . . Lot of fun though. . . . Reckon Mis' Sam and his party done won again. . . . They had the votinest people . . . jus' look at them likker jars on the flo' . . . mos' 'nough for to cover all my nex' year's tomatuses . . . soon as I get this trash cleaned up I'll just take a few downstairs. . . .

## **To the Young LaFayette**

Precocious intellect, young feverish fool,  
Stung by the jagged thrust of quick Voltaire,  
And drunk with Rousseau's dreams beyond repair  
Of sober minds; you took your Age to school  
And taught it Liberty was not a ghoul  
But its own goddess; therefore, heed my prayer.  
Be you my symbol of the will to dare  
When Custom would assert its stagnant rule.

Favored to sloth by Fortune, you despised  
The prudent counsels of your lazy friends.  
Forsaking bride and home you realized  
Your ideal and your genius, your two ends.  
But tyranny persists—heed you my prayer!  
Inspire my spirit! Teach youth the will to dare!

—John Coulter.

## The Editor's Opinion

### Are Final Exams Necessary?

One important point brought out in the meetings of the committee studying the honor system is that most cheating is due to our custom of giving final examinations which are weighted as 40% to 75% of the final grade. With so much importance hinging on one quiz, the temptation is terrific.

Resigned to their fate, Carolina students have gone on doggedly for years without giving thought to the possibility of getting out of taking final examinations (excepting, of course, those who took them by proxy, i.e., Mr. Cartland). Just as the honor system wasn't working, and no one was supposed to mention this, so there have been many evils in our examination system which haven't been discussed openly. It is time to shake ourselves loose from the grip of custom and ask ourselves, "Are they necessary in order that we may obtain an education?"

Recently Greensboro High School abolished final exams, as have a number of other progressive schools and colleges. The incentive toward dishonesty which they provide is only a minor reason for their abolition, others being the strain put on serious students, the unfairness of placing so much emphasis and credit on one exam, the tendency of students to drop far behind in their work and cram for exam.

To preserve the valuable features of examinations, periodical quizzes (given every two weeks or every month, as the professor thinks best) could be used. To make students review their work, the last quiz, which would count no more than any of the others, could cover the whole course.

In this way we would avoid the long, tiresome, hit-or-miss final examinations, where so much can depend on one question, on each student's state of mind, and on luck.

Lazy people might not like this plan—it would force them to keep up with their work. Those who pass their examinations by cheating wouldn't like it. And there are many serious, conscientious students who wouldn't like it, for it admittedly has its faults. But on the whole it seems to us to have at least as much merit as our present system of final examinations, and to be worthy of serious discussion.

### Snavely and the Legislature

In more ways than two or three it is regrettable that Coach Snavely resigned his position here to accept Cornell's offer. We are losing a great coach, a fine man. To make a bad situation worse, it has caused students and alumni to bear even more resentment towards the author of the "Graham Plan."

It was of course apparent that the stricter eligibility rules were destined to receive the blame for Snavely's resignation, in spite of the fact that he emphatically denied they had anything to do with his leaving. But there is much more than the "Graham Plan" in the picture. It should not be overlooked that Snavely's contract at Cornell will bring him \$8,500 per year, considerably more than he would have received at Carolina.

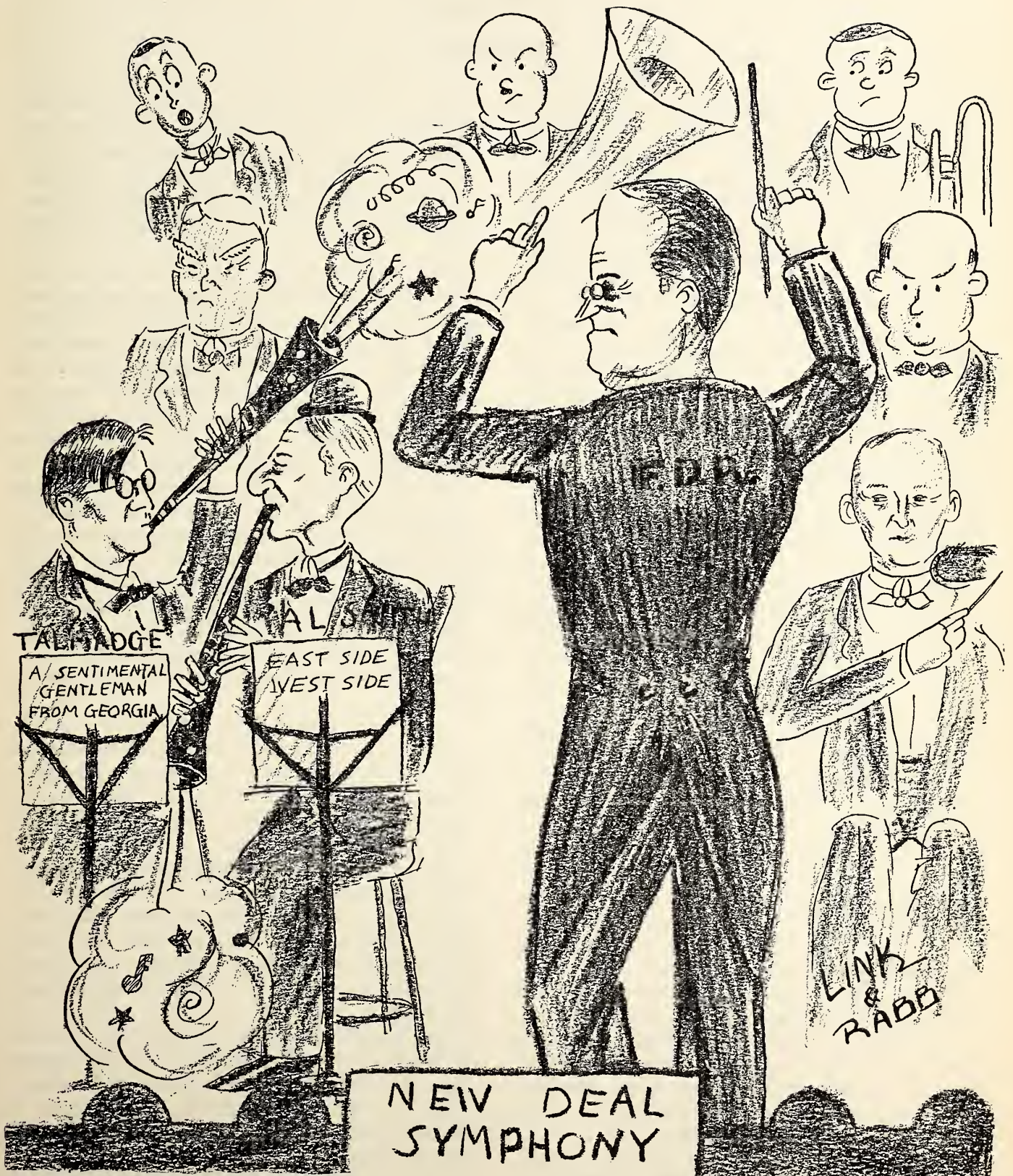
It is thus brought to the attention of the whole state that when the University of North Carolina gets a good man, it cannot pay him a reasonable enough salary to hold him. The tragic emigration from Chapel Hill of many of its men of distinction has been going on for five or six years. Has the Legislature taken notice? Hardly. Occasionally a Representative will frown when some "radical" speaker invades the sanctity of the Hill, but that seems to be about the extent of their concern over the welfare of the State University. It seems never to have occurred to them that the nation-wide reputation enjoyed by the University was built up largely by the quality and character of its faculty, and that many of its nationally famous professors have been gradually bidding a sad farewell to Chapel Hill and departing for more appreciative states—not merely for the sake of a few more dollars as such, but because the measly pittance doled out to them by the Legislature was not enough to allow them to eat decently or dress decently.

It may be that some eventual good will come to our University because of Snavely's departure. The Legislature may be shaken out of its slumber, may take its feet down off the table, and—mirabile dictu!—go into action. It may say to itself, "They had a good coach and couldn't pay enough to keep him. Maybe we *have* been too stingy with the appropriation."

But that is almost too rosy a pipe-dream to be possible. It is much more probable that the inhabitants of the State Capitol will say, "That damn Graham guy! He's ruined a swell football team. We'll show him he can't get away with that. Let's cut the appropriation!"



# Sour Notes





# The Place of Campus Politics

## Frame-ups and Fights--Conclusion

By TAYLOR BLEDSOE

IT IS SAID that for every action there is a reaction. The political situation on the campus in 1928 was certainly an illustration of that truth. The same general combination of fraternities and self-help students at Swain Hall, under the guidance of Gamma Sigma Tau, held. The only really interesting phase of the political situation was the candidacy of Ed Hudgins for President of the student body. Here was the ideal candidate if one ever existed. He had a broad smile and went out of his way to speak to people and be nice to them. When he graduated he could call by their first names every one of the 275 members of the senior class. He was a bear for activities, being manager of the football team, a member of most of the social orders, a debater, a member of the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet, and Secretary of Phi Beta Kappa. The main thing, however, was that he was democratic in a thorough-going way, and hob-nobbed with all of the boys at every opportunity.

During the Fall of 1927, when he was President of the Senior Class, he asked me what I thought of his running for President of the student body. I knew then that he was the ideal candidate; but my lack of enthusiasm at the suggestion impressed him, so he told me, with the idea that I was a consummate politician. Charlie Price and Ed started eating at Swain Hall after Christmas in order for Ed to become better acquainted with the boys there. This was long before Ed's candidacy began to be openly talked, so that it was not too obvious. Some skeptics naturally commented on the fact that Ed and Charlie, who could afford to eat anywhere they wanted to, should suddenly shift to Swain Hall, but Ed's engaging personality soon softened the resistance of any with whom he came in contact.

This year saw Charlie Price emerge as a prominent campus politician. He was devoted to Ed Hudgins, always quoting him warmly, and managed his campaigns with that personal interest which only strong friendship can give. Charlie, like Ed, was so largely a personality that he must be seen in order to be appreciated.

Things worked out very nicely and we made almost a clean sweep of all campus and class

offices, electing 28 out of a possible thirty. The fraternities which for the most part stayed with me during the years of my dominance were the following: Kappa Sigma, Sigma Nu, Zeta Psi, Chi Tau, Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Sigma Phi Epsilon, Chi Phi, Phi Delta Theta, Delta Kappa Epsilon, Phi Gamma Delta, Tau Epsilon Phi, and Zeta Beta Tau.

The final passing of Freshman Class politics into the hands of older machine leaders was completed this year. Freshmen were now pledged to fraternities early in the year, which meant that combinations of fraternity pledges fought it out for control. Price and I each backed a separate group, and by pitting the boys against each other and closely observing the other contestants, we discovered who were the leading politicians of the Freshman Class. This was of immense value to us, as we would then support the candidates of these men for the offices in the rising Sophomore Class in exchange for their support on the campus ticket. These boys would have carried their class anyhow, but they did not know it; and they were supremely flattered by the attention they received from campus political leaders and considered themselves lucky to be associated with us.

### THE SCHOOL YEAR OF 1928-29

This fall several groups of freshmen were pitted against each other again to determine the ablest leaders. It should be said here that this time some of them did object to being treated politically like sheep and oxen.

The situation on the campus was unique in that this year organized opposition to Price, Mac Covington, Hudgins and myself vanished. Mac Covington was the leader at Swain Hall. He was a quiet fellow, very straight and dependable, and as he had worked up from the bottom he knew his onions.

Ray Farris, the football hero, was elected President of the Student Body, without opposition. He had been elected President of the Junior Class the year before, and was a good egg, but his drawing power came from the flaming spirit that animated him on the football field. His popularity made him politically invincible, and I



knew it. The friends of Mac Gray, Kappa Sigma, track star, and Y. M. C. A. President, thought he was the logical man. He was more mature than Ray, but by this time some of us were beginning to think that the Kappa Sigmas ought to ease up, and we insisted on Farris. It was argued that Farris would not have time during the football season. As I left school at the end of this year I cannot say what kind of an officer he made, but I am sure that the enthusiasm he aroused by his conduct on the football field added prestige to the student government because he headed it.

The Yackety Yack race was a curious thing, and illustrates perfectly the weird background of political monopoly which I then enjoyed. Travis Brown, Phi Gamma Delta, Linwood Harrel, Sigma Epsilon, and Bob Hovis, Chi Psi, were the three candidates. Brown had as his backer Pat Patterson, dynamic politician of proven ability in prior campaigns, who was a Phi Gamma Delta. Linwood Harrel was a personally popular lad with quite a following, while the Chi Psis had been in the line-up for years. All of these groups and individuals had always been my loyal supporters; whom should I back?

It was a hard nut to crack. The Chi Psis were not so strong that year—that is, not many of the chapter were willing to work at the polls—and Hovis had no magnetism, so that narrowed the choice to Harrel and Brown. The balance was so perfect that I could come to no decision. Finally I did a thing I never saw work except this one time. They both ran on our ticket, and the pledged votes within the group were advised to vote their individual choice between the two. Brown was elected because of Patterson's support. Harrel seemed to be entirely satisfied that he received a square deal, as he made no complaint; and he has since employed me as an attorney, so I guess he feels all right. Hovis ran a poor third.

The most of my energies in this campaign were centered on getting Ben Aycock, pledged to my fraternity, elected President of the rising Sophomore Class. Ben was a good boy but he had no special qualifications, and the office had always been filled by an athlete. By dint of much maneuvering and giving all the fraternities who possessed potential rivals to Ben some other job, the trick was turned and Ben had no opposition. If he had he would not have won, as he wasn't well-known. At that he didn't finish out the following year.

I recall that Cy Edson was given the editor-

ship of the Buccaneer as a Chi Phi because Rip Slusser, mighty Freshman footballer, was also a Chi Phi. Rip became the class Vice-President.

#### USE OF POLITICAL POWER

At the beginning of this school year I had really desired to quit campus politics. The elections of the preceding year had been most monotonous. There is no thrill in a fight where victory is certain.

I was placed, however, in the position of the man who grabbed the bear by the tail. He couldn't turn loose. My friends knew that I was in a position to organize and elect them, and the political workers would not hear of my letting down. The fact that I had a bellyful meant nothing to them. I held off as long as I could, but nobody made a move until I did, all waiting to see which way the cat would jump, so that the middle of February was soon enough to begin the work which resulted in the election of Aycock.

Having once been through the crushing mill of defeat I knew that it could happen, and I planned as if a strong group would oppose us. It is clear now that I had the campus completely bluffed. A Senior Class was rising that had always seen my campus ticket win, and they had not the audacity to challenge me. Much less anyone further down the ladder. There was plenty of material for two good factions, and I expected them to develop; but the politicians were all in one camp, and there I was boss.

I wish I could say that the complete power I possessed that year was used for idealistic purposes, but I cannot. The Tar Heel was made a daily, which was a good move, I guess, but I was for it because Marion Alexander, my fraternity brother, got the good berth of business manager, and I knew the rank and file of the boys working on the publications were for it because it would give them more opportunity for pie. I was for it because I wanted to please the boys.

The long manipulations necessary to put Aycock in gave some men office who would not otherwise have been considered. Lest I be thought entirely brutal I will add that Edson was qualified for the Buccaneer, but I am afraid that in general the campus did not feel exalted at my selection. Complete control was exercised for rather petty objectives. It was open and above-board, however. At least I did not sanctify my candidates with the hypocritical applesauce which so many politicians, campus and others, use.

I did finally get a good deal of satisfaction out

of having done such a thorough job with so little effort. I never talked with more than three men at any one time until the final rally was held the night before election day. I don't think this was ever done before. It was unique and I had a right to be proud of it.

#### THE POLITICAL SYSTEM AT CAROLINA

Carolina, as far as I know, is the only school in the nation where all of the elective and many of the appointive offices are controlled by a trial political machine. I have never heard, though I have inquired from many, of any other college or university in which student politics are developed half as much as at Chapel Hill. Along with this unique situation we are also the only school in the nation where the jurisdiction of student government is complete. It has power to deal with all matters concerning the conduct of the students.

Looking back over my experiences as a campus politician it seems to me that I was instrumental in making three lasting changes in student politics at the University of North Carolina:

The first and only one that I take any particular satisfaction in is that I brought the fact that a campus political machine existed out into the open. I feel sure that this is by far the more moral and honorable course to pursue. Anyone acquainted with politics can see the obvious advantages of operating with a secret organization, but to deny the existence of a machine by either word or conduct is a plain lie when such a machine exists. I have heard from students who have been at the University since I left that the political frame-ups are more than ever conducted openly.

The second change I helped to bring about was the separation of the office of student councilman from that of class president.

The third change was the extension of the campus political organization to include the officers of the rising Sophomore Class, the Business Managers of the Tar Heel and the Yackety Yack, and the officers of the Literary Societies. The Di and Phi, in my last years, had declined heavily and were not always thought important enough to be included in the line-up. Sometimes though, they furnished a vacancy where some non-fraternity man could be satisfied. Whenever possible, the leaders of the class dances were included in the general line-up, but social politics were so tangled and crossed up that this could not always be gracefully accomplished. With proper attention to details, I felt that the President of the

Inter-Fraternity Council and leaders of all of the dances were offices which could be easily included in the same organization which managed the general campus elections.

The winning combination at Carolina consists of the leadership that can swing the mass of Swain Hall, plus the fraternities who are strongest politically. It carried every election while I was at Carolina, and I have never heard of its failing. The only time I ever lost a slate I helped pick was when my colleagues who tried to deliver the votes at Swain failed. The fraternities who are politically strong vary and change continually. I cannot recall a single one that always made the grade.

When I first organized a frame-up, I took the stand that every member of each fraternity in the group was honor-bound to vote the entire straight ticket. Because I insisted on this, much friction was generated. Experience soon taught me that the sensible thing was to realize that all people cannot be made to think alike. I made allowances for this and estimated my votes on a basis of twenty-five out of thirty in each chapter voting the straight ticket.

The fraternities receive far more plums than their numerical strength justifies. This is because they are organized and better known than the non-fraternity men. The non-fraternity men who are elected to major offices each year are the exceptions which prove the rule. It takes unusual personality and capacity for one of them to rise from the ranks of the inconspicuous majority to high offices in competition with the organized and more prominent fraternity men. On the other hand, many weak individuals are pushed, pulled and developed by their fraternities amazingly. I do not mean to imply that a complete vacuum can be pushed. There is usually considerable native talent that only needs cultivation; the point I wish to make is that the cultivation is often consciously performed by some of the more intelligent fraternities.

The complete campus ticket of thirty offices is like unto the Democratic ticket when it ranges from "Constable to President." The University of North Carolina is the only school I ever heard of where this is true. I used to be fairly well acquainted with conditions at Duke and State, and I am pretty sure that any average worker from Carolina could go to either place and with our machine technique demolish the puerile kind of politics the students of those schools are accustomed to.



### CAMPUS VS. "BIG-TIME" POLITICS

The similarity between political tactics in later life and on the campus is amazing. Automobiles are used to haul the voters to the polls in both. At the University the organized effort is centered on the dining halls and dormitories. Each eating house is further sub-divided into tables and within the dormitories the smaller unit is the floor of the dormitories. In bigger life we find the precinct the unit of division, to be further sub-divided into the city block or the rural neighborhood.

In the psychology of time there is also a decided likeness between the campus and after life. There is only so much enthusiasm and emotion in any group that can be aroused and worked upon. The idea is to time the efforts of the organization so that the fire will reach a white heat on election day. The commonest mistake is in starting too soon.

Both among students and all other voters the personal contact is worth more than any other brand of advertising and publicity. Folks like to vote for a man whom they have seen and have taken a liking to. In New York City the press opposes Tammany Hall, which depends upon personal contacts to reach the masses. Tammany Hall usually wins. A likable rogue who can tell funny stories will always have a decided edge over the serious, sour-faced reformer in a popular election.

Finally that elusive element of luck, or the breaks of the game, is ever present both on the campus and in all other politics. It is this which gives to politics its supreme fascination. We could never be quite sure when some lucky nonentity would develop into a hero, and after several surprises we always remained on the alert for these lads so that we might have them with us. I consider my rise to leadership almost entirely due to circumstances. I was ready for my chance when it came, but its coming was not foreseen.

Principles—that is, issues upon which campaigns are fought—may be said to be non-existent both on the campus and in after life. The rush is for the offices and jobs, and control of the machinery. In seven years at the University there was one election in which issues developed—or we thought they did—in '27. This was entirely due to fate, and in no way planned for by fraternity politicians. They think only of getting one of the brothers elected to something in order to have a little more rush talk.

I have participated in local elections annually

since leaving school, usually with access to the inner circle, and I can truthfully say that a complete paucity of ideas and issues of any kind prevails at least six-sevenths of the time. In the heat of a campaign I have often felt that the opposition were villains, but retrospective analysis nearly always reveals that this was because they either had, or were trying to get, the disputed offices and jobs.

The manipulation of the masses of students by a few back-stage politicians on the campus finds its counterpart even more highly developed in big-time politics. On the surface it would seem that the students freely balloted for their officials. This record has shown otherwise. The existence of a parallel situation in the State of North Carolina is striking. One need go no further than Raleigh to find out that the real government operating behind the smoke screen of popular Democracy is not in fact a popular Democracy.

What happens to the Freshman Class is identical with what happens to the rising generation out in the world. Both are swallowed whole by the Old Guard. It spreads its net in both places for the "cream of the crop." There is a common belief that the young are progressive and for change, but the "Revolt of Youth" is a fairy story in politics. Youth slavishly apes the methods of the successful leader in order to win. Ignorance congratulates itself on the opportunity of being led by selfish cunning. When any attempt is made to use the political apparatus for other than orthodox objectives (i.e. the selfish glory of a favored few) the newcomer is stopped by a barrier of imposing traditions—imposing and widespread and made of delusive nonsense.

Is it then a good idea for a student at the University to dabble in campus politics? Yes. If he wants to play the political game permanently, there is no better school. The age of twenty-one will find him miles ahead if he has been through the mill at the University of North Carolina. Better yet he will have a first-hand knowledge of things as they are. He will be a realist. He will see that the facade of democracy and equal opportunity will remain a facade until there is equality of environment, leisure, and of the pocketbook.

The "forgotten" student, like the "forgotten" man, is remembered chiefly on election day. When those who have found themselves "forgotten" band together in a militant group that uncompromisingly looks out for their own interests they will win. That is what the real winners do now.

# Houn'-Dawg

## Lines from a Traveller's Notebook

By BILL HUDSON

**F**LAT PIEDMONT LANDSCAPE glided past at a steady 45 miles-per-hour rate as the Greyhound bus thundered down a tar-segmented stretch of white concrete highway.

The bus approached an intersecting country road, and a silhouetted mass at the intersection was resolved into a suitcase, a dog, and a hailing man. The driver performed his rites, and the bus protestingly groaned to a stop. The dog was a country nondescript, the suitcase not new but little used. Dressed in an old suit loose over round shoulders, too tight at the waist, and tapering old-fashionedly from knees to ankles, the man went better with the cur than with the suitcase, symbolic of horizons, of smart people in city terminals, and of distant places.

He stood a moment as if gravely considering his feat of stopping the bus and all the people in it, then grinned awkwardly at nothing funny. "How much tuh Goldsboro?" he asked the driver in a Nawth Ca'lina drawl that confirmed the testimony of ill-fitting clothes, stubbly chin, weather-beaten hat, and houn'-dawg.

"Fif—forty-five cents."

He grinned again, this time with satisfaction, as he felt in his pants pocket and pulled out a palmful of change. "I'll take a ticket. Here y'are—ten, fi'teen,—uh—fohty, fohty-five." The hand carefully disappeared again into the pocket and came forth outstretched to receive one of the little special tickets the driver kept for passengers he picked up along the road in the country.

After hiding the pasteboard slip in a vest pocket, he put one foot on the entrance step, leaving his suitcase beside the dog, and leaned ingratiatingly toward the driver, who was impatiently toying with his controls. "Lissen, mister, cain't I take my dawg with me, he's a good dawg, won't cause no trouble?"

The driver looked at the dog for the first time, then shook his head regretfully. "Sorry, can't do it."

"Aw, please, mister, he can jus' lie down on my feet, and I'll hol' 'im all the way. He's a good dawg, mister."

"I'm sorry, but it's against the company's rules."

The man looked appealingly into the bored faces on the front row. Then his mouth curved slyly, and he triumphantly took out his money again. "Tell yuh what," he said to the driver impressively. "I'll pay a fare for 'im. At least," counting the nickels and dimes, "at least, fohty cents of it. I have tuh save a little, but he can lie on my feet."

Wearily the driver's cap shook again. "You'll just have to leave him. I can't afford to risk my job that way."

Triumph on the man's face was replaced by uncomprehending unhappiness. Oblivious of the havoc he was wreaking with the company's schedule, he stepped away from the bus and squatted beside the dog, scratched his head, and crooned in his ear. The dog wagged his tail and reared both forefeet on the man's thigh. His master rose and pulled something wrapped in a newspaper from his coat pocket, then hesitated a moment. With a sudden movement he thrust the parcel back and spun around. "Mister, please let me take 'im," he implored, stepping close to the driver and talking hoarsely in tones audible only to the front-row occupants of the bus. "Lissen, he's all I got left. I lost my job yesserday, an' last night my wife ran off with another feller. I'm goin' tuh Goldsboro to get a job, but I cain't leave my dawg here. He's the only frien' I got left now. Please, mister—"

Hardness from long experience, impatience, and a spark of sympathy animated the driver's face. He opened his mouth, hesitated, then spoke roughly. "I'm sorry, an' I'd sure like to help, but if you break a rule the company's liable to fire you, an' I'm afraid to do it. We're losin' time. You better get your bag an' get in."

The man went back to his dog and his suitcase, took out the parcel again, and unwrapped it to disclose a big piece of raw meat, which he tossed a few yards away from the road. "Well, Jack, I reckon I'll haftuh leave yuh. That meat'll keep yuh from bein' hungry for a while. Goo-b'ye, Jack. Go on an' get it, now."

The dog stayed motionless on his haunches,



staring at his master, but finally, at the repetition of the command, trotted away toward the meat.

Dejectedly picking up his suitcase, the man entered the bus and found a place from which he

could catch a last glimpse of his dog. The wheels turned, picked up speed, and rolled away, with the man craning backward out a window, until a curve changed the moving landscape.

## Glass House

### Reactions of a Preacher's Son

By GEORGE GORDON

A TWO-YEAR-OLD, tow-headed baby gurgled "da-da, da-da," while perched on a pew in the rear of a small, far away, border-town church. Amid scattered, half-smothered giggles, the baby was hurriedly taken from church, not to return for a good while. From then on the little top learned never to give a glimmer of recognition when his "da-da" was preaching.

From that day on Mother never knew what I would say. She only hoped for the best and prayed that I'd keep my mouth shut. After many years I began to learn to think before I spoke.

Being a preacher's son, I have long resented the chains that shackle me. Fortunately my father is a liberal. He has never required of me many things that are supposed to be fundamentals of behavior for a minister's son. As far back as I can remember, however, there has been an instinctive thought given before any action I take. Anything I do, write or speak, that may reflect unfavorably upon my father, must carefully be considered.

#### II

The home life of a clerical family can be exceptionally human at times—even on Sunday. Ours is usually that way. For some ministers' families, on the other hand, Sunday is a day of holy horror. The whole family *must* attend church, Sunday school, young people's meetings and any other form of worship. The afternoon is spent in stony silence. The Bible is read and there are other forms of private worship. This is typical where the communities and congregations have a deciding influence upon the life of the pastor's family.

Most communities and congregations expect too much of the preacher and his family. The pastor must be perfect, and God forbid his wife and children being otherwise. The smaller the com-

munity the harder it is on the family. The older the church the more difficult it is to get along with everybody. The small town and old church are more apt to criticize. For the minister's family, it is like being caught in a large spider-web. They cannot escape and nothing they do escapes the ever-watchful congregation. The large town and young church offer comparative freedom to the members of the family.

Congregations are exceptionally well-versed in forgetting the faults of the just departed pastor and family and remembering only their virtues. This condition leads to constant comparison of the two men and their families. The criticism that is always forthcoming makes it hard on the new preacher's family as well as himself. It is a terrific task to measure up to what your predecessors are *supposed* to have been.

#### III

The main thing that makes me resent and dislike the life is that we are on exhibition to anyone who cares to look—and there are plenty who do. Each member is under the critical eye of an ever-watchful public. To them we are hardly human. We live in a glass house through which all look. Never does anyone see through. They see only what they want to see, and overlook the most important fact of all: that we in the "glass house" are human beings. We want to be treated as such.

Criticism of my way of doing things and my father's liberal attitude toward me is easily found. I have not attended church at home regularly for some time—partly due to the fact that I have been off at school for five years. I felt the sting of criticism here at the University when I was a freshman. On several occasions boys from my hometown commented to me on my not going to church. I have no desire to hear anyone except

my father preach. I have my own conception of religion and it does not demand regular church attendance.

Criticism is a sore point with a clerical family. We all take our share of it, collectively and individually. For the most part it is taken as a matter of course and little attention is paid to the greater portion of it.

To prevent criticism we try to appear calm and never do anything that might drift back without first carefully considering the act. It is instinctive with us to do this.

I am particularly irked by some of the criticism. The majority that is cast our way is unjust. I can stand personal censure but when unfavorable remarks are applied to other members of my family I long to strike back in an active way. Due to natural impulse I refrain as much as possible from a public display of my emotions in this matter. In privacy I have thrown everything I could lay my hands on against the wall in an effort to relieve my feelings.

#### IV

An interesting sidelight on ministers' salaries has been told me. A new church was calling a pastor, and the question of salary came up. The preacher was consulted by a committee. When asked about the salary specified, he told them what he was getting at the present church. When asked frankly what he thought he ought to get in his new position, he replied just as frankly, "What does it take for you to live and keep up the appearance your positions demand of you?"

The committee was flabbergasted. They had never thought of the matter in this light before. Very surprising, but it really takes money for a minister and his family to live.

What do the minister's children think about the work of their father? Their closeness to the subject of religion and the things that are seen and heard afford a subtle temptation. There is an old saying, "The nearer the church, the further from God," that pictures the result of knowing too much about inside workings.

What do I think of my father's work? Has it been in vain? No, I answer. My father has stayed by his job and has not let outside influences bother him. He has always taken a liberal attitude, a sympathetic view of mistakes; and he has believed that preaching is not the only part of his work, that the real work also lies in being a pastor. For these reasons I still have some faith in what is called religion. Sermons mean little

to me. It is the idea that I have gained from constantly watching my father; that is, your religion is not what you appear to be, have to say publicly or any outward acts that you may do, but it is the way you are inside.

Due to the freedom and other advantages granted me, few people have ever taken me for a preacher's son. I felt highly complimented on one occasion when I was called a liar upon saying I was a preacher's son. On another occasion, being home from college, I went to church. I arrived late and was about to take a seat when an usher touched me on the arm.

"I'm sorry—you can't sit here," he said. My mouth fell open. The man was gently propelling me towards the door when my mother said, "I'm saving the seat for him."

For the first time in my life I was unrecognized. I was nearly thrown out of church. It had to be my father's church at that.

#### V

The disadvantages of being a member of a minister's family are spread throughout this article. What are the advantages? They are more than one might expect. Many of us have an excellent background, receive better training than others. We are quick to learn to take advantage of breaks that come our way in outside activities. If we escape from the cloistered walls without having become warped, we are more broadminded and less critical of others as a result of our experiences.

Lastly we learn about human nature. We learn about smug people. We learn to hate gossip: we feel its lash too often. Perhaps it makes us a bit too cynical; but that can be overcome later.

Why is it then that many children of the clergy do not go into the ministry? I would never be a minister. My mother has said that she never wants my sister to be a minister's wife. This is not because my mother and father aren't happy, but is because she realizes the limitations of this kind of life. My reasons are that I wouldn't want my wife or my children to have to go through with it. Then too, I don't feel the slightest urge in that direction. I have seen enough to kill any desire I may ever have to enter this field.

I resent being a minister's son; yet having the father I have, I would do it over again if I had any choice in the matter. Being a preacher's son can be fun, if you take things as they come. Writing this article for instance, even if it has been partly censored.



# Student Stratagem

## A Story

By GEORGE BUTLER

AS ANNE retrospected over the events of the last few months, she became more convinced that nothing less than an act of Providence could prevent her being shipped. She had been caught with a cigarette, had gone riding several times without permission, and last night a council girl had discovered in her room the radio which Anne thought was adroitly hidden—any one of the items being an offense of the first order and carrying a penalty of dismissal from the Ashford Junior College for Young Women.

Sitting comfortably slouched in Mrs. Molly Brown's office, Anne awaited the arrival of the "warhorse" (as she was clandestinely known by the students) and the inevitable verdict which would be austere spoken from behind the desk. Anne scrutinized the huge oil painting of Mrs. Brown which almost covered one side of the wall.

"Not a bad likeness of the old girl," she thought. The visible portion of Mrs. Brown's figure was of the "battle-ship" variety which Peter Arno has so often delineated. Anne came to the conclusion, however, that the artist who painted the likeness must not have been in a very realistic frame of mind while he was portraying the subject's nose, else he would have seen fit to have burdened it with a good-sized wart. As she was too much of the aesthete to fully appreciate any work of art which had gone unfinished, Anne mounted a chair, took the wad of chewing-gum from her mouth, and placed it, with the greatest precision, on the wartless spot.

Mrs. Brown could not have purposely planned the time of her arrival and caught Anne at a less decorous moment. The intrusion was so unexpected, the shock so great, that Anne couldn't remember later whether Mrs. Brown ordered her down from the chair or whether she descended of her own volition.

"Young lady," she barked, "I can't see you at present. I will be occupied the entire day. But you be here the first thing in the morning and we'll have this matter thrashed out." Breathing stertorously, she turned and walked from the room.

In a voice scarcely audible, Anne replied to the retreating back, "Very well, Mrs. Brown."

Whatever hope she might have harbored of remaining at Ashford, Anne now completely abandoned. Not that it mattered to her, personally. She would never have come to this straight-laced place had it not been for her mother, who had grown up with "dear Molly" and who promised, before Anne was well out of the cradle, that her daughter should come to Ashford for a year and receive "Christian training." If Anne stuck it out this year, she would have the privilege of choosing her own school next year; if she was shipped, her mother would undoubtedly pack her off to some college which bore a close similarity to Ashford. As she visioned her mother's keen disappointment which would result from this affair, Anne felt her brain undergoing some sort of disturbance which bordered on melancholia.

Suddenly she noticed a bright, metallic object on the carpet of the office. As the shafts of sunlight, streaming through the window, fell on the spot, she recognized the object as a gold ring. Anne examined it minutely and discovered that it belonged to Mrs. Brown, who had evidently lost it from her hand during the recent laconic conference. With no special intent, Anne let the ring slide into the pocket of her coat.

### II

"So she tells you to see her tomorrow. Guess the old buzzard wants time to compose her farewell speech to you—to say nothing of the oration she will deliver to the rest of us in which you will be used as an example of what happens to wayward girls. I don't sound very optimistic, but I know that old lady better than she knows herself."

Anne's roommate, Muriel, was talking. She knew that unless she soon thought of a stratagem to counteract existing conditions, she would be minus a roommate.

"It's not so bad," she continued, "for the majority of the girls here to put up with these prison regulations, but when a girl like you, who

has been accustomed to some of life's comforts, has to renounce everything that gives the least bit of pleasure . . . well, I can't blame you for not easily getting reconciled to this way of living. It's gotten so a person can't get an education at these little dinky schools; all of one's time is taken up abiding by rules."

"It wouldn't be so bad if they had a decent library, or gymnasium, or anything that would help one to pass the time enjoyably," declared Anne.

Muriel knew Molly Brown better than did any of the other students. She knew the Molly who toured the countryside . . . making speeches . . . begging for money to support her young college (Muriel admired her go-getting attitude). She knew the Molly who would interrupt her husband, Rev. Brown—co-president of Ashford, but decidedly the weaker half—in the midst of a sermon . . . carry on a harangue over some trivial statement he had made . . . Rev. Brown turning erubescient . . . stammering meekly his acquiescence . . . Molly having her way in everything . . . writing letters to the newspapers . . . denouncing sin, liquor, everything that did not have a halo . . . interviewing every available philanthropist . . . having conferences with the Governor, the Senator, any high mogul who would let her take up his time.

She was familiar with the Molly who made her regular morning speech in chapel . . . discouraging the use of cosmetics . . . appointing Sunday evening as a period for fasting and prayer (Muriel wondered how much she saved in her grocery bill) . . . forbidding her students to leave the campus without special permission . . . making rules, restrictions, regulations without end. . . .

Muriel knew even that Molly was possessed with somnambulistic habits; tales had been told around the campus of her nocturnal strolls. When Molly heard of the reports, she spread her wrath on everyone until the stories were hushed.

Muriel, in a flash of inspiration, hit upon this weakness of Molly's as the solution to the dismissal problem confronting her roommate. "Didn't you say you found the old cooter's ring?"

As Anne took it from her pocket, Muriel began relating to her the plan she had in mind. Anne was to walk in Molly's office next morning and toss the ring upon the desk before the co-president could get started on her "farewell-to-thee" speech. Upon inquiry, Anne was to inform her that the ring had been found in the room of a

male professor. Molly would, naturally, be greatly disconcerted. But Anne would alleviate this suspicion of immorality by verbally supposing that Mrs. Brown had walked in her sleep, and could not be held responsible for her seemingly-anomalous conduct. Molly, of course, would subsequently confide in Anne that such a sleepwalking story could, unfortunately, be misinterpreted by the public and matters should best be hushed at once. From the mutual agreement that secrecy was requisite would grow a reconsideration of Anne's past conduct; hence, Anne would remain in school.

### III

In chapel next morning, Ashford's student body was all set to hear of Anne's dismissal; they heard instead that Mrs. Brown was organizing a new literary society and had chosen Anne as the first president, because of her "sweet disposition, admirable qualities of leadership, and vivid imagination."

Anne and Muriel congratulated themselves upon the success of their project. However, Mrs. Brown's reference to Anne's "vivid imagination" did cause them to wonder just how much she suspected. Their wonder would have been cleared up had they heard the conversation between Molly Brown and her husband sometime later.

"Of course, Will, I let on to Anne like I really believed her story. I'll never forget her ironical tone when she inferred that I had *probably* walked in my sleep. She almost flattered me—charging me with immorality."

"But, Molly, her story was most untrue . . ."

"Shut up, Will, don't interrupt me. So I played the role of the humiliated woman. Anne promised sweetly that she would not mention the sleepwalking incident; then I told her that I would forgive her for breaking the rules, provided she broke no more in the future. You know, if Anne had been more subtle in her scheme, I might have fallen for her entire story. But she claimed the ring was found in a professor's room—and she was too naive to realize that she might be called on to explain how she happened to get possession of the ring when it was found in a male professor's room!"

"But Molly, we mustn't be so lenient with our girls!"

"Shut up, you fool! Anne's a fine girl, in spite of her indiscretions. And besides—how long do you think this college will last if we begin shipping our best-paying students?"



# Soliloquy on a Forgotten Town

## What Will Become of It?

By ELMER D. JOHNSON

A NICE, complacently dusty street leading—let's see, where does it lead?—oh, yes, that way to the depot, and that way up to the Colonel's house. Every little town has one—Colonel, I mean—though he may not bask under that official title. He owns the old plantation and the stores on Main Street. Or maybe it's the cotton factory and the Elk's Hall. He drives an ancient Packard, while his son sports a Ford in all the glory of six cans of red paint and some very obvious chalk marks. His daughter gets her picture in the society page of the leading state dailies and her name on the tongues of all the village gossips, simultaneously. On the other hand she may be a sedate little miss who teaches a Sunday school class, and will be a social worker after her roué of a brother has ruined the family name. The Colonel's wife is an active campaigner against liquor, lipstick, and spitting on the future sidewalks of X-town. In her old days she'll either be Madame Representativewoman from the same said X-town, or a cheerful old philanderer, pardon me, I mean philanthropist, living in seclusion and reverying in the shades of the past.

Such is the scene in about n-thousand little collections of humanity in all the forty-eight states. The question is, how long will it remain that way? What is going to happen when the cotton mill closes because it can't make any more tobacco bags because people don't buy tobacco in bags any more? What is going to happen when the Colonel passes on and carries with him the sustaining influence which kept Main Street from becoming what it should have been—a cotton patch?

When the highway curved around to X-town because the Colonel lived there and because they would have had to grade if they had kept straight, the M. E. Church (South) was torn down to the promises of a new one and the immediate need of a filling-station on the site. The town loafers, since the mill closes at four o'clock, gather there to pitch horseshoes and to gaze at the city slickers (poor boobs!) who drive by in big cars and buy whole dime cigars at the time. A few up-to-date houses appeared bravely near the highway at this time; and then the town turned

over to take another nap. At ten in the morning the south-bound leaves the mail and such dailies as venture into this realm of conservatism, and the postmaster and business men (store-keepers) read about Murders and Strikes and a curiously popular thing called the Depression. For a studious four minutes they contemplate the front page and then turn to more important questions such as will it rain this evenin' and is Lije Brinkly still on his drunk? With these questions satisfactorily settled the populace sit on their respective front porches and collect their respective shares of the dust. The north-bound disturbs the peace at four P. M. and attracts a little attention down to the depot.

Occasionally (in 1910) something new happens in the village (the soap factory was built) which threatens for a while to revive the town, but which invariably fails (burned down, A.D. 1913). People come and people go. The squire's (Colonel's) daughter once had guests from New York and X-town was once mentioned in a botanical journal as an excellent place to study *pinus Virginicus*. Back when the mill ran full time, buyers were known to have come to look over the wares of the town's one industry. They put up at the X-town Inn (Rates: \$1.00 nightly, meals 25 cents extra), and one even flirted with the proprietor's daughter. She still reminds her husband about the man she could have married, who is now an ace salesman for the Happyhome Furniture Co. in Y-ville; she saw his picture in the middle of a furniture adv. But all that was back in the dear, dim past.

Now, don't get me wrong. I'm not against the little town. I'm just wondering what is going to become of it. And furthermore, I'm not for the little town. If I was the Colonel's son, I'd probably find time for a nostalgic twinge for the old apple tree that I swung upon of yore. But if I was the grocer's son, I'd be d——d glad that I still had a job on the laundry truck in the big city instead of dishing out corn-meal and molasses back in dear old X-town. As it is, I'll stick on the highway, drive on by, and just wonder. Maybe the little town will revert to the cotton fields, maybe it will find life and grow big, or maybe—probably—it will just drift.

## Reviewing the Books

THE SOUND WAGON. By T. S. Stribling. Doubleday Doran. New York. 404 pp. \$2.50.

*The Sound Wagon* is a novel centered around the life of an average American citizen, Henry Lee Caridius. We meet Caridius first as the leader of a reform political party running against the machine candidate in a large city for a seat in the lower house of Congress. By sheer fortuity, Caridius and his reform league are caught in the maelstrom of the political machine and he is sent soaring first to the House of Representatives, then to the Senate, only to be dropped finally into the inhospitable walls of Atlanta penitentiary. There are murders, kidnappings, holdups, election frauds, illicit love affairs and other similar ingredients added to give the setting a distinctly American flavor.

But Mr. Stribling was concerned with events and situations only incidentally. His main objective was to preach a lengthy and vehement sermon to his American audience, and preach he did for four-hundred long, weary, arduous pages. He condemned politics—national, state and local. He condemned political graft, racketeering, crime, New Deal economics, white slavery, Congressional nepotism, Philistinism, modern morals. He condemned criminals, politicians, bankers, munitions manufacturers, newspapers, radios. He lined up all the phobias of Norman Thomas, Upton Sinclair, Father Coughlin, Huey Long, Stuart Chase, Havelock Ellis, *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, *The Daily Worker* and proceeded to administer to them the severe lashing they all deserved.

Mr. Stribling is not concerned with limning characters. The only use I have for characters, the author manifests, is to do my preaching for me; and so, we have pages upon pages of windy dissertations by the lawyer, Meyerburg, the political boss, Grauseman, or the munitions manufacturer, Littenham, occurring at the most inauspicious times from the point of view of a reader interested in the developments of a novel. And, not contented with the perorations of his characters, the author launches himself into the midst of the polemics at the slightest provocation. To illustrate, in the midst of a dramatic situation we have: "Unhappily, there is no God in America as far North as Washington, but nevertheless, when Caridius . . ." No, you won't like Stribling's characters, you won't understand their actions and speeches, and you won't remember them. They could not be called even amusing caricatures.

Somehow one has the feeling while reading *The Sound Wagon* that he has read every word of it somewhere before—in the novels of Sinclair Lewis or Upton Sinclair, in the economic treatises of Stuart Chase, or in articles written by Heywood Broun. To begin with, he calls his fictitious city, Megapolis. From this one gets an uneasy foreboding of the Sauk Centre sage. His sardonic humor and obtuse satire starts off as a feeble imitation of Lewis in his worst form as in, say, *Elmer Gantry*, and finally descends upon a plane with the feeble bickerings of Upton Sinclair in *Boston*. One might conceivably be interested in diatribes centered upon timely subjects, but Stribling is attempting to expose vices, grafts, rackets and corruptions that have been turned upside down, shaken out, sifted and picked to pieces a million times before.

—O. M. SMITH.

THE LORENZO BUNCH. By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday Doran. New York. 294 pp. \$2.00.

Booth Tarkington is insistent that he be the chief exponent of the ordinary-folks-in-America novel. It was obviously with this in mind that he wrote *The Lorenzo Bunch*, an innocuous little tale of the life and loves and social-striving of a group of usual people living in one of the usual apartment houses, concerned with usual things, in a usual city setting.

They go to the movies, gossip, fall in love with the wrong people, make mistakes, get divorced, and have parties. The men discuss formal clothes, and the women discuss each other.

The story, centering about a beautiful woman and her very handsome husband who are too much concerned with themselves to love each other, is hackneyed. But unlike *Gentle Julia*, *Alice Adams*, *The Gentleman from Indiana*, or *Seventeen*, there is lacking a facility of expression, and there is present an evident attempt to use ordinary slang expressions and trite, colloquial phraseology.

The live-happily-ever-after ending is the only thing that should have been present to put the book in the class of True Story Magazine slop. Like the people in it, the book is small, petty, inconsequential.

Tarkington should give up trying to write the Great American Novel. He would do better if he would direct his attempts toward emulating Mark Twain and give the 12-year-olds more of Penrod and Sam.

—ERWIN DAVIDSON.

THE LUCK OF THE BODKINS. By P. G. Wodehouse. Little, Brown and Company. Boston. 298 pp. \$2.00.

Stir up some lightly subtle English humor with American custard-pie-throwing variety of fun. Add a generous portion of not too bright and not too dumb characters. Add plenty of salt sea water, mix well and roll out until in good form. Then you have P. G. Wodehouse's latest bit of fooling.

The characters are of two kinds; viz., male and female, and the majority of both sexes have intentions matrimonial; but our joking friend P. G. W. weaves his story so that all kinds of misunderstandings, embarrassments, and impediments bar the marriage of true minds—at least until the end of the book.

Ivor Llewellyn, Hollywood motion picture magnate, visiting in England, secures the services of the writer Tennyson. He starts back for America with his "find" and the excitement is well under way before he is informed that his writer is not Lord Alfred Tennyson but Ambrose Tennyson, a hand-to-mouth author who is not even related to the immortal poet. The movie executive tries to welch, but Mabel Spence, his double trouble sister-in-law, and Lotus Blossom, movie actress who has fallen in love with Tennyson, won't let him break the verbal contract.

The action revolves around one Monty Bodkins, a luckless Englishman who is the stooge of all the unusual happenings and who is enamored of Gertrude Butterwick. Gertrude, who herself has no excess of gray matter, misunderstands Bodkins frequently and invariably.



Another stooge is Albert Peasemarch, a ship steward who attempts to steal the show but fails because of the whirling turn of events. Peasemarch is a fat fellow who talks incessantly and has the knack of intruding upon conversations and intimate scenes at the most unpsychological moments.

The muddled minds of the characters are further confused by the presence of Reggie Tennyson, Ambrose Tennyson's brother. Reggie becomes infatuated with Mabel Spence.

The course of true love among the three couples is hampered by the mix-up in staterooms, the bold absence of conventions on the part of the movie actress, the stubborn slyness of Llewellyn, and the blunderings of Albert Peasemarch. Other added attractions are thrown into the story, such as smuggling a pearl necklace through customs officials and the antics of a pet alligator.

This is a typical Wodehouse product, with humorous situations and trick phrases in abundance. We doubt seriously, however, if Albert Peasemarch will take the hold on Wodehouse readers that Jeeves has.

—PETE IVEY.

**THE GREATEST PAGES OF AMERICAN HUMOR.** By Stephen Leacock. Doubleday Doran. New York. 293 pp. \$2.50.

The world today is a world in need of laughter. Nowhere can it be better found, according to Stephen Leacock, than in the magic pages of bygone humorists, where the vital issues that called forth the passing jest have faded so far into the past that all the pain and fret is out of them, and nothing left except a smile. "It is well to lay down the latest treatise on submarines and naval warfare and go back to Huck Finn on his raft."

American humor got off to a poor start. The Indian took his pleasure seriously—with a tomahawk. The Puritan came from a land where there was plenty of laughter; and it was on that account that he left it. Hence it took New England pretty well a century to cheer up.

After Benjamin Franklin gave us a start, however, America began producing humor that was original and not unworthy. Except for such early writers as Irving and Hawthorne, whose humor might be considered as classical, American humor has been of a rugged, unique style that is definitely native. Josh Billings, Mark Twain, Artemus Ward, Mr. Dooley, O. Henry, Ring Lardner, Will Rogers—these could be products of no country but the United States.

Leacock is not sure that the movies and the radio are helping our sense of humor. "The expression of all art," he says, "and of none more than that of humor, is being revolutionized under our eyes by the new mechanism of the communication of thought, found on the screen and the radio. Here is a new world of mechanical voices and illusive visions, of inconceivable rapidity, things made, executed and forgotten in a fraction of a second. Here appreciation turns into a spasm, ecstasy to a twinge and humor to a bark. From the 'bark' of a moving-picture audience one can perhaps forecast the outline of the 'humor' that is to come—short and snappy, sarcastic—a bark, a snarl—reverting towards the primitive mockery that was cast out long ago."

Perhaps two-thirds of the book is devoted to selections from the humorists; the rest is the author's history and

study of humor. Leacock says that this subject has never been taken seriously by the historians, and that this is what he intends to do. But inevitably the Leacock wit pops out; e.g., "in a kindred book to this I have gathered together some samples of the real thing in column work which are here reproduced (with my permission)."

Conspicuous by his absence from a work purporting to include the greatest pages of American humor is Stephen Leacock. Of course, this might be attributed to a necessary modesty; or it might be because Leacock considers himself a Canadian and therefore ineligible for inclusion. With the latter, however, we would quarrel, for we of the United States are pleased to consider Stephen Leacock as our own humorist—and as one of our greatest.

—A. Y. DOLAN.

**LIBERTY TODAY.** By C. E. M. Joad. E. P. Dutton. New York. 216 pp. \$1.50.

Today in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Turkey, Poland, Jugo-Slavia, Rumania, Italy, and Russia, dictatorships, open or disguised, thrive. In the present atmosphere of crisis, throughout the world criticism against the state is hushed. Against individual initiative the growth of governmental centralization militates. The evils of the party system and the clumsiness of parliamentary machinery prevent rapid, positive legislation. The blindness of economic action discourages individuality. Through stereotyped education, employment, and recreation a mass mind is generated. Science—responsible, says Professor Joad, for the growth in complexity of the state—has "made possible a new domination of minds by minds."

What is the case for liberty today? In the first part of his book Professor Joad sets forth the leading criticisms advanced against liberty. From under these arguments, with sparkling belligerency, he skillfully knocks the props. Then, re-examining the classical supports for liberty, he states the basic principles upon which the case for freedom and democracy rests. Dictatorship, the alternative to liberalism, he spurns. "Liberty," he declares, "is an indispensable prerequisite not only for the full development of individual personality, but for the discovery by the individual of those ends of value in the pursuit of which alone his personality can reach its full development."

Essential to liberty's continuance, the author believes, must be economic security, reform of the instrument of government, and education for citizenship.

—DON MCKEE.

**HAVEN FOR THE GALLANT.** By Thomas Rourke. Alfred A. Knopf. New York. 250 pp. \$2.00.

**WHISPERING RIVER.** By Helen Topping Miller. D. Appleton-Century Co. New York. 280 pp. \$2.00.

These two novels are alike in that each deals with youth, the depression, and a river. The rivers however are different. One is the slow-moving Shrewsbury of New Jersey, the other a black torrent of the coast of North Carolina, probably the Pasquotank or the Neuse. Each river affects the characters of the novels in its own particular way.

The "Haven for the Gallant" was a cottage by the side of a river and the gallants were Tony and Joanna, once of the idle rich, but now, thanks to the depression, of the industrious poor. Tony had his eel-traps in the river



and what with his fishing and Jo's garden, they made a go of it, and it seemed as though they were going to lick old man depression. But into this new garden of Eden came serpents in the form of one of Jo's childhood sweethearts and a family of Tony's friends, also newly poors. River thieves and a storm add more complications, but the serpent finally withdraws with a silent hiss, and the scene is once more calm. In 1932 Thomas Rourke, ex-engineer, actually lived in a cottage on the Shrewsbury, making his living from the river and the land, so his novel is far from the figment of imagination that it seems.

The hero of *Whispering River* is a Cornell graduate who found himself, on his graduation, dependent on his grandfather who was a ferry-boat captain in a sleepy little coast town of North Carolina. He took his turn at shrimp-canning and falling in love with the local minister's daughter, who appeared to be the only bright spot on the horizon, and then his grandfather's sudden death left him the sole owner and captain of a ferry-boat. A rich southern belle from a plantation across the sound makes a play for him and offers him through her Washington relatives an engineering position in an alphabet project. The grandmother, once a southern belle herself, considers things and takes a hand in the matter in favor of the minister's daughter, and right wins out. Incidentally Mrs. Miller is not a North Carolinian but a native of Michigan. However, most of her novels take place in North Carolina, where *Blue Marigolds* and *Sharon* have a mountain setting.

Both of these books are primarily novels intended for light reading, and as such they are splendid. Mr. Rourke's book is probably the better of the two: he has a keen insight into human emotions and expresses those emotions in a frank but understanding way. *Haven for the Gallant* shows clearly the more or less psychological effect of the depression on its victims. The theme of *Whispering River* is a common one; its setting is different and pleasing of course to North Carolinians, and Mrs. Miller has handled her characters with an experienced manner. The one outstanding thing about the book is the character of Jerd Rhett, the no-account son of the minister and sister of the heroine, whom everyone dislikes and whom no one understands, but who has the faculty of always being on the scene when he is needed. —ELMER D. JOHNSON.

CLOSE OF PLAY. By N. Warner Hooke. E. P. Dutton. New York. 304 pp. \$2.50.

Due mostly to high expectations, sequels are consistently unsuccessful. But N. Warner Hooke's sequel to *Striplings*, *Close of Play*, is not unworthy, and perhaps fuller in its explanation of child psychology. It is delightful reading, and would possibly make a splendid film.

We find Netta, a fifteen-year-old, impetuous, decidedly girlish, illegitimate youngster, at an English school for girls. She is to go with Mary Jones, a schoolchum, to Wales when the holidays arrive. She discovers that Biff, whom she loves fiercely in the adolescent's savage manner, has disappeared. She decides that if she goes home instead of to Wales Biff will feel her presence and return to her. This she does after much misunderstanding on the part of all. So off to home she departs, and after a period of disillusionment the substitute, in the form of

Rodney, a pale goldenhaired son of a well-to-do English merchant, enters the picture.

As fiction will go, she falls in love with Rodney, and Biff returns. Biff is a highly materialistic lad of eighteen, and though inwardly he feels resentment toward Rodney, he is glad to see Netta happy. Rodney's father won't allow his son to marry Netta, so the three of them decide to make their way to London. The incidents which befall them—Netta learning to cook, Rodney's ignorance of what "being married" means—call for many a laugh and tear. The final culmination of their adventures is too brilliant a one to disclose here.

The book does fulfill its purpose: to show the pitfalls the child must avoid before maturity. And perhaps, foremost, it is filled with truth. That which occurs in the series of events is part of the existence of those who have as yet to enter "manhood."

—MORTON FELDMAN.

PERSONAL PLEASURES. By Rose Macaulay. The Macmillan Co. New York. 395 pp. \$2.50.

Talking about one's personal pleasures is dangerous. When they happen to coincide with the pleasures of one's listener, very well; but when in praising the thing enjoyed one happens to speak derogatorily of a personal pleasure of another, beware!

Thus it was that Miss Macaulay incurred this reviewer's ire. While reading (and enjoying) her little essays, we came suddenly upon a line addressed to cows: "you listlessly emit that pale, unencouraging fluid which we offer to sick persons and young children and cats, and from which strong men and women turn in disgust." To one brought up in the country, one who drinks milk thrice daily, these words are harsh. We were strongly tempted to write Miss Macaulay and give her in no uncertain terms our opinion of that weak, insipid, impotent drink of her own countrymen and women—tea.

Several of the impressions in this volume are delightful: when she speaks of the pleasure of the departure of visitors: "Dear visitors, what largesse have you given, not only in departing, but in coming, that we might learn to prize your absence, wallow the more exquisitely in the leisure of your not-being!"; of the pleasure of talking about buying a new car (without ever buying one); of the pleasure of taking a hot bath (and of the pain that comes with the thought that you have forgotten to put out a towel); of the pleasure of parties (and also, of not going to parties).

Miss Macaulay is not one to appeal to the average reader; hers is a limited audience. To him who is well-versed in the classicists, she will have a particular charm, that very special feeling of self-satisfaction that comes with being familiar with an unusual quotation or reference with which you are sure few others are acquainted.

In the essay on "Writing," the authoress confides in us that for some time early in her life her only form of literary activity was to write in block capitals on every available space the boast "I CAN WRITE." And undoubtedly Miss Macaulay can write. But good writing or not, four hundred pages of personal reactions, with no other character than the writer to hold one's attention, do have a tendency to become a little boring. This is most decidedly a book to dip into here and there, lay aside, and pick up later.

—JOSEPH N. WITTERS.



# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



HOW THE JUDGE  
LOST HIS FIRST  
PIPE...AND FOUND  
IT AGAIN

YOU KNOW, SHERIFF, I'VE GOT THE FIRST PIPE I  
EVER OWNED RIGHT HERE IN MY COLLECTION!  
I BOUGHT IT UP IN THE NORTH WOODS IN A  
LOGGIN' CAMP — AND PROMPTLY BURNED  
MY INITIALS ON IT



I'LL NEVER FORGET THE  
SPRING DRIVE! I WAS JUST  
A KID THEN — ONE DAY I  
LOST MY FOOTING —



IT LOOKED AS THOUGH  
I WAS A GONER!



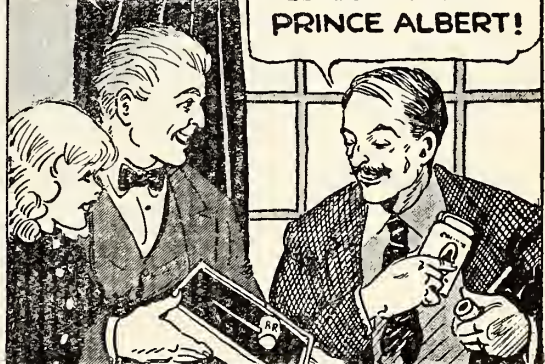
GOSH, IT'S  
LUCKY YOU  
HEARD ME  
YELL FOR  
HELP!

HEARD YOU?  
SAY, NOBODY  
HEARD. NOTHIN'  
IN ALL THIS  
UPROAR —



THE BOSS LOGGER  
HAD SEEN MY PIPE  
COME FLOATING DOWN  
THE RIVER — THAT'S  
WHEN HE FIRST  
FIGGERED I WAS  
IN TROUBLE —

A CORNCOB — EH?  
THAT'S THE KIND  
I SMOKE MYSELF —  
LOADED WITH  
PRINCE ALBERT!



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## WHAT TO EXPECT WHEN YOU TRY PRINCE ALBERT



It was Prince Albert that popularized  
the improved, scientific style of cut  
—"crimp cut." And Prince Albert  
that brought forward the special  
P. A. process that banishes all harsh-  
ness and "bite." It is made from  
choicest tobaccos and recognized as

the world's leading smoking tobacco.  
So expect mildness from P. A. and  
a soothing mellowness. Try Prince  
Albert on the trial terms given  
below—100% refund if you're not  
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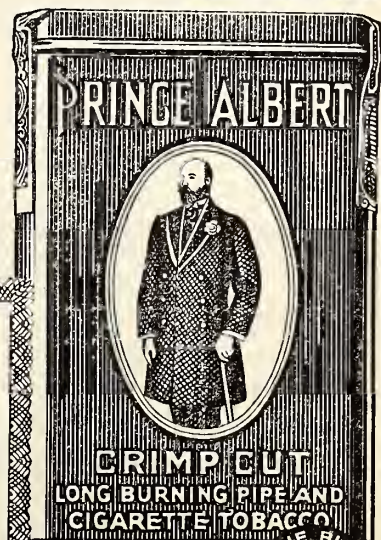
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## THE POLITICAL POT BOILS

(Continued from page twelve)

occupancy of the positions is usually the deciding factor in favor of the incumbent seeking reelection.

### IV

All indications point to a spirited political campaign, with close battles likely for both the governorship and senatorial seat. Early returns in the straw ballot being conducted by *The State* show McDonald well in the lead, almost sporting a majority. Out of slightly more than 1440 votes cast, McDonald had 672, with Hoey and Graham sticking fairly close together and McRae far in the rear. We can attach little significance to these returns, however, for only a few counties were balloted. Then, too, the concensus of opinion seems to be that much of McDonald's present support will disappear when the race gets under way.

To summarize my personal guesses: For Governor, the race will be between the "silver-tongued" Hoey and the energetic McDonald; they will enter the home stretch with it a toss-up as to who will break the tape. For the seat in the Senate: J. W. Bailey.

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# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE



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BY CHARLES A. POE

## DOES COLLEGE-BRED MEAN ILL-BRED?

BY BEN NEVILLE

## AFTERMATH OF MANSLAUGHTER

BY NICK READ

## THE PLACE OF CAMPUS POLITICS

BY TAYLOR BLEDSOE





— and Chesterfields  
are usually there



..they're mild  
and yet  
*They Satisfy*



# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE



SCOTTSBORO PROSECUTION RESTS

BY NICK READ

PUNS, PIRATES AND PURITY

BY LAWRENCE HINKLE

SADDLE MADE OF STONE—A Story

BY JOSEPHINE NIGGLI

HUSBAND OF A HOO-DEE-CEE

BY HUBERT B. WILLS

LIBERALIZING LIBERAL ARTS

BY CHARLES A. POE





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*Cover Design by Julian Bobbitt*

*Linoleum Cut by Paul McKee*

# Scottsboro Prosecution Rests

## An Interview with Tom Knight

By NICK READ

"OH, they're guilty, Nick—guilty as hell. Over 100 jurors have passed on their guilt. The women they raped are prostitutes—I admitted this from the first, but if some of our loved ones had been on a private Pullman with those Negroes the same thing would have happened. Whether the women are prostitutes or not, the dignity and honor of the law must be upheld to protect Alabama womanhood."

The words were those of a Southern lawyer, a youngish man—in his early forties—with a large head on his thin shoulders and a sunburned face. The words were those of Thomas E. Knight, Jr., ex-State Attorney-General of Alabama and prosecutor in the Scottsboro case, now Lieutenant-Governor and prosecutor in the Scottsboro case. To me he was "Mr. Tom," sportsman, hunter and golfer. I had never heard him speak like this before. When he told of the wild ducks or the wild turkey he killed his eyes twinkled and his voice was soft in a drawl and a smile played about the corners of his mouth.

Now there was a sternness, a formality, in his voice. He spoke as if he were addressing the court.

"If Ruby Bates and Victoria Price had been decent white women those Negroes would have been lynched long ago and the whole thing forgotten. I wish to God it had."

I was not surprised to hear this frank expression of opinion even from a high state official. Lynching is not quite in keeping with the dignity and honor of the law, but after five years of tangled legal procedure, complicated by charges and counter charges of bribing witnesses, by exclusion of Negroes from the jury, change of venue, etc., there seemed to be little honorable left about the trial by jury method of justice as exemplified by the Scottsboro case with all its obscuring issues. Tom Knight probably expressed the sentiments of the vast majority of Alabamians, even of those who call themselves liberals, when he hinted that it would have been better if the boys had been lynched and the whole thing forgotten. The people of Alabama are sick of the Scottsboro case.

"You see, Nick, most Negroes are just children," said Tom, his voice relaxing. "Respectable white people feel kind of responsible for taking care of their Negroes—if they are good Negroes who know their place."

### II

Tom Knight is a member of the respectable class. He was born in Greensboro, Alabama, of an old and distinguished family, his grandfather being a veteran of the Civil War and his father a justice of the Alabama Supreme Court. The war interrupted Tom's education that he was pursuing at the University of Alabama. When he returned from the army to civilian life he worked for a short time as a rural mail carrier, studying law on the side. He was admitted to the bar and from a small practice in Greensboro he has climbed to the first ranks in the legal profession in Alabama.

Tom does not share the poor white's antipathy for the Negro. He is deeply attached to his colored chauffeur Jack. Once when he was in Washington he took Jack into the Supreme Court with him to show him the highest tribunal of the land. Tom is deeply attached to his servant and Jack is devoted to his master.

"Jack is a good Negro," said Tom. "But the Scottsboro boys are bad niggers. They are so mean and tough that the jailers can't manage them. They've been spoiled by too much attention."

Since that day in March five years ago when the seven Negroes were taken off a freight train at Paint Rock, Ala., accused of raping two white girls on the same train, Tom Knight has successfully prosecuted the boys four times. He has had ample opportunity to observe their conduct over a period of years. As prosecutor he is aware of the pressure that has been brought to bear in their behalf. He knows that sympathizers all over the world have sent money to the Scottsboro Defense Committee, that parades have been given in honor of the boys, that their names have been on the front page of every paper in the country, and that he and other state officials of Alabama have been denounced by northern radicals.



"I understand they even gave a propaganda play for them in New York," said Tom in unconcealed disgust.

The Scottsboro case soon became a bridge radical organizers treaded to the heart of the Black Belt where the ground looked to outsiders as rich for the seeds of their doctrine as for cotton seeds. But these fields are well guarded. The sharecropper union killings have proved that the farmers don't want the fertility of their soil nourishing such seeds. And Scottsboro is becoming an increasingly weak plank upon which to approach these fields. It is rotting from old age.

Tom admitted that Scottsboro wasn't news anymore. Besides having lost much of its propaganda value for the Communists, it rarely makes the front page.

### III

"But what about this recent cutting and shooting episode?" I asked. "Some of the headlines said 'NEGRO CUTS SHERIFF'; others declared, 'SHERIFF SHOTS SCOTTSBORO NEGRO.'"

"I'll tell you all I know," he began. "My colored boy Jack and I started to come back from Decatur about an hour sooner than we did. I had to get back to Montgomery in a hurry, but I stayed in Decatur for lunch. The defendants left some little time before I started. They were being taken to Birmingham. About 15 or 20 miles out from Decatur we came over a hill and I was flagged down by a highway patrolman.

"I got out of the car and dangling over the radiator of an automobile by the side of the road I saw a man with his throat cut from ear to ear, bleeding like a hog."

Tom elaborated on the gruesome bloodiness of the spectacle.

"I didn't even know the defendants were inside that automobile," he went on. "The sheriff told me that one of the Negroes, Ozzie Powell, who was riding in the back seat had drawn a knife with his free hand and cut the throat of the deputy riding in the front, at the same time trying to get his gun. He said that he had shot the Negro in the head and thought he had killed him. We put the wounded deputy in my car, which was a faster car, and rushed him to the hospital in Culman.

"What did you do with the wounded Negro?" I interrupted.

"I didn't worry about him. I thought he was dead anyway, but I knew I had to get the other

six safely into Birmingham and there was no time to lose. We arrived in Culman not long after the wounded deputy, but already a crowd was gathering. Transferring the defendants into my car we sped them into Birmingham at the rate of 70 to 80 miles an hour."

When asked if it were known where Powell got the knife, Tom replied in the negative. "But we'll find out," he added, his face hardening.

I asked if he thought that Powell went temporarily insane, as some of the radical magazines had affirmed. "I think those who say that are crazy. That boy was too hardened. But suppose he had been insane. Isn't a crazy Negro just as bad as a mean one? Wouldn't you have shot him when he was reaching for a gun to shoot you?"

I didn't like to imagine myself in a predicament necessitating such a decision, so I switched him to another aspect of the subject. "Did this episode arouse the people of Decatur very much?"

"There has never been the feeling that people say existed," Tom responded. "The cutting was bound to have accentuated the feeling some. The people in Decatur have been dispassionate. I dismissed the National Guard up there and ordered fifteen plain clothes men to guard the court room. Fifteen men—and there are thirty to forty thousand people living in Morgan county and approximately the same population in the surrounding counties. If the people had felt angry enough they could have over-powered that little force."

It will be remembered that the northern press reporting the first trial at Decatur commented on the high pitch of feeling and the hostile atmosphere in which the defense had to work. Tom admitted that one of his reasons for dismissing the national guard was to forestall a complaint by the defense that it was unsafe for them and the defendants.

"I never had a bodyguard in an Alabama courtroom in my life, nor has any defense counsel ever had to have a guard," reminisced Tom. "But when I went to Washington to argue this case before the United States Supreme Court a bodyguard was ordered to follow me wherever I went. I told him he could take his orders and go home, that I didn't want him."

Tom raised his voice. "On my way to the Supreme Court room I found the rotunda of the capitol filled with more policemen than ever attended any trial in Alabama. The Court was importuned by 1700 telegrams.



IV

"The second time I contested the case in the Supreme Court of the land," he emphasized the words, "Supreme Court of the land, I was riding to the capitol in a taxi when I met a parade coming down the avenue. Who should I see leading the procession but Ruby Bates arm in arm with a big black Negro. The driver turned to me and said, 'A bunch of damn fools, aren't they?' I said, 'Do you know who your passenger is?' " Tom chuckled as he drawled out the words. " 'I'm the man whose name you see cussed out on those signs they are carrying. I'm the prosecutor in this case.' 'Oh my God, don't let 'em see you,' he said. 'They'll tear up my cab!'"

From the window of the Supreme Court room Tom declared he could see crowds of Scottsboro sympathizers marching around with placards. "This was more of a mob trial than the first Scottsboro trial," he snapped.

"Speaking of radicals carrying around placards and marching in parades," I said, "won't the Communists get what they want out of this case no matter which way it's decided? If the boys are acquitted they will claim a great victory; if they are sentenced once and for all to death or life imprisonment, won't that give them a big talking point?"

"I don't give a damn about the Communists," Tom replied so quickly that I guessed he had something to say about them anyway. "They have a right to express their opinion, but where they attempt to obstruct justice I'd stomp 'em out." He banged the table with his fist and I thought he could do a better job braining them.

"The difference between communism and socialism," he expounded with as much confidence as if he were Earl Browder himself, "is that the Socialists try to put their views across by the ballot—the Communists any damn way they can. Are we going to maintain this government or are we not?"

But Tom didn't wait for an answer and I was afraid we were going to get on to Roosevelt's administration in the next breath. Although a good Democrat, Tom doesn't agree with the President on many things of a governmental and economic nature, the New Deal being the chief point of disagreement. When Roosevelt went to Atlanta last fall Tom declined to ride two hundred miles and sit on a stage with him. But the New Deal and Roosevelt were spared for the time being and Tom turned the conversation to strikes.

To exemplify his point about maintaining the government he cited a cotton mill at Decatur which was kept running during the big textile strike by prominent citizens of the town manning machine guns, in contrast to a mill in Huntsville where the owner was feeding "starving" strikers with money he had borrowed on goods the strikers were supposed to be moving.

"Do you know that Governor Miller ordered those goods not to be moved?" inquired Tom with pained voice. Then changing his tone: "I'd be goddammed if they wouldn't move them if I were governor."

Perhaps Tom will have an opportunity to show how he could handle strikers. People have accused him of having gubernatorial ambitions. And why not? When running for attorney-general against five opponents he led his closest competitor by a majority of thirty thousand. As attorney general it became his duty to prosecute in the Scottsboro case. His conduct in this case of course attracted to him wide public attention, which was apparently favorable, for when he ran for the Lieutenant-Governorship two years ago he won by the largest majority ever received by a candidate in the State of Alabama. Yes, Tom will very likely have a chance to handle strikers with the strong hand.

V

"Mr. Tom," I asked, "is there anything to this story of bribery of witnesses?"

"Indeed there is," he replied. "About a year ago Victoria Price told us that she had been offered some money—\$1500 in fact—to go over to the defense."

And then Tom told of how they overheard the man who had contacted Victoria speaking on the phone in Huntsville, Ala., to his accomplices in Nashville, of how Victoria Price went with him and of how they followed. "We caught the men, two lawyers they were, but we didn't find the money on their persons. The fifteen hundred dollars was in their automobile, however. They put up bail when we brought charges against them and they skipped out on their bail."

I was rather surprised that Tom neglected to mention any of the charges of bribery brought against the prosecution by the defense.

Ruby Bates had recanted her testimony delivered at the first trial at Scottsboro and turned up at Decatur as star defense witness. So I asked Tom if Ruby Bates had been bribed.



"Ruby Bates sold out," he said. "I told her at the first trial that I didn't want the ghosts of innocent boys batting around my head at night. She told me that she had been raped. A month later she was gone. I spent \$1,000 looking for her. She appeared at the last minute at the second trial all decked out in a sporty new dress. We never could find out just where she got the money for her clothes or who gave them to her."

"You must remember," continued Tom without waiting for a question, "that each one of the defendants has time after time accused the others

of committing the crime." He paused for this point to sink in. "When they accuse one another of committing the crime, that's a pretty strong indication they are guilty, to my way of thinking."

He rose to go. "Got to get back to that legislature. "They're running me ragged." Then turning to me, "Oh, they're guilty, Nick. Don't you think they're not."

The half smile on his face clearly asked, "How can any Alabamian doubt the guilt of the Scottsboro boys?"

## Puns, Pirates and Purity

### The Story of the Buccaneer

By LAWRENCE HINKLE

"Mary had a little lamb,  
Its fleece was white as snow,  
It followed her to Pittsburg  
—Now look at the damn thing."

YOU probably recognize that. It is a joke that appeared in the *Buccaneer* not so many issues back. But I am inclined to disagree with you. That's not a joke—it's a Carolina Tradition. It was copied verbatim from the first issue of the *Carolina Tar Baby*, which appeared in October, 1919. Since that first public appearance in print, this little rhyme has been fed to the voracious public of Carolina humor magazines at least four or five times. I suggest to the freshmen that they look for its appearance again about 1938 or 1939.

Humor has been a long time developing at Chapel Hill—certain people are inclined to say that it never has developed at all. As far as can be ascertained, no Carolina student ever cracked a smile in print until the World War. THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE, the sole campus periodical before this time, was always as sombre as a Puritan Sunday. But the World War seems to have stirred a feeling of humor as well as of patriotism among our students, and the feeble result of this faint stirring was the *Tar Baby*, which appeared about 1917. But the magazine was ill-fated. The seriousness of the war fever of the time caused it to have no favor with the students, whose subscriptions were necessary to its existence, and it perished. The library contains no copies of it; we can only wonder what it was like.

With the return of peace, the *Tar Baby* was resurrected. In October, 1919, it presented its first issue to the campus. Modestly it announced that it would appear as a bi-monthly, at 15c an issue or \$2.00 a year. The support of the student body would be appreciated. Henry D. Stevens was editor-in-chief, and in his first editorial he told the touching and positively pathetic little story of the rise and fall of the previous *Tar Baby*. Humorists, it seems, went in for sentiment in a big way even at that early date. The magazine contained some stories as well as jokes, but the jokes are the part that is interesting today. Many of them were old favorites that we recognize easily. In addition to the rhyme quoted at the beginning of this article, there was also a little quip at the bottom of one page, in which the editors observed that, "Her teeth are like stars—they come out every night." Since the *Tar Baby* was frequently accused of plagiarism, there is no telling how many years these two jokes and many like them had been going the rounds before 1919.

The pun, which has long been a staple article of commerce among college humor magazines, appeared in this issue in its most virile and poisonous form; for instance, this:

Dr. Lawson (examining new students): Have you any scars?

Student: No, but I have some cigarettes in my coat pocket.

And another:

"Why is she so stout?"

"She's taking a course in Bacon."

The "drunk joke," though not in the first issue, made its appearance soon. A typical one showed a crudely drawn inebriate feeling around a telephone post, and bore this caption:

*Drunk* (after feeling around telephone post three times): S'no use—I'm walled in.

## II

Occasionally the *Tar Baby* contains a joke that is vaguely rib-tickling even today; but by far the greater part of its contents are amusing only as specimens of what our predecessors laughed at. This is no slander on the student body of that day; it is merely an indication of the transitory nature of college humor. What is funny today is dead tomorrow, in spite of the fact that true humor is supposed to be ageless. Opponents of the *Buccaneer* will insist that *true* humor is ageless. The humor of the *Tar Baby*, the *Boll Weevil*, and the *Buccaneer* has always been slapstick, ephemeral, and nonsensical; whether it is true humor or not is a question. The fact remains that the older the issue of a Carolina humor magazine one picks up, the less real amusement he finds in it. The class of 1950 will probably have a very low opinion of the sense of humor of the class of 1936.

A glance at such a joke as this makes us wonder if the student of 1919 had any sense of humor at all:

*Agnes*: George, what shape is a kiss?

*George*: Elliptical (a-lip-tickle).

Poor George! He probably didn't know why she hit him. Or maybe she came back at him with a snappy one like this:

*B. Veau*: I always sleep with my gloves on. That's what makes my hands so soft.

*D. Veau*: H'm, do you sleep with your hat on also?

Just as the Lansdalian *Buccaneer* of today takes great pleasure in "riding" the University Party, the *Tar Baby* of 1919-21 spared no derisive adjectives in describing the food at Swain Hall; perhaps if it had been able to look as far into the future as 1936 it would have been content to let well enough alone. The greenness of the freshmen of that day also seemed to pain the editor greatly, as did the slowness of registration and the large amount of hot air expended in the

debates of the Di and the Phi. On the question of co-eds the magazine took a resigned attitude: it despaired of ever finding a good-looking one, but couldn't suggest anything to do about it.

Special issues appeared from the first. There were girls issues, freshman issues, football issues, and leap-year issues. One issue was made up entirely of jokes sent in by the surrounding girls schools—St. Marys, Peace, Radcliffe, Randolph-Macon, Converse, and many others. In fact, girls were among the heaviest contributors to the *Tar Baby*. Here is one sent by a miss from Elon College who seems to have known her Carolina men:

*Baby*: I want my bottle.

*Mother*: Shut up. You're just like your father.

There was another issue filled with autographed pictures of the movie stars of that day—Billie Burke, Dorothy Gish, Kathleen O'Connor, Mildred Davis, and other long since forgotten actresses. Most of the pictures bore some touching little comment along with the autograph, such as "Tar Baby, I'm yours from now 'till then," or "Tar Baby, I know you'll be a great big success."

## III

Movie actresses, however, proved to be not very good prophets. The students refused to buy the *Tar Baby*, and in the spring of 1921 it quietly folded up among general murmurs of approval from the faculty. For a whole year the campus struggled along with the professors' jokes as the only source of its humor; but in the fall of 1922 several students, who modestly called themselves "the *Literati* on the Carolina campus," banded together and brought forth the first copy of the *Boll Weevil*. The first issue was flung together in a hurry in order to be on the news-stands when the students arrived at school. It contained many cuts borrowed from its predecessor, and the cover was lent by the Dartmouth *Jack-O-Lantern*. The jokes were inherited from previous generations; some of them have been handed down to us:

"May I hold your Palmolive?"

"Not on your Life Buoy!"

*He*: I thought this was a one-way street.

*She*: Well, I'm only going one way.

Not only in cuts and jokes, but in policy as well, the *Boll Weevil* followed the *Tar Baby*. It con-



tinued its plaintive wail about "Swine Hall," and as for the co-eds it had this to say:

*Jones:* Will there be any pretty co-eds at Carolina this year?

*Smith:* Will it snow next June?

Current topics of discussion were reflected in many jokes. There were jokes about knickers (Plus 4's), King Tut, cheek dancing, low-backed evening dresses, and short bathing-suits. The prohibition joke was beginning to become prevalent, and a fashion note in the first issue stated that long dresses were coming back (they had been up to the ankles).

In glancing through a 1923 issue we find this enigma:

*Engineering Prof:* What's the difference between the N. C. Highway Commission and the Book Exchange?

*Bright Stude:* The Highway Commission has horses.

Anyone who can find the point to that should immediately make it known for the sake of posterity.

The *Boll Weevil* prospered. Instead of appearing once every two weeks like the *Tar Baby*, it came out once a month and charged more for each issue. As time went on both its jokes and its appearance improved, and it was definitely established on the campus by the fall of 1923. All was going well when suddenly, in the spring of 1924, a competitor appeared with whom it could not cope. This competitor was the *Buccaneer*, the child of the Carolina Publications Union and the first official Carolina humor magazine. In humor the *Boll Weevil* was more than equal to its new rival; but the other had the advantage of being distributed free to the students. It had been long in appearing, but when it finally got under way it ended the career of the poor *Boll Weevil* abruptly. In May the *Weevil* expired.

#### IV

The appearance of the *Buccaneer* marked the start of a new era in campus humor. From the first it had a cynical, devil-may-care attitude about it. The language became more virile, and the jokes began to skirt the edge of the *risqué*. The proportion of funny jokes per issue rose to about twenty-five per cent, and the art improved almost one hundred per cent in the next two or three years—the cover on the Pirate issue of the spring of 1925, showing a galleon in full sail, would make those of today look like sixth grade

work by comparison. It was the issues of these years and those coming after that established the "*Buc*" as one of the best-known college comics of the South.

On the other hand, the average joke of that day was still nothing very profound or subtle. Most of them went something like these:

"Do you think my voice is worth training?"

"Sure, it might come in handy in case of fire."

*She:* Oh, look at the stars; they are so numerous!

*He:* Yeah, and ain't there a hell of a lot of 'em?

*Downe:* The ship is sinking.

*Uppe:* Whadda we care, it doesn't belong to us.

These dialogues between He and She, Ex and Wye, 1 and 2, and so forth, were the only acceptable form for jokes at that time. The first touches of the *risqué* turned up in 1925 in this mild form:

*Name:* Why don't they have more railroad switches?

*Less:* Because all the engines have a tender behind.

Naughty, naughty!

There was much campus interest in the *Buccaneer* before it ever appeared, because of a contest to suggest a name for it. One T. B. Freeman of the class of 1927 won the twenty-five dollar prize and the opportunity to be mentioned in this article twelve years later. The magazine took over the popularity with the students which the ill-fated *Boll Weevil* had held and became a campus institution almost at once. The times changed rapidly and the *Buccaneer* changed with them. Skirts began a dizzy climb that finally ended about 1928 with them located somewhere between the knees and the hips, showing rolled stocking tops and about a half-inch of bare flesh below; college boys crawled into coonskin coats and pants with wide flared bottoms, and smoked cigarettes in long holders. The drawings in the "*Buc*" all began to look like the work of John Held, Jr., whose cartoons for *Life* and *Judge* were all the rage at the moment—and none of the drawings had anything whatever to do with the captions under them. They were merely a picture of two men, or two girls, a boy and girl, or two drunks holding a conversation in any imaginable place or position. The dialogue printed below was supposed to be funny, and sometimes was. Current jokes were about the Charleston, "moonshine," and cross-word puzzles, and Coolidge and Model-T Fords were not choosing to run.

But the *Buccaneer* wavered more and more from the straight and narrow path and into the one which finally led it to the Student Council. Things like this, alas, were common:

*Her:* I don't know whether to buy a brass or a mahogany bed.

*Salesman:* Lady, you can't go wrong on this brass bed. She took the mahogany one.

With 1929 came the Depression and current history. About this time the "dumb joke," which still flourishes, developed, probably from the inspiration of football players. One of the first:

"Where were you born?"

"In a hospital."

"No kiddin'! What was the matter with you?"

There was much about the girl who was "only a doctor's daughter, but she sure knew her stiff," or "only a Tobacconist's daughter, but etc." In 1925 the "*Buc*" made its first crack about the fact that co-eds were not good looking, and it didn't think they had improved any in 1932. The typography and general appearance were much the same as at present, and somebody had the bright idea of drawing cartoons that had something to do with what was written under them. Somebody else had the bright idea of drawing a series of pictures with no caption and no dialogue whatever, such as one showing Santa Claus trudging through the snow with his heavily laden pack, which he leaves at a laundry. Airflow Chryslers, the C.W.A., and Technocracy were funny.

## V

But the "*Buc*" got deeper and deeper into the ways of iniquity. From mere naughtiness in 1925, it turned to the risqué in 1931, and the full-fledged sex joke in 1932; its path was reminiscent of that of the gambler in the old-time melodramas. It began to take the attitude that nothing was funny that was not dirty, and anything dirty was, *ipso facto*, good for a "belly laugh"; which attitude made it extremely popular among the student body. Almost any joke in the magazine would run something like this:

*He:* I feel as though I had known you always.

*She:* Yeah, and you better cut it out.

The little series of pictures without captions ceased to show Santa Claus carrying his pack to a laundry and began to show him coming down a chimney and finding a woman's stocking hanging by the fireplace; the last picture showed Santa's clothing lying on the floor beside it. The

magazine began to deal in personalities in a big way. It libeled anybody and everybody, and was pardoned, because it was the "*Buc*." The high-water-mark for this friendly muck-raking was reached in the "Blind Date Guide for Co-eds" in the issue of January, 1934, a page which contained a list of the prominent men of the campus, along with their drinking habits and their "speed" with women; the nicknames applied to the victims were interesting, but unrepeatable. The campus was pleased, and the prominent men left out of the "Guide" felt slighted.

The faculty, however, was shocked, and began to rumble like an approaching thunderstorm; but, in typical faculty manner, it did nothing definite but protest. Parents of students and parents of girls to whom the magazine was sent also began to protest. Finally, in May, 1934, the "*Buc*" printed the "Summary of the Game of Contact," and the Administration swung into action. The article was a description of—well, use your imagination. The upperclassmen will tell you about it; it was one of the cleverest pieces of pornographic literature that has ever appeared, but it was positively raw. The Administration said that Carolina might be the home of Southern Liberalism, but there were limits to which even liberalism could go in some things; the Student Council took the hint and in one fell swoop abolished the *Buccaneer* and put its editor on probation. The insipid Finjan and the Lansdalian *Buccaneer* that followed are familiar to all.

In conclusion—but it is hard to draw conclusions about the *Buccaneer*. In the past it seems to have followed a more or less regular development, but it would have been hard to say at any particular time what would happen to it next. It has always been torn by the conflict of what the students want and the faculty does not want, and will probably continue to be torn by it in the future. What the *Buccaneer* of the future will be like it is impossible to predict. Much depends on who wins out in the inevitable college controversy between those who demand cleverness and sophistication and those who want dirt and who think that the more obvious it is the better. Perhaps a compromise between the two factions can be satisfactorily arranged.

All we can do is pray that somebody on the staff has a new idea for once. Be certain, however, that whatever happens you will continue to be fed the same old jokes you have laughed at for years—and you will like them.



# This Primrose Hill

## A Short Story

By SHELBY FOOTE

SO IN JUNE they had the wedding. The write-up in the leading Memphis paper was one of the largest of the year, certainly the largest of a Mississippi wedding: it took the lead-page of the Sunday society section, with a two-column picture of the wedding-party: Will Lowry with his groomsmen and his father, and Lurlyne with her father and her bridesmaids and her stiff, straight mother.

It was the culmination of a long courtship, from childhood, with no serious breaks: certainly none on his part—therefore, no serious breaks. In our town she had acquired something of a reputation, a series of quick affairs and their accompanying small scandals, played against the constant background of Will's waiting. Her family connections were good—even in the Mississippi sense—a family of statesmen and generals and at least one governor. This was set off, to some extent, by his family's money accumulated over a period of fifty years in a land where fifty years could hardly be expected to obliterate the fact that his grandfather came down the river on a raft during the late Reconstruction and it being common knowledge (though I cannot vouch for its truth) that this same grandfather was a car-petbagger.

Yet for the most part, what with our new economic development, it was viewed as a onesided affair, and the other way around—the weight of public opinion tipping down his end of the scale: for, if nothing else could tip it, her reputed promiscuity sent her balancepan upward and made his strike bottom with something of a clatter. It was this last—this talk promoted by her passionate free nature and the requirements of all small towns—that swung to his side even many of the older families that had held to at least a part of their former position, since viciousness played no part in the forming of their estimate, while maidenly virtue was uppermost.

When she reached thirteen we would see her downtown passing the barbershop window with her painted mouth and her bare legs and pomaded short hair and the short dresses of the late twenties, and we would comment upon her for the

sake of a laugh or two, as men will when they get together: for another's honor and another's reputation are less than nothing when you translate them into the boundless ability to make



others laugh. Those days she would always be with girls a bit older than herself and without her position to uphold. Later we used to see her with the highschool boys and the drugstore hobbledoys. On our way back to our farms we would see her emerge from unfrequented, notorious roads in ramshackled Fords with the boys of the town—not always with one, sometimes with two or three and even more—and we would

go back to the barbershop or the courthouse-yard the next Saturday and tell it all over again, until finally it was only mentioned in passing, provoked not even laughs, ceased to be news.

"If that's blueblood," Tyler said. "I'm glad I didn't have none to pass on to my daughter." He bent over, shaving the client.

"Maybe one o them governors' wives got mixed up with a flag-salesman or something," the client said.

"I reckon not," Shaw said. "That's blueblood all right."

So that was the way it went, you see. And all the time she was seeing this Will Lowry and putting him off, like you do somebody that wants to sell you something you perhaps want but aren't quite ready for, say a vacuumcleaner or insurance.

Mr. Brighton her father was a cotton man and by rights he should have had all kinds of money. But it was whiskey had him. He would keep cases of it in his safe at his office, which became a kind of dropping-in place for the better type lawyers and doctors and planters of our town as soon as prohibition came in. Not so much a hard drinker as a poor one, he was perpetually in a rosy glow of alcoholic agreeability and good will toward men: the butt of the lawyers' jokes and the doctors' raillery and the object of the planters' stolid contemplation.

Her mother was a malarial valetudinarian. She was filled with the sense of family and inwardly conscious of the scorns of time but blamed her position on the dark diceman Fate, constantly ruminating on what would have been and living in the splendor of the past. A clinger-on of the upper stratum, a lady of the first degree, proud and empty with the uselessness of her kind, she believed herself to be the victim of the irony which lurks in the course of events.

Coming home from the dances Will would drive to Lurlyne's home and park out front and want to sit with her in the car awhile, as he knew she did with others: perhaps not from any intrinsic chemical need, just the desire not to be completely outdone by others. But she would bridle.

"We might sit here awhile," Will said.

"Don't you see how cold it is?" Lurlyne said. He toyed with the spokes of the steeringwheel, stubborn yet inferior, consciously so.

"You do with others." He did not look at her but kept absorbed with the wheel. She turned on him, angry, her eyes flashing.

"Have they been talking to you again?" she said. Still he was meek.

"I have heard it lots of times."

"Look," she said. "Do you believe them or me?" She sat forward on the seat breathing heavily and watching him who would not look at her.

"No," he said.

"No what?"

"No I don't believe them."

"All right, then." She swung the door open. "Come on. Let's go in." He would follow, she walking with her head erect, her back stiff—not accepting his arm, and he not daring to kiss her goodnight, certain of refusal, after the scene.

"Goodnight," he would say. "I enjoyed it."

"Goodnight!" letting the screen door slam and shutting the front door in his face. She would turn out the porchlight before he had cleared the steps.

He would get in the car and drive home—the fine, big house cotton and a brain had built for his father—and lie in his bed watching the moon.

*It's not much I ask. God knows it's little enough.*

Perhaps when she reached nineteen she had had enough; perhaps her mother brought pressure to bear (though we doubted that): anyway, one night after she got home and put on her nightgown she came downstairs. It was quite late. She had stopped by the bathroom and scrubbed her mouth with a soapy washrag for five minutes.

Her father was at the sideboard, clinking among the glasses, pouring from the decanter. Lurlyne came across the livingroom and into the diningroom, walking swiftly across the moon-dappled floor. He put his drink down and put his slow arm across her shoulders. She put her head on his shoulder and her face against his neck and began to cry, not loudly but with short quick breaths and frequent tears. He pulled up a chair and sat down, her in his lap, her head still on his shoulder. He was surprised to discover how small she was. He sat there saying Shhh Shhh, his breath faintly alcoholic, as it always was. His hair was shot with gray and he was beginning to get a little bald.

"Shhhhhhh," he said. "There. There. There." She began to cry more loudly. "Shh. You'll wake your mother, honey. Shhh. Shhhhhhh."

"Daddy, Daddy," between sobs, ". . . so tired of their mouths and their hands. Nobody hates me,"



she began to say. "Nobody hates me. They dont even hate me."

"Of course nobody hates you, honey."

"And that's just it . . just it. If he would even just do that . ."

"Who, honey? Who would?"

"W-Will," she said. Her father patted her arm regularly, soothing her with pacifying sounds. She sat up suddenly, her eyes glistening in the dark with tears. "I'm stopping, right now. You believe me, dont you?"

"Of course, honey." He did not understand.

". . me coming in with my mouth all tired and slick from kissing." He was slightly horrified.

"Well now, yes. Yes."

"Soon they'll hate me, maybe." She was quite

dry-eyed now. She was sitting erect on his lap looking out across the room with her mouth drawn in a line and her eyebrows frowning intently.

"You come on go to bed," he said. "Get your sleep and you'll feel fresh and fine tomorrow."

"Yes," she said. "Fresh and fine. That's it. That's little enough to ask. . . ." She went upstairs with her father, he with his arm through hers in a feeble, tired sort of way. "He'll name the day for the wedding," she said. She thought to laugh but did not. They stopped before her door and he kissed her cheek and told her goodnight.

He picked his way downstairs in the clear moonlight and made his way to the sideboard, the decanter and the glasses faintly clinking.

## Liberalizing Liberal Arts

### A Discussion of the Absurdity of Certain Requirements

By CHARLES A. POE

**B**UT I'M NOT the least bit interested in foreign languages!" protests the freshman earnestly.

His faculty adviser gives him a kindly smile. "Rules are rules, you know. I'm sorry, but we can't make an exception in your case. And," he adds, "you can get out of taking one of the foreign languages by taking Math instead." The freshman goes into a mental debate as to which would be worse, the frying pan or the fire. . . .

Four years later, this same student rubs his sheepskin reflectively. He prizes it; but he hates to think that so many of the hours it represents were spent in mechanically preparing dull lessons and in spouting back, parrot-like, sentences he neither understands nor cares to understand. He tries not to think of the numerous courses he wanted to study but which the rigidities of the curriculum prevented his taking—subjects in which his natural interest has been effectively stifled.

Let us say here that we have only the utmost good will for the Liberal Arts School of the University of North Carolina. It is one of the best in the nation. Ours is perhaps less strict than the Arts schools of most other universities. But the extent of true liberality is determined, not by comparison with others in similar circumstances,

but by comparison with the best, by seeing how nearly we approach the ideal. In the case of a college, liberalism is measured, not by other colleges, but by the actual needs of the student. Why should not our Liberal Arts School add to its already fine reputation by taking a still more advanced position in relaxation of regulations as to required courses?

## II

In a supposedly liberal university in a supposedly free world, a boy feels righteously indignant when unyielding rules necessitate his taking almost every quarter at least one course which is anathema to him. Often he will feel completely justified in studying the very minimum necessary to pass the course. If it is Latin, he will likely procure a "jack" and scribble interlinear translations; if it is Math, he may get somebody to work his problems for him without bothering to try to understand what it is all about. And when examination day comes around, it is very easy for him to convince himself that any means he may employ to pass, whether fair or foul, will not trouble his conscience. Instead of blaming himself for cheating, he rationalizes and blames the authorities for what he considers their arbitrariness in making him take a course which to him is so

lifeless that he cannot get enough interest in it to pass it honestly.

On the other hand, the student may be conscientious, may determine to study whether he likes the course or not. If so, he may perchance find (if he has an exceptionally good professor) that there is after all something of interest in the subject. But more probably his taste for that particular field will be even more bitter after spending scores of heavy hours trying to extract certain facts of no use to him except to hand back to the teacher. He will look back on those fruitless hours and think how much more spirited they would have been had he been studying some more congenial subject.

The novelist, W. J. Locke, once expressed himself warmly in regard to the subject of elementary mathematics:

"There is no more reason for any human being on God's earth to be acquainted with the Binomial Theorem or the Solution of Triangles . . . than for him to be an expert in Choctaw, the Cabala, or the Book of Mormon. I look back with feelings of shame and degradation to the days when, for the sake of a crust of bread, I prostituted my intelligence to wasting the precious hours of impressionable childhood, which could have been filled with so many beautiful and meaningful things, over this utterly futile and inhuman subject. It trains the mind—it teaches boys to think, they say. It doesn't. In reality it is a cut-and-dried subject, easy to fix into a school curriculum. Its sacrosanctity saves educationalists an enormous amount of trouble, and its chief use is to enable mindless young men from the universities to make a dishonest living by teaching it to others, who in turn may teach it to a future generation."

Less feelingly Ambassador James Bryce expressed his opinion of Latin and Greek in "University and Historical Addresses":

"More than a half of the boys in schools and under-graduates in colleges who may be taught Latin, and five-sixths of those who may be taught Greek, will not get far enough to enjoy the literature and give it a permanent hold on their minds."

### III

Certainly a considerable number of the many who drop out of college without receiving their degrees do so because they are not interested in their work. This apathy may be the direct cause: working on a job, the student may conclude,

would be more enjoyable than preparing uninteresting lessons. Or it may be the indirect cause: unconcern over his studies may cause him to flunk out of school. Whether direct or indirect, it is certainly a substantial factor explaining the fact that less than one student out of every three who enter here as freshmen receives his degree here. Likewise, some choose not to try for a degree rather than take a number of undesired courses.

Those in authority naturally had reasons for requiring certain courses or a choice of certain courses. Their action is based on the assumption that a freshman enters the A.B. school because he has not yet made up his mind definitely as to his lifework. By requiring the student to choose from certain specified courses, it is hoped that he will receive a "well-rounded education" and also that, by dabbling here and there, he will be enabled to discover what work he likes best and for what he is naturally fitted.

For the majority of students this may be a good policy. But not all freshmen are so hopelessly green as to need someone to pick their courses for them. Quite a number have fairly definite ideas concerning the purpose for which they are training themselves and what courses they need to help them achieve this purpose. If we must try to fit all students into one mold, we admit that the mold laid down in the catalog is a pretty good one. The average Liberal Arts student may be able to follow the rules profitably. But there are many exceptions; and to say that *all* Liberal Arts students must conform to this set of requirements is to overlook individual variations and to place a needless burden on the student who knows what he wants. Nor can all the exceptions be taken care of merely by being allowed a certain amount of choice in the required subjects, although this helps make them more reasonable.

We may be ungrateful in making this protest. The rules today are much more lenient than formerly. The rules of our University are much fairer than those of a number of other schools. But that is no argument for saying that our present requirements are perfect and that we should not question their wisdom.

### IV

The one thing that confirms our conviction that something is wrong with these requirements is the absurdity of the rule that each student must



take Latin or Greek, or that he may substitute Mathematics is he desires. The logic or reason of this rule we utterly fail to understand.

There is some wisdom in a doctor saying that a patient must have either eggs or milk, because in both are found Vitamin B. But what is the mysterious element Math possesses in common with Latin and Greek? What is this rule but a patent admission that neither Latin nor Greek nor Mathematics is necessary? If a student needs Latin or Greek, why let him squirm out of it by taking Math? Is Math so closely related to the classics that its substitution fills the purpose? Or can one learn calculus by reading Horace's Odes?

Ridiculous, of course. The only answer is that none of the three should be required.

Of course college students should not be allowed to take a collection of easy courses and so escape genuinely hard study. But it is foolish to say that only the languages and Math are difficult enough to provide real mental discipline. Any professor who grades his students rigidly on any course can compel real thought and study on the part of the student.

## V

How can the rules best be liberalized so that each student's needs may be met rather than the requirements of a catalog carried out?

In the College of Liberal Arts the junior and senior subjects are grouped under four Divisions. The catalog states: "It is understood that if no program of a Division meets the needs of a stu-

dent, he may submit a program of his own, which he may follow if it meets with the approval of the Division chosen for his major work."

Here is a recognition of the fact that there may be individual exceptions that cannot be fitted into a general set of requirements. But it is doubtful if many juniors or seniors are allowed to take advantage of the foregoing provision. We know of several cases where the prescribed courses did not fit in at all with purposes of the students; where they asked to be allowed to follow alternative courses they wanted and needed; where they were politely but firmly denied this privilege. It would seem that the departmental advisers are inclined to overlook the fact that the regulations as to required courses are supposed to be a means to an end—preparing the student for his life work—and that observance of the rules should not be an end in itself and should not be undeviatingly enforced when to do so is to defeat the very purposes for which they were drawn up.

Having the reputation of a liberal university, why not further strengthen our claim to this title by applying a rule such as the above to freshmen and sophomores as well as juniors and seniors? Why not allow *any* student to present for approval an alternate course of studies if the prescribed program does not fit in with what he is studying for?

And why not take Mathematics and foreign languages (or Latin and Greek, at least) off the list of required courses?

# Imitation of Huey Long

## The Rise and Decline of Gene the Great

*By* BILL WOOTEN

**I**F YOU KNOW of a cure for Dictatoritis, the good people of the state of Georgia will be delighted to have you communicate with them. Although they know that the growth of this abominable disease is fostered by ignorance, hatred, and appeal to base emotions, there is little they can do about it; for the "Wild Man from Sugar Creek," better known as Eugene Talmadge, Governor of Georgia, snatches away all curative medicine before it has time to take effect.

The attendance at the Dictator's recent Grass

Root Convention attests the waning of his popularity both within and outside his state. Elaborate preparations were made with the expectation that 10,000 delegates representing six states would throng to Macon to pay tribute to the glory-and-power seeking Talmadge. Fewer than 3,000 attended. The Charleston (Miss.) *Sun* commenting on the convention said: "The malcontents and muttonheads who met in Macon to cheer Georgia's insurgent Governor in his invectives may as well take a walk with Al Smith.

They no more represent the South than the Liberty League represents America." This seems to be the general impression; but there is still that minority of "malcontents and muttonheads," who hold the opinion, as expressed by John H. Kirby, wealthy Texan and leader of the Southern Committee to Uphold the Constitution, that Talmadge "is a plumed knight on an errand for the Republic who refuses to bend to dictatorship or barter the sovereign rights of his state for Federal Gold." The Grass Root Convention of Southern Democrats endorsed this same "plumed knight" as a "candidate to lead this country out of the morass of communism."

It is surprising that even 3,000 people blindly follow this illogical, unreasoning dictator who, when asked what he would do for hungry unemployed, answered, "Let them starve"; who loses state money on the Stock Exchange; who illegally removes public officers; and whose lust for power drives him to tread ruthlessly on the backs of the citizens of Georgia.

## II

It was while he was Commissioner of Agriculture that the seeds were sown for his election as Governor of Georgia. Strange as it seems, the foundation for his gubernatorial race was laid when he squandered \$20,000 of the state's money on the Chicago hog market. When it was revealed that his gamblings with state money, without authority, had netted the state a loss of \$20,000, an effort was made to have him impeached. A Senate investigation was ordered but Talmadge, recalling Long's tactics, secured a round-robin to protect himself. He prevailed upon enough legislators to sign a petition demanding that the investigation be dropped. In getting out of this scrape Talmadge used everything but Long's exact words when, in a similar predicament, the latter said, "Sure, I stole it [the money] but I stole for you."

The publicity which grew out of this incident endeared him in the hearts of the farmer element and helped immeasurably to carry him to the Governorship of Georgia on a platform which had as its only plank a flat three-dollar automobile license. He made his appeal to race hatred, pauper misery and ignorance, and was hailed as Georgia's leader.

He keeps his power by exploiting the baser passions of the more ignorant classes; by provoking hatred for the Negro and hatred for all that seems to keep the lower classes in poverty. Talmadge tells them it was Roosevelt and the New

Deal that keeps them down—some of them believe him. He has not been anti-New Deal from the beginning, however. At first he coöperated with the W.P.A. and F.E.R.A., but when he converted Federal funds into some of his local rackets the administration took control of the money out of his hands. This embittered Talmadge towards Roosevelt and the New Deal, and he has been fighting them ever since. One of his most effective instruments within the state is his propaganda magazine, *Woman's World*, which he fills with such remarks as, ". . . the President had Negroes attend the White House dinners—and tell him how to run these good old United States."

## III

One of Talmadge's first acts as Governor was to make a drastic reduction in school appropriations even though Georgia is already near the bottom in educational facilities. His control of the Senate, his "yes" men, made this cut possible. His control of this body also made possible his rise to financial dictatorship on January 1 of this year. He used his influence to have the legislature adjourn without making an appropriation for the expenses of the state. Talmadge decided that Georgia's \$7,500,000 balance of the last four years should be used to run the government—a decision that was hotly resented by many of the people of Georgia. State Comptroller William B. Harrison and State Treasurer George B. Hamilton refused to countersign warrants drawn on these funds, but Talmadge promptly had them removed from office and had the vaults containing the funds forced open by expert safe-crackers. Now he proceeds to spend the money as he sees fit. The dictator has stated that when the time comes for collecting more taxes he will do so through martial law. But he thinks this will be unnecessary before about July of this year, for the funds he has taken possession of should last that long.

Talmadge spends far more money than a governor's salary would allow, and it is asserted by some Georgia Democratic leaders that he gets financial backing from Southern banking and industrial interests and from the Liberty League whose program he endorses whole-heartedly. This support has not been proven, however, and must be taken only as a strong suspicion of those who are in an advantageous position to observe the dictator. Yet it is known that he does cater to big business interests even while he pats the little



man on the back and says, "follow me, my friends, and I will deliver you from this communistic government that threatens the liberty of every citizen in these United States."

#### IV

Governor Talmadge is not original enough to have become the dictator he is without outside help of some sort. He has found this help in Huey Long, his prototype, whom he has consciously tried to imitate ever since Huey rose to importance. Talmadge has the same lust for power that Long had, but he does not have the political genius, the ability or the magnetic personality of the late "Kingfish." Talmadge is no more than a copy, and a poor one at that. Long put it rather bluntly when he said of his friend and colleague, ". . he is too dumb for his ambition." Talmadge had, and still has, the audacity to believe that some day, not far off, he will be elected President of the United States.

Talmadge takes great pleasure in identifying himself with Long in respect to the latter's force, daring and ability to get things done; but in his own mind he is far deeper and far more philosophical. To use his own words: "Of coh'se you must realize that Huey and I were at the opposite pole in our poh-litical philosophy. Huey believed in doin' ever'thing foh the people. That's bound to weaken their fibre. Ah b'lieve the less gov'ment the bettah." As to his friendship with Long he says, "Huey and Ah were mighty good friends. Ah lahked Huey because he was able, fearless, had a lot of hoh'se sense and believed in doin' things." These qualities Talmadge sees in himself, and because he believes he has them he tries

to follow the career of his prototype, a career made possible by the actual possession of those qualities. About the only thing Governor "Gene" has in common with Long is his ardent desire to become a powerful national figure, to have people hurry to do his bidding—to have the nation cringe at his feet. Can he do it? Add two and two together and you get the answer as expressed by Long: ". . he is too dumb for his ambition."

Nevertheless, even his dwindling influence in national life fails to convince him that he is not the man he thinks he is. Talmadge is not beaten; he still has a few cards up his sleeve. It is rumored that a bargain has been made insuring him a high place in the national government, possibly Secretary of Agriculture, should he be able to bring about the defeat of Roosevelt. To reiterate, this is a rumor. By next November we will have actual facts.

Whether he will admit it or not, Talmadge is not as secure in his dictatorship as was Long. He does not have a powerful political machine, as Long had back of him, but he has taken the precaution to fill key positions with his own gang—with men upon whom he can depend to do his bidding. By controlling these positions he controls the whole state.

Talmadge rose to power through bigotry and demagoguery, and it is through bigotry and demagoguery that he remains dictator. Although his national influence has waned considerably, he remains strong and dangerous to the citizens of Georgia. The leach hangs on, and he will continue to hang on as long as the people of his state accept his rule of vice and corruption.

### Adam's Alley in the Moonlight

Five squat huts, bowing low and humble,  
Perch on the side of a low gulley,  
Known locally as Adam's Alley.  
Thirty or more people live here.  
Their grandfathers were slaves. They  
Are free. Did I say free? Yes, legally  
They are free. Seventy years ago  
Someone told them they were free  
And instead of working for the food  
And lodging they had always had,  
They had to work for money.  
Money, hard bits of metal, which came hard  
And went easy and never bought enough  
To fill a nigger's belly full of food.  
Today these free ones live in these huts

On Adam's Alley. They work in the factory  
If they're lucky. They play  
In the streets if they are small.  
Packs of dirty, dog-eared playing cards  
Offer solace to the unemployed. Bottles  
Of near-alcohol, purchased at the jeopardy—  
Slight, of course—of their glorious liberty  
Present momentary forgetfulness of the present.  
Sometimes the pursuing of these simple pleasures  
Leads them to a more or less lengthy occupation  
Of the fourth floor jail of the county  
Courthouse. But now the occupants of the alley huts  
Are quiet. The morning paper boy  
Finds the five squat houses  
Asleep in the moonlight.

—Elmer D. Johnson.

## The Editor's Opinion

### A Plea for Modernization

Those who say college education deals too much with the past to the exclusion of the world about us have a strong point in their favor in that here at the University there is not a single American history course that dares venture beyond 1920 nor a single English course devoted to literature of the period since 1920. (The elementary courses in these two fields do touch slightly on the modern period for the last few days of the course—that is, if the professor is fortunate enough to finish on schedule.)

Five-hour courses are offered here on such subjects as History of Greece during the Fifth Century B. C., Europe in the Crusading Age (1000-1300), Old English, English Drama (1600-1642), etc. Not that there is the least objection to such courses being a part of the curriculum—but there is danger of becoming too Chinese in our ancestor-worship. Chaucer was a master at telling a tale; but so was Ring Lardner. Henry Fielding produced some fine novels; but so has Thomas Wolfe. This is not to say that we should forget Chaucer and Fielding; it is to say that at least a small portion of the curriculum should be devoted to Lardner and Wolfe.

In dealing with most events of the past, the facts are undisputed, and the interpretations of these facts nearly unanimous. But in dealing with modern times, the existence of so much difference of opinion indicates that it will be exceedingly difficult for the student properly to evaluate a contemporary novel or a recent political happening. He needs the professor to help him develop the power of discriminatory reading and thinking.

Considering the many courses dealing with ancient history and literature, is it too much to ask that a course in Modern Prose Literature be offered to complement those in Contemporary Poetry and Modern Drama, and that the course in Modern American History be extended to cover at least the year 1930?

### Salary for Student President

It is strange that the most important position a student can hold here—that of President of the Student Body—pays no salary whatever.

This is both unfair and unwise. It is unfair to the president because the job requires so much of his time that he can never have adequate time to spend on his studies—which, after all, is what one is supposed to come to college for.

It is unwise in that it offers little encouragement to the best men to try to get the office. The job has come to be looked on as a thankless one which is all-time-consuming and for which one takes all the blame when anything goes wrong with student government—and for which one is not rewarded financially.

For the coming year we have a good student body president. But we may not always be so fortunate. To make certain that the most capable men will want the office, in the future a modest salary should be attached.

### Reaction to "Kick Graham Out!"

A friend told us of hearing two barbers discuss our article in the last issue, "Kick Graham Out!"

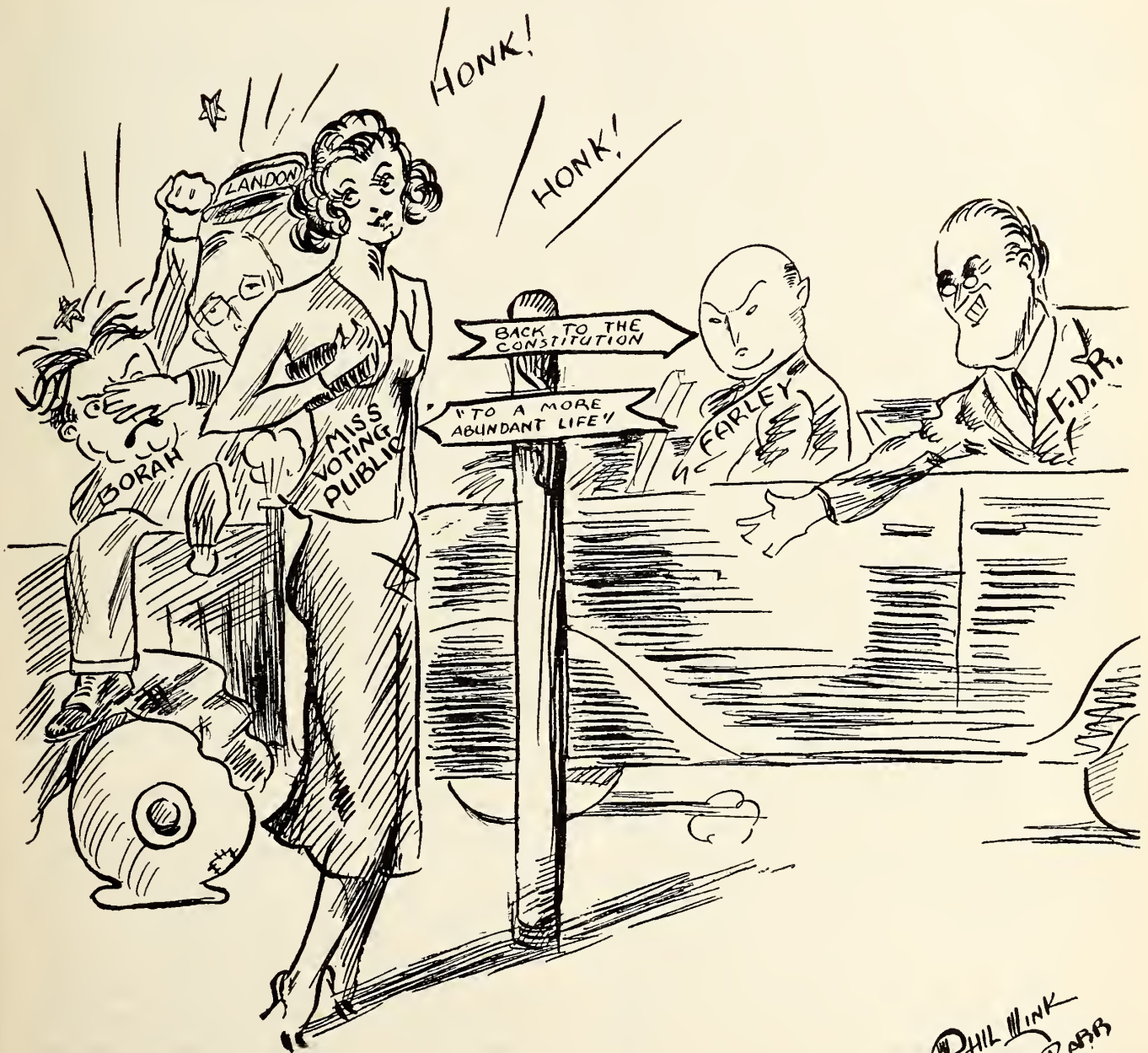
"Outrageous!" opined one. "The editor of the MAGAZINE saying they ought to kick the President out."

"Well," remarked the other, "Dr. Graham brought it on himself by advocating freedom of the press!"

We expected that some persons would take our satire literally. Perhaps we wrote the first part of the article with too straight a face. Perhaps we (like *Esquire*) should label our stories "Satire," "Fiction," or "Humor," in order that our readers may not be caught by surprise.

Much of the pretended criticism of Graham in the article was, of course, really praise; the remainder was trivial and superficial (not much more trivial, however, than most criticisms that one hears offered seriously). Why some failed to interpret this correctly may possibly be explained in two ways: One is that some persons merely saw the title and did not bother to read the article (though we had hoped that the subtitle would at least cause a glance to see who was nominated as Graham's successor and that the selection of David Clark would convince them the article was not serious). The other is that some are so unreasonably biased against Dr. Graham that without thinking they are ready to approve any reasons others may offer which appear to support their own position in the matter.





PHIL LINK  
+  
STUART RABB

All Together: "Wanna Ride, Babe?"

# Husband of a Hoo-Dee-Cee

## Rebellion Against the Noble Order

By HUBERT B. WILLS

SHE WAS at a meeting of the Hoo-Dee-Cee. Through thirty years of married life he couldn't recall a Thursday night when she hadn't been. She had left laden and swathed as usual with military paraphernalia. This night it had been a picture of General Lee which they had hit upon at Washington and Lee University last summer, a cameo belonging to one of the braver women at Vicksburg, and a book containing all the names of folks who were residents of Alamance County in 1864.

It wasn't only Thursday nights that she gave up to the Hoo-Dee-Cee. Tuesday afternoons there was instruction in the principles that made Jefferson Davis a great man—open to all boys between 5 and 12. Wednesday afternoon she herself studied. Wednesday night his life was just hopeless. She gave herself an exam in Hoo-Dee-Cee principles and information.

Well, at any rate she had become Historian-Major-General, gone to New York for the Hoo-Dee-Cee Conference last year (he never understood why they chose New York, that Yankee town), and returned with a key from Mayor LaGuardia. He'd been a little excited, even thrilled when he saw her picture in the *Herald-Tribune*. It had made her look even bigger, more military than she was, but he was thrilled just the same.

To-night he wasn't. They had fought just before he left. Whenever they disagreed she made him feel like a Union general—in retreat. This scrap had been caused by his suggesting that the Alamance county book was too heavy to carry—and probably wasn't worthwhile lugging to the meeting. This last he had said in a practised, trailing whisper, but to-night it hadn't trailed to form. She hissed at him with a vigor that reminded him of the whizzing rockets Beauregard fired at Fort Sumter. The door had banged with all the fury of Grant battering away in the Wilderness.

### II

"So, I'll take a drink," he muttered. The alcohol and the fire in the grate made him think a little harder about the Hoo-Dee-Cee. He had a

right to consider it, he felt, even though he wasn't a member of the brother order, the Sons of the Cee-Cee-Cee. His grandfather had been unpatriotic enough to have moved out to Nebraska territory two years before the War. Since the family hadn't moved back until 1871, and in moving had somehow gotten mixed up with carpetbaggers, he was definitely barred from membership.

Her grandfather had been shot at Shiloh. They had made half a dozen trips to the battlefield, where she would stand, very quiet, very dreamy, praying for each one of the Alamance county boys who had fought there. He had often been tempted to prove to her that there couldn't have been over 500 soldiers from her county at the battle, but he never did.

The old man had left her the three little bronze busts across the room on a table—Jackson, Davis, Lee. Every time a Republican president was elected, she would take them to her room for a whole week. What mysteries went on up there, he never could find out. Still she always felt more resigned after the ceremonies (if there were any) were over.

The room was littered with gifts and testimonials from the Hoo-Dee-Cees all over the section. A scrap of the Stars and Bars, a doubtful letter from John Wilkes Booth to his brother, a letter-opener that definitely belonged to the Stephens family. And a huge portrait of General Joseph Johnston—gift of the regional Hoo-Dee-Cee on their silver wedding anniversary.

He was grateful. Who wouldn't be glad to have around him every day of his life remembrances of what his wife insisted was his grandfather's cowardice? In the smoke of marital battle she could always be depended upon to smash to triumph with, "Any self-respecting white man knew for years and years that the Yankees were preparing to invade the South!"

He took another drink. That side of her wasn't so bad. It was the speeches she made in the schools on the boyhoods of almost anyone who had been born below the Mason-and-Dixon Line before 1850. He winced when he thought of how energetically she had bullied their Congressman



into voting ever larger and larger appropriations for military training in the colleges.

Embarrassment replaced chagrin as he thought of that Sunday morning she had upbraided the visiting Yankee minister for hinting in his sermon that immorality in the South wasn't confined to the white race.

She always spoke of Huey Long as a "Yank-like fellow," Thad Stevens as "a barbarian," General Grant as "that drunken thing," and the tobacco families as "carpetbag trash." She never permitted him to mention the D. A. R. in her home—her father had arrived in this country in 1786.

That was a long time ago, he figured. So long ago that maybe he ought to take a drink to the past. It really wasn't the past, his wife always reminded him. For a Hoo-Dee-Cee the present was always the past, the past always the present, and the future always the past and present. By the time he had figured that out he had downed three good ones and felt much better about the whole business.

He was wondering why they had bought that table in the dining room. He couldn't remember whether it was because they needed a Confederate table in order to entertain the great-nephew of General Jeb Stuart or whether they invited the great-nephew to show him the table. The table had been made out of rude pine boards for John C. Calhoun's daughter after the Yankees had chopped up her rosewood board. For \$750 it was his.

It was and it wasn't. She had already willed every stick and shred of Confederate memento to the local Hoo-Dee-Cee chapter. She even had the letter from them, gratefully anticipating such valuable acquisitions to their collection. The memory of the letter unequivocally called for another drink. And another.

### III

Another and he began to think. Why shouldn't he will something to the local Hoo-Dee-Cee? Even though he wasn't a Son of the Cee-Cee-Cee they'd probably be glad to get something from him. Naturally he wouldn't be offended if they fumigated the Yankeeness out of it. That was all in the war's work.

For his will he needed a quill pen, parchment scroll, a long white beard, and a frock coat. His uxorial grandfather's chest, undisturbed since the debacle of Shiloh, supplied these.

Mindful that General Grant had, according to

the Hoo-Dee-Cee, tricked the Confederate hosts by drinking barrels upon barrels of Tennessee moonshine and remaining cold sober—he took another drink.

The pen started to scratch. Every time he came to the word Hoo-Dee-Cee in the text of his composition, he took another drink. When the bottle, and the ink well, were both dry, his bleary eyes read:

### LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF A HOO-DEE-CEE HUSBAND

I, a Husband of a Hoo-Dee-Cee, being in my right Confederate mind, do hereby bequeath all my worldly goods to Local 17896 of the Hoo-Dee-Cee.

Said goods consist of a single article.

It is my wish and order that this article be placed on exhibit in such a place that all persons interested may view it with an eye to their own improvement.

It is further my wish that said article shall be guarded against decay, change, or Yankee contamination.

I, therefore, recommend that said article be placed in an appropriately large glass case, there to remain until no more Hoo-Dee-Cee daughters shall dress the graves of their grandfathers shot down at Shiloh.

Following my death the article shall be carefully scraped of all possible non-Hoo-Dee-Cee bacteria, polished until it shines like the light in General Longstreet's horse's eye, varnished with the special preparation made by the impoverished great-nieces of Pickett. (If the historical committee of the chapter should decide that either its age or authenticity is doubtful, it may be shot full of holes to gain the proper effect, provided the marksman uses the gun used by General Lee at Antietam.)

Said article shall be carried through the streets of the town on a plush base, with a brass band playing a specially composed combination of "Dixie" and "My Old Kentucky Home." After it has been received by a blood descendant of Jefferson Davis, a squadron of Sons of the Cee-Cee-Cee shall bear it to the glass case. No admission shall be charged to inspect said article.

### HUSBAND OF A HOO-DEE-CEE.

*Codicil:* All my worldly goods already having been willed to Local 17896 of the Hoo-Dee-Cee, my real and personal property consists entirely of my wife.

H. H. D. C.

# Saddle Made of Stone

## A Short Story

By JOSEPHINE NIGGLI

"THE TROUBLE with most legends," said Don Rosalío, "is that they end too soon. I think it would be interesting to know how the wizard feels when he is transformed into an egg, or a prince into a pot of soup."

He dropped his hands over the arms of his chair and stared dreamily across the flat roofs of Monterrey houses at Saddle Mountain. From between two brown stained fingers a wisp of gray smoke curled up and framed his long gray beard in a soft gray fog.

"Why all this philosophy?" I asked drowsily, and closed my eyes again. Against this black curtain Saddle Mountain still reared its double peak, and I enjoyed this mystery.

"Well," drawled the gray giant, "take that mountain for instance. A god turned his horse into stone to guard his beloved valley, but he forgot to smooth down the pommel of the saddle. Of what is that horse thinking, standing there year after year, or does he think at all? Was the brain left alive, or was it turned into stone, too?"

I woke up enough to open my eyes and make a face at Don Rosalío. It was exquisite torture to weigh a man down with abstruse questions after a heavy dinner, and the mid-day sun had properly sent wise people into the dim seclusion of an afternoon *siesta*. A little maid servant moving softly about the *patio* giggled as the ash from my cigarette fell on my newly pressed suit. Then seeing that I was watching her, she fled to the safety of the kitchen.

"It is too hot," I said flatly, "for any proper thinking. Why you had to rent a house in Monterrey when you might have stayed in the cool mountains of Hidalgo, I do not understand. The intimate working of your mind is beyond my comprehension. In fact, I dislike you very much. Go away and let me sleep."

Don Rosalío laughed, and patted the silken waves of his beard. "Then why did you consent to share my exile with me? I merely invited you, and you snatched at the chance. . . ."

"I did not. You begged and implored, and used blackmail on my cook to keep him from feeding me decently. . . ."

"You snatched at the chance, and now you are grumbling. My friend, I think you enjoy this little exile in Monterrey as much as I. You realized that continuous life in a village is stagnating . . . that it is impossible for an individual to live in solitary grandeur all the time. . . ."

He dodged the embroidered pillow I threw at him as his oldest son came through the door and paused, open mouthed, at this undignified behavior. Seeing the audience, his father and I hastily returned to our usual poses of bored indifference. The boy's eyes promptly became impassive as he sat down on the edge of a cane settee, folding his arms across his chest. He had been walking in the sun, and his blond skin had turned to a dusky red.

"My son, where have you been? Do you not realize that Monterrey at noon is not as Hidalgo at the same time? There is, I believe, a spot of black on the tip of your nose."

Rubén rubbed it off by the simple expedient of twisting his neck and burrowing his short nose in his shoulder. "Out," he said laconically, and his tone did not tell how he liked this city of the mountains.

"It is impossible," said Don Rosalío, as though his son could not hear, "to effect a conversation with this creature. He says nothing unless spoken to, and not always then. For twelve years I kept him in school in the States, and it is one of the minor mysteries as to how he ever graduated. A card from this school assured me that he was proficient in German, French and in English, and yet he can not even speak his own language. Conversation," added this great man, "is to him an undiscovered art. My son, you should learn to speak."

Rubén merely rolled his round black eyes, and extracted a cigarette from his pocket. The little maid from the kitchen brought out a tray of glasses and iced water which she placed on the wicker table at my elbow. The three of us looked at her, and a thin gold chain moved slightly against her soft brown throat. Her dress was a brilliant pink that reflected its color in her cheeks, and the blue apron was the same shade



as her hemp-soled shoes. She made no noise as she walked toward the kitchen, pausing to admire a lily shaped flower growing on a tall bush, called in Mexico the Cup of Gold.

There was an odd tension in the atmosphere, although Rubén was silently contemplating the tip of his cigarette, while his father had taken out a pair of glasses and fastened them on the high bridge of his nose.

"That girl has been working here for a week, and for a week I've been trying to remember where I've seen her before. Where was it, my friend?"

"Hidalgo, possibly," I answered. "She lived out there with her aunt five years ago, and then she got a job here in Monterrey with some family who moved to the States. I thought she had gone with them, but I suppose she didn't. You know, she's not exactly pretty but she certainly has charm."

"Too much charm," snorted the gray-bearded man, "for a household composed entirely of men."

His son's white shoes moved sharply on the red tiled floor, but Don Rosalío did not notice this as he said, "Tomorrow I think I shall hire another servant. One with crossed eyes and an upturned chin. Where did you leave the paper, my son?"

Rubén jerked his head toward me, and I took the responsibility. "I was the one who had it last. It's in my bed-room. Want me to fetch it for you?"

"Certainly not." The giant rose to his feet and his thin legs cut the air with a scissor-like precision as he moved toward the narrow hall. "Why else do we have servants? I find, however, that this heat is too much for my aged bones. In two months I shall be sixty-four, and already I am a grandfather. It is only right that I should take my rest."

With this parting excuse, he faded from the narrow hall, and left me alone with his silent offspring. With easy grace he had transferred to me the problem of finding out what was worrying this slender stone image, but even my curiosity could not meet the strain. Both of us sat and looked across the flat roofs at Saddle Mountain, and for three minutes there was silence. Then came a rumbling sound as of rusty machinery working into action. Rubén sat with his head buried in his hands, great sobs shaking his body. There was nothing for me to say, so I said it loudly while I poured water into a black-stemmed glass.

Stepping to him, I dropped my hand on his shoulder and pushed the glass under his nose. "Here, drink this. You'll feel better in a minute."

He reached out blindly with one hand, and gulped it down. Then he found a handkerchief in his white coat pocket and blew his nose loudly. An indistinct mutter translated itself into "Thanks."

At that moment it began to rain, the water dashing through the arches of the tilted arcade, and we fled for safety into the stiff little parlor. I opened one of the long french doors that guarded the window, and looked out at the narrow street through a lattice of iron-bars. People were scurrying past, newspapers serving as umbrellas, and a car skidded dangerously on the wet pavement. I called Rubén's attention to this, and he stood quietly at my shoulder as the car righted itself under the capable hands of the girl driving it. Before she continued on her way, she bent forward and stared intently at the house, but seeing us watching her, she blushed, and the car shot forward under her embarrassment.

"She seemed interested in our residence. Who is she, Rubén?"

"Adela Cantú."

"So? She drives well if a bit erratically. I didn't know Mexican girls drove very much. I thought they left that to the men in the house."

He did not answer this comment, but went over and sat down in an uncomfortable high-backed chair. A cane rocker invited me to try it, but one had broken down with me at a very formal reception given by Adela's father, old Don Pancho Cantú, when he was governor of this state, so I chose the piano bench instead. I recounted this incident, but nothing could break the frozen misery of Rubén's face.

He managed to say at last, "Father," and jerked his head toward the patio.

"No, I won't tell him, boy. How old are you, anyway, twenty-three, twenty-four?"

"Twenty-six."

"That shows how old I'm getting to be. The last time I saw you, when you were at the mature age of twelve, you were suffering with an aversion to girls. In six months I will be forty years old. We are all telling our ages today, but let us have no secrets among friends."

This pointed hint made him rub his fingers against his round chin. "Father. Marriage. Adela Cantú."

"Good Lord, your father isn't thinking of mar-

rying that girl? Why, she isn't as old as you are!"

He shook his head vigorously. "Me."

"Oh." I gave a sigh of relief, and rested my elbow on the keys of the up-right piano. A discordant melody stained the air, and died into silence as this puzzle began to take shape. Don Rosalío was trying to arrange a marriage between his house and that of Don Pancho Cantú, but this boy was fighting it with silent misery. Some trap of silence within him would not allow an argument, and yet there was an obstacle that prevented his loving the girl who was known as the Queen of the Mountains.

The rain had stopped its idiotic pounding, and a soft gray radiance filled the room, enfolding a blue pottery jar of artificial yellow and red roses standing in a corner. In the arcade the little servant was mopping water off the red tiles, and some vagrant idea sifted through my memory.

I pointed to her. "What is that little person's name? I never can remember it. Don't look so startled, Rubén. I'm not going to bite you."

"Celestina," he muttered, and a frown drew his wide black brows together.

"She is a very pretty child, and don't jerk your feet when your father is talking about her. He is an observant man. Where did you first meet her?"

"States."

"She was working for a family you knew, and her Spanish sounded beautiful after English, French, and German. Was that it?"

"Yes," he whispered, and pounded his clenched fists on his knees in a desperate searching for words. "Sweet and kind. Loved—love her very much."

"Don't be a chivalrous ass. You're at home now, boy, where social caste is not a thing to be treated lightly." I slid into English. "She knew you were Don Rosalío's son, and that some day you would come into a pot of money. That is an Americanism that you should not emulate in pure speech. At any rate she played you for a sucker, another Americanism, and coming back here managed somehow to get a job with your papa so that she could keep you under her eagle eye. The American language is full of pretty symbols that do not mean anything but are satisfyingly expressive."

This burst of oratory opened and shut Rubén's mouth. Still keeping one round black eye fixed suspiciously on my face, he rose and began striding up and down the length of the room, his fists

thrust into his pockets. I could see his great shoulders twitching under the loose white coat, and his red tie had worked over under one ear. Don Rosalío from the doorway said smoothly, "You walk too much, my son," and only the knowledge that Don Rosalío could not understand English kept me reclining nonchalantly against the piano.

Rubén obediently stopped the movement of his feet, and froze again into silence.

"I think," drawled the slender giant, collapsing into a chair and crossing his thin knees, "that the time has come to speak of serious things. I am sure my good friend here will go next week to present your proposal of marriage to the family Cantú."

The vision of myself proposing matrimony in Rubén's name to five aunts, three cousins, and an ex-governor made me snicker, but Don Rosalío frowned admonishingly, and even Rubén looked startled. Trying to gaze innocently at the door leading into the arcade, I surprised Celestina into whirling away with a flash of a pink skirt. I flatter myself that this did not show in my face as I said:

"Why does there have to be so much hurry, Don Rosalío? Of course he's your son, but he hasn't been out of school a year, and perhaps he'd like to have a little fun before he settles down."

"Rubén is my oldest son. I would like to see his children before I die. Shall we say next week?"

"Next week," I said feebly, not daring to look at the silent boy, and escaped to the sanctuary of my bed-room.

That evening as I walked through the front door to the waiting car of Joaquin Peralta with whom I was going to see a Mexican version of some English play, Rubén clutched at my sleeve with a despairing grasp.

"Impossible next week. Married Celestina two years ago." Then he fled past Joaquin's absurd red car, and into the darkness of the narrow street.

"You look worried," drawled Joaquin as I slid into the front seat beside him. "There's a bottle of Scotch in the pocket. Want some?"

"Whiskey wouldn't help me," I told him. And then, "How do you keep a mountain from committing suicide?"

Joaquin lit a cigarette with one hand, and considered this absurd question. "You might



move the mountain to another spot. The scenery may be wearing."

"That's been tried."

"How about argument? I understand that mountains are logical heaps of stone."

"Have you ever attempted to argue with a mountain? I tell you, Joaquin, I'm worried." I noticed that we had veered off into a side-street. "Look here, why are we heading toward Laredo? I thought we were going to the theatre."

The elegant young Mexican grinned delightedly. "We are, only not to the one you think. This is a stock company playing on an open-air platform at the town of the Field of Flowers. They're doing *Madame X*. I thought you'd enjoy it."

"The only Madame X I know anything about is named Celestina. She wears a bright pink dress and blue shoes, and I'd like to break her neck. Why do boys have to get mixed up with servant girls anyway?"

Then I remembered dazedly that Joaquin himself had once been in love with his grandfather's cook, and pulled down the brim of my hat to cover my embarrassment. Joaquin, however, ignored this in his nice way, and asked gently, "So Rubén is in love with this Celestina?"

I told him the whole story, and by the time I was done, the lights of The Field of Flowers flashed into view. We drove across a narrow steel bridge, and turned into an open meadow where there was a cement platform painted blue, masked now with gray flannel curtains. Benches and chairs faced it in a semi-circle, and after Joaquin payed some silver money to a cherub with an old man's face, we found two rocking chairs on the front row. People were already settled about us. Mothers and fathers, with families of stair-step children; young men without coats in white trousers and shirts; girls, mostly in giggling groups, in brilliant silk dresses, imported probably from Laredo. The only girl and boy alone together were Adela Cantú and Rubén who were trying to pretend that they did not know us.

"Joaquin," I muttered in my companion's ear, "did you know those two were coming out here tonight?"

"The musicians are about to play," he whispered back just before we were presented with a Mexican version of Maine's "Stein Song." When this was over, the curtains of the stage pulled back on protesting ropes, and we saw the first

act of *Madame X*. This continued for twenty minutes, the leading lady very coy in a costume of the early eighteenth century, while her husband looked like the Holbein portrait of Henry VIII. During the entire play, a sun, its rays small icicles of yellow paint, blinked at us through the kerosene lantern light from its decorative eminence on the back wall. At last the act was over, and the audience was enjoying itself with loud applause and much chatter.

"Did you know they were here?" I repeated.

"The way you can stick to one idea," Joaquin drawled, "excites my admiration. Of course I knew it. Why else did you think I brought you out here?"

"But how did you know they were coming?"

"Adela Cantú and I have been acquainted since we were puppies. She's been in love with this silent mountain since he was twelve and she was nine, but she can't get him to talk enough to admit he's in love with her, too. It is a terrible thing," he said wearily, "to drag emotional phrases out of an unexpressive stone. She's come very close to pronouncing all of this a failure, but Adela knows she is the most beautiful girl in Northern Mexico, and she refuses to play second fiddle to a servant girl. Who is this Celestina person anyway?"

"She used to live out at Hidalgo. That's all I know."

"Hmm. And this idiot confessed to having married her? Of course the logical answer is divorce, but Adela's papa is a good Catholic. Let me think."

He proceeded to think during the next two acts, while the players rose to dramatic heights, each sentence just two words behind the prompter's monotonous voice from the wooden box at the front of the stage. Finally the thing was over, and we pushed our way through the chattering, moving crowd to Rubén's side. He was clutching Adela's hand, his wide mouth shut into a thin line.

"I know it's a scandal," shrieked Adela, "for us to be out here alone together, but this is the only place where we can sit and talk." There was no hat on her soft black hair, and her heavily lashed gray eyes pleaded with us to understand.

"The idea," said Joaquin, "is for you to go back in my car with us. Rubén can park yours in front of my house, and I'll return it to you somehow."

*(Continued on page twenty-nine)*

# Swindlers by Profession

## North Carolina "Suckers" Bite Frequently

By GEORGE BUTLER

"THIS CHECK for \$40 I expect will be the last I can ever help you with—for I am laboring under quite heavy debt, trying to pay up principal and interest on monies hired to invest with you, at previous times, and it is slow work for a woman of sixty-three."

This note was found in the bundles of correspondence that came to light in the investigation concerning a man who worked his fraudulent schemes through the mails for more than 25 years. His activities included building towns, operating a bank, publishing a woman's journal, organizing a woman's club, promoting oil wells and silver mines, and dispensing patent medicines. He never distributed a cent of dividends or profits to any of his thousands of investors, though it is estimated he received approximately \$200,000,000 from them. Another example of the grip which he maintained on his "suckers" is the case of an old man in a poorhouse who, enclosing his last \$2, declared that his faith in the ultimate triumph of this promoter was unshaken.

Possessing a keen knowledge of human psychology and subtle schemes worked out to the minutest details, professional swindlers have played upon the gullibility of the people of this country to the tune of millions of dollars every year. These human parasites have sold stock in oil wells, gold, silver and coal mines, with almost as much facility as they have sold bottles of patent medicines.

Not the least regrettable part of such delusive and often illegal proceedings is that only rarely are the promoters of these various rackets apprehended by law. They seem always to go into seclusion before an exposé is brought about—ridiculously few arrests are ever made.

### II

A group of swindlers, some years ago, swooped down on a county-seat town in the eastern part of North Carolina and were not long in convincing a credulous populace that oil flowed in abundance beneath their sand-clay soil. Indeed it was such a lucrative "find" that stock in the enterprise was offered only to the most prominent

people in town—no riffraff should get rich from this black liquid cornucopia.

Some people thought that the dignity and sanctity of the church was added to the venture, inasmuch as the local Methodist minister was engaged to sell stock. The town's *elite* soon bought all the stock offered.

Soon the loyal citizens began to see visions of their sleepy little town growing overnight into a bustling metropolis. And their dreams began to materialize when they saw an architectural monstrosity being constructed a few miles from town. Erected on a clay hill, the structure, towering above the pines, attracted inquisitive visitors by the thousands.

Came the eventful day: oil was found! Some of the black fluid which was drawn from the inchoate well was brought to town and poured on the sidewalk. Someone struck a match. The fluid burned!

The promoters informed the hysterical stockholders that more funds would be necessary for the well's operation. More stock was issued and once more the denizens gobbled it up.

Before the second-hand cylinder oil could be analyzed by a chemist, however, the gay deceivers had not only made scarce themselves and the stockholders' money, but had failed to tell anyone of their future whereabouts. The town's *elite* were left holding the proverbial bag. Of little use to them was the cylinder oil which the swindlers had poured into the well by night and pumped up, to the crowd's excitement, by day.

Unfortunately this wholesale deception is a far-from-rare occurrence. Yet in this affair, an amateur geologist could have told the people of the town that there was not one chance in a million of discovering oil in that region.

It is estimated that there are about 50,000 chronic oil stock "suckers" who have been buying and losing year after year. One master mind had 300,000 on his list, from all walks of life.

Only slightly less gullible are the people who buy stock in the numerous gold mines which are continually cropping up in our mountains. The promoters need only to remind their victims that



North Carolina was once the leading gold-producing state in the union to get subscribers to their wildcat projects. One authority has said, "The best tool to use for digging gold in this state is a dentist's drill." The fact that most of the veins have been tapped and that the ore is of an inferior quality has long since discouraged the commercial mining of gold in North Carolina; yet gold mines continue to have a mushroom-growth at the expense of the "suckers."

### III

Less notorious than the aforementioned grafters but affecting a larger number of people are the patent medicine doctors and peddlers. Despite the fact that the old-time medicine shows have about sung their swan song, the sale of patent medicines still remains an enormous industry—thanks to the subtle tactics of the salesmen.

One gentleman, supposedly a famous doctor and speaker, supplemented his platform work with "health lectures" over none-too-scrupulous radio stations in Pennsylvania and Illinois. The "health lectures" were sales harangues boosting his "famous tonic food," a worthless concoction of baking and washing soda, chalk, sugar, and oil of peppermint.

A real patent medicine is, as its name denotes, non-secret; its formula is recorded at the Patent Office. The secret ones, however, are subject to no supervision. A recent investigation revealed the fact that the people of America spend annually \$360,000,000 for "patent medicines" of secret composition, or more than twice the amount spent for non-secret or doctor's remedies.

Since the Food and Drugs Act is a national law, it can control only those products which enter into interstate commerce. A patent medicine made in Raleigh, for instance, and sold within the state of North Carolina cannot be brought within the jurisdiction of the act.

Some of the medicines need not boast of their curative powers. Indeed those containing a high percentage of alcohol seldom need any sales pressure—especially in a dry territory. The classic example occurred a few years ago in a mid-western state which allows its counties to vote on the whiskey question as they pleased. Soon it became obvious that, as soon as a county went dry, large shipments of a particular patent medicine arrived. The medicine received glowing tributes from its customers. One preacher wrote, "It has

given me a wonderful, rejuvenated spirit." A nice old lady in her testimonial said, "It has cured me mentally and physically; I can't praise your tonic too highly."

Someone, becoming inquisitive enough to have the medicine analyzed, discovered that the highly-touted tonic was nothing more nor less than rye whiskey with a little coloring added.

In the novel, *Honey In the Horn*, an old storekeeper relates: "I've seen a big old canoe-chief named Spillets . . . swallow five full-size bottles of Dr. Turnbull's Prescription for Expectant Mothers as fast as he could git the corks pulled. Afterwards he took his clothes off and et fire. . . . The squaws mostly take Our Baby's Friend Tonic Vermifuge or Mother Porter's Wild Cherry and Pine Tar Expectorant. They eat it on fish, like it was pepper-sass."

The recent case of a man in New York who drank several bottles of a concoction dubbed "Radium Water," and which resulted in his complete physical degeneration, is indicative of the harmful effects which can arise before the authorities have a chance to step in and halt the manufacture of a product. A certain famous packaged product on the market today has been proven to be almost identical with the common Epsom salts—possibly of benefit occasionally but which will bring about serious consequences if taken continually.

### IV

Under the heading of miscellaneous swindles, we find an infinite variety. Perhaps one of the most interesting to occur in this state in recent years is the "Daniel Boone Trail Swindle." A certain personage who used "Major" before his name—he had previously used "Senator" and other forms of embellishment when occasion demanded—convinced the progressive-minded individuals in several North Carolina towns that a Daniel Boone marker would greatly boost the town's historic stock. Thus, hundreds of dollars—some say thousands—were raised in each place by popular subscription. Result: North Carolina is flecked with the egregious markers (estimated cost, \$5 each). Undoubtedly, Daniel Boone must have been on quite a drunk if he traveled the maze which the markers denote as his trail.

Many students have been duped by the football gambling racket—it is also used on other sports. Seldom is a purchaser of the football "chances" able to pick the winning teams from the various

*(Continued on page thirty-two)*



## ◆ Reviewing the Books ◆

**WITHOUT GREASE.** By Frank R. Kent. William Morrow and Co. New York. 334 pp. \$2.00.

If you are one of those questioning souls who believes that the Roosevelt administration is not all that it claims to be, then this book offers you several hours of self-satisfied reading. One thing is certain—very few New Deal constituents will have the patience or the fortitude necessary for them to progress beyond the first three chapters.

*Without Grease* is the slightly more acrid sequel to Author Kent's preceding release, *Without Gloves*. Aside from the first three chapters, *Without Grease* is a chronologically arranged series of columns on a great many of the facets which have been ground on the national political polygon. The columns were written at various intervals (usually less than one week) from December 15, 1934, through January 8, 1936. They have been published previously as newspaper features.

Mr. Kent's remarks are almost wholly confined to unfavorable criticism of various New Deal departments and officials. Yet, there is no pouring of the anointed oil on the Republicans. The after-taste seems to convey that a changed Democratic administration is preferable to a Republican one. Nowhere is this assumption stated. But the overtone is there.

Indefiniteness is the one charge that cannot be laid to Mr. Kent. There can be no misinterpretation of his very direct statements. About Senator Borah's chances for the Republican nomination, he says: "The Borah candidacy is not genuine, the Borah sentiment is not real and the Borah 'boom' has neither substance nor sincerity. It will not get anywhere and is not intended to get anywhere."

The basic political philosophy behind *Without Grease* is totally conservative. "In brief," says Mr. Kent, "the liberals are long on ideas and short on execution." Subsequent comment is written according to the somewhat dogmatic theme.

The individual columns are often widely separated in subject and there is a consequent lack of unity throughout. Nevertheless, Mr. Kent's style is readable "columnistic" and his statements, however dogmatic, are amazingly credible.

*Without Grease* must be read with the mental lubrication of realizing that it is pure opinion. Otherwise it is likely to squeak annoyingly. —STUART RABB.

**RAIN ON THE JUST.** Kathleen Morehouse. Lee Furman, Inc. New York. 319 pp. \$2.50.

In *Rain on the Just* the reader will find a sympathetic novel of the North Carolina mountain women. When Least Dolly Allen's three older brothers having sampled the brandy of their own making happen to kill their father, young Dolly is left to do the worrying for two sets of twins, a younger sister and her irresponsible mother.

Big Dolly Allen, as a propertied widow, is soon surrounded by a host of suitors. Having sampled all, she marries one of the youngest. The money reserve soon is spent for a pair of saddle horses, a thousand baby turkeys that die, and ten taffeta dresses. Bumgarner, more gentle than the other mountain men, continues on the

Allen place as hired man and self-appointed protector of Least Dolly. But later he leaves "them parts" for the outside country.

As soon as he is gone, Least Dolly realizes that she is to bear him a child. At the same time, her young stepfather's advances become even more pressing, and she leaves home to work elsewhere as a hired girl. At length her child is born in the same week that her mother and sister add an element of coincidence by both bearing children to the young stepfather. Three months later, Bilow Bumgarner hears of the event and returns to make his part of the business legal and also to give a happy ending to the story.

*Rain on the Just* should be commended for the good taste with which the process of reproduction is treated. Although the author gives her readers the results and casualties of a large number of love affairs, she spares them most of the details. To the type of person who reads "Look Homeward Angel" for the spicily pungent portions, this solicitude may be a disappointment. But people who are easily bored with long chronicles of sordid affairs will be glad to see how Miss Morehouse's love stories resemble the little score boxes at the beginning of *Tar Heel* sports stories: so and so and so played, so and so scored, such was the outcome.

This restraint, however, seems out of place in a novel with such a realistic plot. And so does Least Dolly, always the plucky little tyke fighting against odds. Even as the mother of a bastard, she yet retains her Little Orphan Annie characteristics.

Miss Morehouse, New Englander by birth, has lived in North Carolina Brushies since 1929. We quote from her foreword:

"Before old times, old customs, should fade forever from the mind of man, I wished to etch in my own memory certain of those folk-ways which sturdy men and women have travelled long and safely."

After reading her novel, one feels—perhaps unfairly—that nothing much would have been lost if the author had gone no further than etching the events in her own memory. —JIM DANIELS.

**LOOK AWAY!** By James H. Street. The Viking Press. New York. 241 pp. \$2.50.

**SOUTHERN ALBUM.** By Sara Haardt. Doubleday, Doran and Company. Garden City, New York. 289 pp. \$2.00.

The South goes on parade in these two volumes, the first being a series of reporter's tales and the second a group of short stories by the late wife of H. L. Mencken. In the two of them the South is covered from the earliest pioneer days to Huey Long and from Mobile to Baltimore. Slaves and grandees, poor whites and factory owners all come in for their share of publicity and the grand old Colonel of Civil War fame stands side by side with a buck-dancer from the Alabama hills in one or other of the two tomes.

It seems that when the stars fell on Alabama there was an accompanying earthquake and flood in Mississippi that created the Delta Lands. And the Delta Lands in turn gave birth to James Street and the bunch of tales that he calls *Look Away!* James H. Street has been a



reporter for over half his life—which means sixteen of his thirty years. He covered his first lynching when he was fourteen, has averaged over one a year since then, and in between times he has garnered from hither and yon but mostly from Mississippi the fact and fiction that he has incorporated into the liveliest book on the South since *Stars Fell on Alabama*. That the name Dixie came from a Manhattan Dutchman, that part of Mississippi became the Yankee state of Jones during the Civil War, and that Kinny Wagoner, the shootin' fool, could shoot a circle at twenty paces and dot the center with his final shot are all brought out by Mr. Street along with the fact that the Lonesome Pine is still standing and that Casey Jones, John Henry, and other legendary characters actually lived and had private as well as fictitious lives. As a matter of fact, Street does a Winchell act at the expense of some of the South's finest legends, and yet the result is both entertaining and enlightening. The tales are well-told and the reporter-author has managed to put just the right amount of headline interest to spice up what might have been a volume of folk-lore.

Miss Haardt's stories, which make up her *Southern Album*, have been collected and arranged with a preface by her husband, H. L. Mencken. Most of these stories have appeared before in magazines ranging in time of appearance from 1923 until 1935, when the author died. The seventeen stories vary considerably in plot, ranging all the way from comedy in the very young to tragedy in the very old. In all of them there is a distinct presentation of characters, with passages of beautiful description. They all show keen insight into the life of the South, insight which only a true daughter of the South could feel. And Mrs. Mencken is a daughter of the South, of Birmingham, Alabama, to be exact. Her husband in a somewhat biographical preface pays tribute to her abilities as a writer and comments in general on the literature of the South. *Southern Album* is an entrancing volume of stories and a fit memorial to a writer whose untimely death has deprived the South of one of its finest authors.

In reporter's tale or polished story, Mr. Street and Miss Haardt have led the South to a fine start in the field of 1936 books.

—ELMER D. JOHNSON.

**A TREE GROWN STRAIGHT.** By Percy Marks. Frederick A. Stokes Co. New York. 340 pp. \$2.50.

How conservative our former radicals appear! Percy Marks, who so astonished and shocked the world in *The Plastic Age* that he was dismissed from Princeton, has written in *A Tree Grown Straight* a book that cannot fail to please Women's Aid Societies throughout the country. Not that I am an advocate of sensationalism, but I cannot help gagging at this novel purporting to deal with the normal American youth. Andy Ross, its unconscionable prig of a hero, typifies all the virtues—he is so good that he is disgusting. His father and mother possess the same infallible wisdom and sweetness. Whereas Andy is the Bernarr MacFadden ideal, a beautiful body plus a complete and overwhelming lack of inhibitions, his father is the wise, kind, understanding parent—shallowly profound.

The book betrays an utter lack of plot or structure. It is the story of Andy's early life, as told by himself, from his first toddling, through his early sex experiences, to his marriage. There is no climax. The book proceeds

on a monotonous level enlivened only once by a girl who one secretly hopes will rape Andy and destroy his damned purity. The following passages may illustrate its blatant sentimentality:

"And where's the medicine?"

Andy began to bounce. (So does the reader mentally.) "In my tummy."

"And who's a big brave boy?"

"Bruvver hit me," she whispered brokenly; "bruvver hit me."

"It was too much."

It will probably be too much for the reader as well.

—RALPH EICHORN.

**REACTIONARY ESSAYS ON POETRY AND IDEAS.** By Allen Tate. Charles Scribner's Sons. New York. 233 pp. \$2.50.

Allen Tate, another of the un-Reconstructed Agrarians, almost ignores the South in his latest collection of essays. Instead he discusses poets and ideas, referring to the ex-Confederacy in only two chapters, "The Profession of Letters in the South" and "Religion in the Old South." In neither of these essays is he very clear as toward what he is driving, and the reader, as a result, is even less clear.

In the first he suggests that the reason no great literature has arisen in the South lies in the fact that the Southerner, until the Civil War, considered himself a Colonial rather than a native. His culture, habits, dress and even his household goods were largely imported. According to Mr. Tate, it would seem that no great literature can arise save from a connection of the writer and the group in which he lives. The Southerner did not, in a plantation economy, have any great connection with a social group. Mr. Tate also stresses the relation of a writer to the soil, and shows how the Southern gentleman was separated from this magical element by tiers of intervening slaves, overseers, etc.

In the only other essay on the South, Tate rambles somewhere among the obscure peaks of metaphysical religious discussion, never once dropping below the fog line, and leaving the reader hopelessly befuddled. Or maybe it was just this reader. At least there is no doubt about the befuddlement.

His reviews are just as metaphysical. His discussion of Miss Millay served only to show that he thought she did not belong in the first rank of poets. He admitted that she held a foremost position in the second rank; but since she is a sensibility, rather than an intellect, her position is definitely secondary to Milton and Shakespeare, and he places her with Donne and Webster.

All in all it is a very confusing book. Perhaps it is so because a book with a large philosophical content is something of a rarity in this age in which psychology and higher physics have largely replaced philosophy. Whatever the reason, we wonder at the audacity displayed by Scribners in publishing such a book, and we try in vain to think of what intellectual giants would make up Mr. Tate's audience. And the more we think, the more we wonder if he has an audience.

—R. W. WEESNER.

**NO VILLAIN NEED BE.** By Vardis Fisher. Doubleday Doran. New York. 387 pp. \$2.50.

To find truth was Vridar Hunter's sole objective;



to understand himself and the meaning of his life, his sole concern. From morbid melancholia and self-pity he emerged after years of struggle to a comprehension of life as God intended him to live it.

*No Villain Need Be* is the fourth of a tetralogy analyzing human life. Though connected incidentally in plot with the first three volumes, it can be read and considered as a work by itself. Its underlying theme is the struggle of man against himself. Vridar Hunter was as different from his fellow men as one can be who has the same ultimate objective in life—true happiness. This Vridar thought he could obtain through truth and understanding.

He was neurotic almost to the point of insanity, and a continuous conflict within himself kept him so emotionally disturbed that his early life was a bewildering maze of uncertainty. He lost many friends and made many enemies. He enraged society generally by ignoring its sentimentalities and traditions, by sweeping aside its superficialities, and by accepting nothing as an unquestionable truth. His courage was rashness, but he cared not for ostensible success so long as he drew nearer his goal. He wrote considerably, dogmatically expressing his conclusions, and measured his success as a writer not by the number of his publications but by his personal satisfaction in them.

His best friend and unashamed lover, Athene, accompanied him in his struggle. They taught together in a Mormon university in Utah, went together to New York to seek tolerance and liberalism, and finally returned together to the West. After approximately eight years of struggle, Vridar arrived at his conception of truth and emerged into a new life in which he found peace with himself and fellowship with the rest of the world.

In relating Vridar's struggle, Vardis Fisher has without a doubt produced a creditable novel. The worth of *No Villain Need Be*, however, lies in its thought content. It is piercing in its analysis, relentlessly tearing aside anything which stands in the way of an objective consideration. Not obscurely written, but involved, and containing much deep and occasionally almost profound reasoning, the book is smooth but slow reading.

One may not agree with Fisher's conclusions, but one will have to admit that he has attacked the enigma of life in a daring and sincere way. To thought on the "meaning of life" *No Villain Need Be* is a significant contribution.

—ALEXANDER HEARD.

**SATURDAY TO MONDAY.** By Patrick Carleton. E. P. Dutton & Co. New York. 306 pp. \$2.50.

Patrick Carleton, one of the "children" of the English impressionistic school, finds, like so many others today, that the so-called "stream of consciousness" style is the most potent method of analyzing character. And when used correctly, describing persons through their thoughts rather than actions can be very effective. After all, where is the true conception of Man to be found but in his mind?

Two characters are predominant in *Saturday to Monday*: Robert Lyster, rather the antithesis of the conventional idea of a curator of a university museum; and Peter Kendal, a normal twenty-year-old bank clerk (which is rather odd considering the run of books in which our bank clerk thinks maturely and knows why Shakespeare wrote *Hamlet*) who believes himself madly

in love with a flighty girl by the name of Hazel.

The author rather fluently describes their actions on Saturday morning. They leave, unknown to each other, on the same train for the same town in Wales to spend the weekend, and finally are brought together through mutual acquaintances. After going through various stages—in which Peter is disillusioned by Hazel's attitude toward another lad, Adrian; is disappointed by his inability to kill Hazel, Adrian and himself; is reconciled with his Soul after listening to Robert Lyster's philosophy of love—this story of youth's inconsistency, man's sagacity, and woman's fickleness finally comes to an end.

The plot sounds rather usual, doesn't it? Well, it is; and were it not for its odd and effective means of presentation, history would speak of it as one of the books on the bottom shelf of a circulating library.

—MORTON FELDMAN.

**BLACK THUNDER.** By Arna Bontemps. Macmillan. New York. 298 pp. \$2.50.

On the verge of the 19th century there were ominous rumblings of thunder in the South—black thunder that crashed and rolled while a cloudburst drenched the country. Scattered clumps of revolting slaves struggled through the storm, wading marshes and swimming swollen streams as they converged in insurrection upon Richmond, scythe-swords clanking at their sides.

This is the theme around which Arna Bontemps has woven his story. The echoes of the exploits of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the "Black Napoleon" of Santo Domingo, were still lingering in the slave huts of Virginia when a planter wantonly whipped an old slave to death. Engineered by Gabriel, an idealistic young Negro, a plot was formed whereby eleven hundred blacks were to storm the Richmond arsenal, capture the town, and set themselves free.

The grandiose scheme was thwarted by solid torrents of rain which broke up the advancing Negroes into wandering stragglers. Clinging child-like to his self-dubbed term of "Gen'l," the giant Gabriel escaped into the woods from troops sent out by fear-shaken authorities. But a chain of events leads up to the inescapable climax, and the narrative ends in the clanging of gallows-traps.

Arna Bontemps has written a book of lyric beauty. Words are sensitively selected with the prose often blending into near-poetry. The author has departed from the conventional manner of writing Negro dialect in his refusal to make it grotesque. By inserting just enough dialect to keep the tone of speech Negroid, Bontemps gained in effectiveness and obviated the unnaturalness arising from over-emphasized diction.

Born the son of a Negro brick mason in Louisiana, Arna Bontemps should be well qualified to express the yearnings for liberty that young Gabriel experienced. Only thirty-one, he is one of the youngest of the Negro poetry and prose writers. One of his numerous poems has appeared in this magazine.

For all its blood and thunder, this novel is written in a cool, calm and rather religious manner. The author chose to tell his story simply and in the most artistic way possible, instead of making it a belated diatribe against the principles of slavery. By doing so he has given us a book well worth reading.

—LYTT GARDNER.



## SADDLE MADE OF STONE

*(Continued from page twenty-three)*

"Back. Me," said Ruben ominously.

I translated this hastily into meaning, "I want her to go back with me," and said, "Don't be a young fool. It's a miracle that no one saw you come out. By the time we get back it will be nearly midnight, and you can't afford gossip. Now don't argue, but do as you're told."

His round black eyes carefully examined Adela's face. When she nodded, he melted away through the crowd, and we guided her to the red car. Pushed in between us, with Joaquin at the wheel, she was silent for a few minutes, then wailed, "Don't be so dignified and correct. I know I've broken a social rule, but I love that idiot."

"We don't doubt that for a minute," said Joaquin. "It's only that you're such a fool, Adela. Did you know that he had married this servant girl?"

"Of course I do." She clutched at her blowing hair with both hands, and one elbow tried to knock off my nose. "He was a shy infant, and she took advantage of him. The trouble is, she's blackmailing him now, and when he doesn't give her money, she threatens to tell his father."

A bubble burst in my mind and I said, "But Don Rosalío knows."

This startled even Joaquin into silence, then he asked quietly, "How do you know that?"

"I don't know, really," I explained miserably, trying to explain this feeling. "But for some unknown reason he decided to take this house in Monterrey, and when we arrived this Celestina was already waiting for us."

Adela took down one arm and peered into my face, disbelief twitching at her mouth. "Then why doesn't he say anything to Rubén?"

"I think the old gentleman's hurt because the boy hasn't given him his confidence. I think Celestina may have tried to blackmail Don Rosalío, too, and succeeded only because he has just begun to realize that mountains were not born to speak. In fact," I said violently, "I don't know what I think."

"What have mountains got to do with it?" gasped Adela. "I do wish people would stop talking in parables."

Joaquin parked the car in front of her door, and I slid to the ground out of the way until she got out. As I took her through the wrought iron gates, and up the granite steps of the House Cantú, she rested her hand fleetingly on my arm. "You will help us, won't you?" she pleaded, her face pathetic in the light of the moon that had at last appeared behind the pommel of Saddle Mountain.

I wanted to retort with much bitterness that other people's affairs irritated me beyond endurance, but instead I murmured that I was her servant, and waited with my hat in my hand until the carved black doors closed behind her. Joaquin was draped over the wheel smoking a cigarette when I joined him.

"I've been thinking over what you said about Don Rosalío," he said as he put his car in gear, "and I think that for once you've shown a certain amount of intelligence. This Celestina is too smart for her own good, and could be shown a trick or two."

"How are you going to do it?"

"I don't know. Grow dramatic and exchange places with the prompter, I suppose. Did you notice that fellow tonight? He had a magnificent rumble. Drowned out Madame X completely." He changed the subject with the suddenness that was peculiar to him. "I'll bet this Celestina has had an interesting past. Why do I think in English when my thoughts are essentially Mexican? Haven't you learned yet how to light a cigarette in the wind?" He slowed down the car until I had tossed away the match, and then put it into motion again, only to stop in front of the house where Don Rosalío, his son and I were keeping miserable company.

To my surprise Joaquin followed me in, and we found the gray giant asleep over his paper in the uncomfortable parlor. He was instantly awake as we stepped between the beaded shell portiere, and peered at us through his glasses, then took them off as he said, "I thought you were Rubén. Good evening, Joaquin."

They shook hands formally, and Joaquin dared the instability of the rocker while I took my usual place on the piano bench. The two Mexicans talked amiably about the weather, and Joaquin's grandfather, and whether there would be a good crop of corn this summer, while I tried to keep myself awake by picking out, "My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean" with one finger on the yellowed piano keys.

I was wondering what had become of Rubén, and if he were driving Adela's car madly up and down the streets of Monterrey, when I heard Joaquin idly begin speaking of the difficulties of the servant problem. "I have a friend," he said, crossing his knees, "who's hunting for a girl who worked for him in the States. He says she's clean and a good cook, but has a worthless lout of a husband named Carlos, or Tomás, or some common name like that. I told him I'd ask my friends about her. Now let me see, what was her name? I know it reminded me of something blue when he mentioned it. Silly idea." He closed his eyes and pretended to remember while I held my breath, and Don Rosalío watched him courteously. Joaquin was revolving something in that ordered mind of his; then he opened his eyes and said gravely, "Of course. Celeste. That's blue, isn't it? Her name was Celestina."

Don Rosalío stood up so abruptly that his movement lifted me to my feet. There was no cataclysm in the quiet room, but the air was humming with noiseless sound as the gray giant walked between the beaded shell portieres.

"What are you going to do now?" I whispered, but Joaquin only shrugged and went over to examine the pot of artificial roses on the floor.

"It was a shot in the dark, of course. So far as I know there isn't any husband, but Don Rosalío reacted perfectly. Proves you were right. He knows the story. Artificial flowers are silly things," he muttered, stroking a silk petal. "Remind me of graves for some reason. Gruesome thought."

"What reminds you of graves?" asked Rubén, stalking into the room, a stone mountain in motion. He sat down in the stiff, highbacked chair and carefully rested his hands on his knees.

"You're improving," drawled Joaquin. "That was a



whole sentence, wasn't it? What did you do with the car?"

"House."

"You left it in front of my house? That's right. And from the appearance of those mud spattered trousers, you doubtless walked home. That is too much exercise for any man."

Don Rosalío coming into the room with a sleepy-eyed Celestina, still in her pink dress, trailing behind him, made Rubén shut his round black eyes as though to escape from this nightmare. The old man had gone back to his chair, but Celestina hesitated just inside the door, her eyes nervously sliding across our faces, and her mouth jerked with fear.

Her voice trembled slightly. "You wish to speak with me, señor?"

Joaquin said, "A friend of mine, an American, wants you to come and work for him. He's been searching Monterrey for you."

"But I am working, señor." Her obvious relief made me feel sorry for this torture.

"But he did not know that. I will tell him tomorrow." Joaquin smiled gently on the artificial pink silk roses, and his voice floated carelessly across the room. "By the way, how's your husband?"

Rubén did not move, but she stepped back, and her pink skirt rattled the beaded shells of the portiere. "My husband? But I am not married, señor."

Joaquin's eyebrows lifted slightly on his quiet face. "No? I thought this friend of mine said you were. You are named Celestina, aren't you? You worked in the States, didn't you? And used to live in Hidalgo?"

"Yes." Her fingers clutched at the thin chain about her brown throat. "That is all true, but I am not married."

"Why lie about it?" asked Rubén wearily. "You were married to me. It is true, father." He walked to her and stood quietly beside her, not touching her. "Two years ago it happened. We were married in the church of The Seven Angels in St. Louis, Missouri, by a priest with a wart on the end of his nose." He did not look at her as he said, "You wore a pink dress. You always wear pink."

"Rubén!" she shrieked, but her warning voice could not stem the tide of sound. A mountain had begun to speak, and could not be stopped.

The earthquake rumbled up out of his chest. "For the first time in my life, I did something without asking anyone else's permission. A professor told me that my will-power had been ossified when I was a baby. Why should I not marry whoever I wanted to? I am twenty-six years old, and I can speak English, French and German. Go on, you," he shook her by the arm like a kitten, "take my ring off the end of that chain, and put it on your finger. I married you. I did it myself, and if I'm sorry for it, that is my own affair."

He reached to clutch at the chain, but with a breathy sound like water pumping out of a keg, she darted away from him, and swung behind the protection of Joaquin's back. When she found her voice, she screamed, "He's mad, that one, mad! Do not let him come near me."

Don Rosalío took out his handkerchief, and touched it

to the corners of his lips. Joaquin did not move as Rubén advanced toward him.

"I am not mad. I marry a servant girl, and must keep it a secret, because my family would be horrified. I fall in love with Adela Cantú and must keep it a secret because I am married to a servant girl. My will is ossified, and everything I do is wrong, wrong!" He flung one arm dramatically across his forehead and was intensely sorry for himself.

"In a few minutes," said Joaquin amusedly, "you'll be telling us no one loves you." Then he turned sharply to Celestina, and held out his hand, palm up. "May I see that ring?"

"Why should I show it to you?" she demanded fearfully. "It is my own property. That fool gave it to me. Ask him what it looks like."

"I dislike doing this," said Joaquin dryly, and, flashing out his fingers, jerked the chain from her neck. A tiny circlet of flashing diamonds lay in his palm, and when she snatched at it, he held it up out of her reach as one holds a bone from a jumping puppy.

"Not my ring," said Rubén dully.

"I did not expect it to be," purred Joaquin, examining the inside of the trinket.

"I had to pawn it," she screamed. "There was no money, and I bought this in a ten cent store."

Joaquin tossed it back to her, and she clutched it with both brown hands against the front of the pink dress. "I thought some other man might have given it to you," he said with sad disappointment, "but bigamy in cases like this only happens in stories."

Don Rosalío swayed his thin body forward, his hands clasped between his knees. "The priest at the Church of the Seven Angels had no wart on the end of his nose."

"Wait," cried Rubén, "wait!" and drummed on his temples with both fists. "I met him one day in the town. He said he was a janitor at the church, but that his twin brother was a priest. And I believed him," he breathed, advancing on Celestina. "I believed him."

She could retreat no farther with her pink shoulders pressed against the white-washed wall. Don Rosalío's quiet voice froze the boy into a mountain again.

"Do you think that I would allow such a story as this woman told me a month ago to exist without proof? I wrote to the Mexican consul, and he told me there was no such priest, but that the janitor had confessed to his part in this affair, for which he received one half of the allowance Rubén gave her. She was too clever really to marry him. How many other young Mexicans did you trap in this manner?" She did not answer, but stared at him as he flung out his hands in a graceful gesture. "Naturally, however, I could say nothing of this to you, my son. This was, after all, your affair."

Rubén began rocking back and forth on his heels. Joaquin and I each took one of Celestina's wrists and half carried her through the shelled portieres. We waited in the arcade while she packed her things, and as she slipped noiselessly out of the house, a jagged streak of lightning flashed across the sky. Thunder rumbled in the distance, but moonlight was a silver cape thrown across the pommel of Saddle Mountain.



# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



ADDS  
AN ODD PIPE TO  
HIS COLLECTION

I PICKED UP THAT ANTIQUE PIPE IN ITALY FOR YOU. IT'S THE FIRST PIPE MADE OF STEEL I EVER SAW

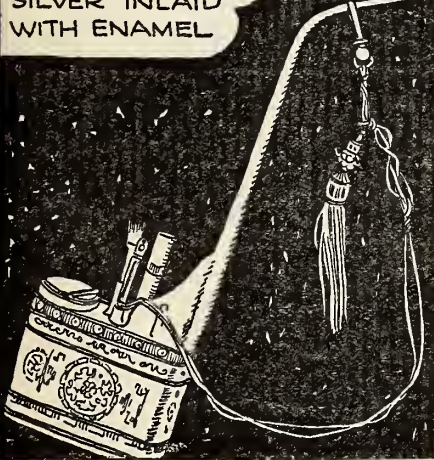
MANY THANKS, RALPH. I HAVE A FEW MORE METAL PIPES IN MY COLLECTION



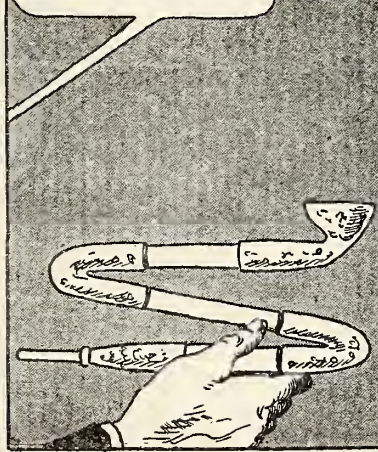
THIS METAL PIPE COMES FROM BURMA. THE ASIATICS USE SO MUCH METAL WORK, IT'S NOT SURPRISING TO FIND PIPES MADE OF VARIOUS ORES -----



TAKE THIS CHINESE WATER-PIPE, FOR EXAMPLE - A LOVELY THING OF SILVER INLAID WITH ENAMEL



-AND HERE'S A RATHER TRICKY JAPANESE PIPE, ALSO OF SILVER, BUT TRIMMED WITH IVORY AND JADE -



I'LL BET THAT COPPER PIPE FROM SUMATRA WOULD GIVE A MIGHTY HOT SMOKE

OPINIONS DIFFER ABOUT PIPES, BUT IT'S SMOKIN' **PRINCE ALBERT** REGULARLY THAT MAKES A PIPE ONE OF LIFE'S GREAT JOYS AND COMFORTS!



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## THE BEST "BREAK" A PIPE CAN GET

Pipe smokers who make pals out of their pipes agree that Prince Albert is the tobacco for breakin' 'em in—and for forever after, too. P. A. is tobacco at its friendliest—cakes nicely in the bowl—smokes sweet and cool and satisfying. P. A. is

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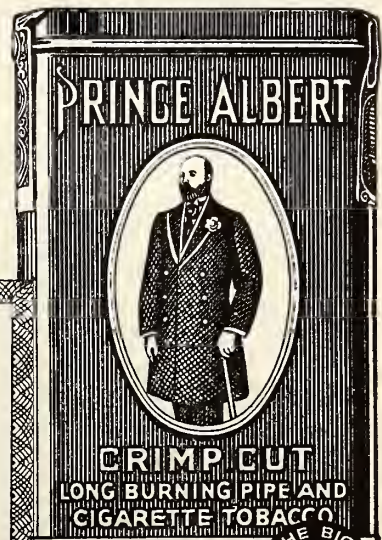
## OUR OFFER TO PIPE SMOKERS

*"You must be pleased"*

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

# PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!



50 pipefuls of  
fragrant tobacco in every  
2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

THE BIG  
2  
OUNCE  
RED TIN



## SWINDLERS BY PROFESSION

(Continued from page twenty-five)

games listed. The odds strongly in their direction, the promoters realize a handsome profit. However, when on a Saturday most of the favored teams do actually win, and the "bettor" has won back some of his money lost on previous occasions, it has been customary for the promoters to fold their tents and silently steal away before anyone has a chance to collect. The racket is conducted through such a hierarchy of individuals that none of the disgruntled customers seem to know who is responsible for "paying off."

V

It is difficult to frame any solution to this problem of swindling. We might do well to make our laws less lax and persuade our solons to pass a few new ones. Especially should North Carolina have some type of supervision over the so-called patent medicines which are now outside the grasp of the National Food and Drugs Act. Pamphlets acquainting the people of this state with the habits and methods of the swindlers might mitigate the severity of the problem.

But the best of legislation has its limits. It cannot protect us from ourselves or from our own imprudence or folly.

Schopenhauer once said that his philosophy had never made any money for him, but it had saved him a considerable amount. To drag in an analogy and a moral: a clearer knowledge and perception of the get-rich-quick schemes, a more skeptical opinion concerning pseudo-medicines, may not enhance the contents of our pocketbook but they may prevent its total depletion.

## Housewife

The floor's a gorgeous muddle of bright blocks  
And miscellaneous toys and books that jeer  
Against the subtle splendor of the rug.  
The couch is scattered with Man's holy socks.  
There gaudy magazines; newspapers here.  
What can a weary woman do but shrug,  
Spread wide her hands, and say, to hide despair,  
"What would you, dearest? If you really care—"  
And tuck her withering hair behind her ears  
And start to put the place to rights again,  
While in the kitchen vegetables boil dry.  
He sits and reads, nor sees her rising tears,  
And hate lies in her heart like stagnant rain  
That rots a storm-bent tree and helps it die.

—John Coulter.

Faculty and Students

IN DURHAM SHOP AT

# EFIRD'S

Durham's Largest Department Store



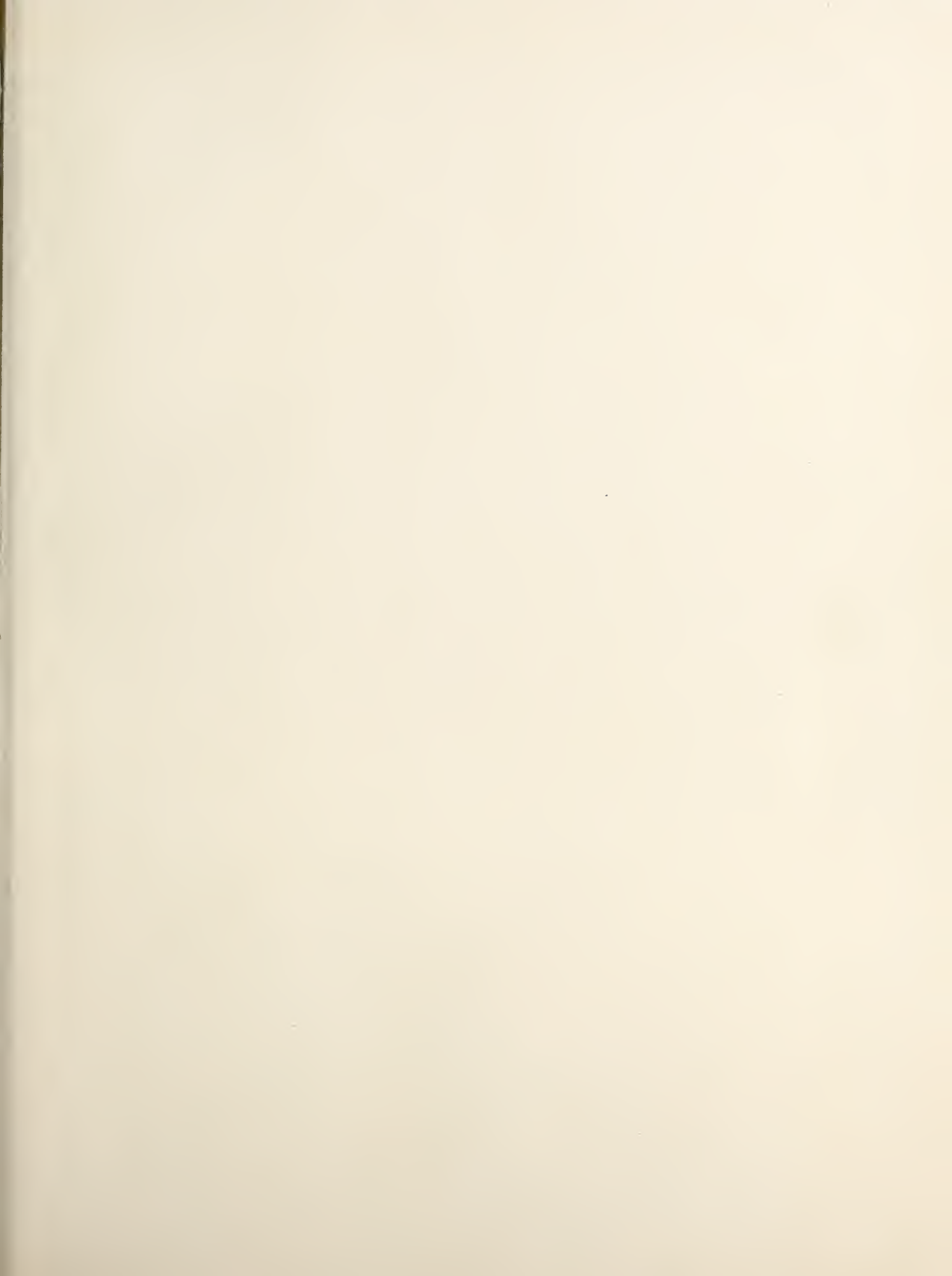
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*— and Chesterfields  
are usually there*

they're mild and yet *They Satisfy*





# THE CAROLINA MAGAZINE



ESTABLISHED 1844 VOL. LXV NO. EIGHT MAY, 1936

AVIE  
OPLAR

# For Digestion's Sake — smoke Camels

Our tense, high-strung way of living strains digestion.

Busy Americans find smoking Camels a pleasant digestive aid that helps digestion to proceed smoothly and prosperously!

The causes of upset stomach in our daily life are all too familiar. The pressure and vexation. The endless demands and annoyances. The hurry and rush. Bills—work—responsibility—worry about the future. Strain you can't see—*anxiety and tension inside*. Digestion suffers as a result.

Camels are a positive aid in relieving the effects of high-pressure liv-

ing. Science and common experience agree that smoking a Camel is a pleasant and effective way to assist digestion. Camels increase the flow of digestive fluids, and no matter how many you smoke they never get on your nerves.

From Camel's costlier tobaccos you get unequalled flavor. Because they are so mild, Camels never tire your taste or jangle your nerves. Smoke Camels during and between meals for a comforting *lift*—a sense of cheer and well-being—and *for digestion's sake!* Camels set you right!



"THIS BATTERING RAM," says O. D. Gladwell, driller, "is tough on the digestion. I depend on Camels to set me right."



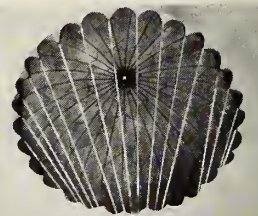
**LIGHTNING SPEED** has carried *petite* Mrs. Ethel Arnold (*left*) to the peak of tennis fame. Physical stamina depends greatly on digestion. "I smoke Camels with and after meals," says Mrs. Arnold.

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**AT THE MAYFAIR ROOM** of the Book-Cadillac Hotel in Detroit, Camels are outstandingly popular. Paul Fischer, whose genial touch adds a pleasing personal welcome to this smart and exclusive set-

ting, has observed that Camels are the favorite and are steadily increasing in popularity. "A glance around our tables," he says, "proves that those who appreciate quality have made Camels their first choice."



**OVER 664 PARACHUTE JUMPS.** Joe Crane says: "Stepping out into empty air tightens my stomach. I naturally turn to Camels for digestion's sake."



## Costlier Tobaccos!

Camels are made from finer, **MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS** —Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.



# The Carolina Magazine

Oldest College Publication in the United States  
(FOUNDED IN 1844)

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Cartoon by Phil Schinhan; Cover by Nell Booker;  
Other linoleums by Otto Whittaker,  
Bill Fields and the Editor

## BY WAY OF EXPLANATION

This month's cover design is printed from a linoleum block by Nell Booker. It shows what can be done with a lot of work and ingenuity and very little money—the single cost for a linoleum print is the price of the mounted block of linoleum. There is no dependence upon out-of-town engravers: the artist gouges out the design with his own hands.

Two of the more important features of this issue are unsigned. They're genuine nevertheless. The author who tells his experiences in bootlegging is a student on this campus. And the interviewer of the "man who writes his last word for immortality" has written untold galleys in the four years that he has been here. No doubt, you'll recognize him after the first paragraph.

Vernon Ward is an old contributor. Since being graduated last spring, he has made the world tour we all hope to make—as a deck-hand. This past year people on the campus received his postals from now China and next month Paris.

Ramona Teijeiro—her middle name is Carmen—is New York Spanish. But not Manhattan. She's a junior, and a sociology major.

Joe Sugarman and Harper Barnes need no introduction. So many of the *politicorum personae* mentioned in their article have remained on the campus connected with a local business concern that we considered subtitling their article "How to Be a Student Co-op Director."

Stuart Rabb, Josephine Niggli and Elmer Johnson are also familiar. Stuart writes the widely-read Tar Heel column; Josephine is the Playmaker find of the year; and Johnson has written the excellent poetry on the Negro. But Otto Whittaker is a new name. He's a freshman, one of the St. Anthony boys, and a member of Harry Russell's English class.

William Wheat is William Wheat.

We believe that the main purpose of any writing is to give pleasure—either to the writer or the reader. Our editorial policy, therefore, has three requirements: a good time for the editor, the staff and the reader. We'd like to please all three; but something can pass if it satisfies only two of the elements.

The late Lansdale occasionally expressed his contempt for the "great minds down in Lewis." His supercilious regard for the dormitory intellect was based on ignorance.

# —And So They Cheat

## Grades and Dishonesty

By STUART RABB

IF A MAN broke in your house and stole nothing more than an empty box, you'd think him crazy. And if you reported him to the police and insisted on capital punishment, you'd be crazy too.

Yet that is almost what happens when a student cheats and is caught. He's the queer thief; the empty box is the grade which he has dishonestly obtained; and you, the educational system, are the hard-hearted homeowner.

### II

By the end of last April, sixty-seven University of North Carolina students had been sent home in disgrace. Branded as unfit to remain at the State University, these boys went back to their families and friends who had been informed either directly or indirectly of what had happened. An ex-chaingang prisoner could scarcely have felt the humiliation that was piled upon these students.

There is no purpose for going into the specific individual honors held by members of this group. Phi Beta Kappa initiates, Golden Fleece selections, scholarship holders, famous athletes, honor roll students—they were all there.

Of course everyone knows that this organized cheating was but a small part of the systematic, quiz in and quiz out skullduggery that goes on individually. Notebooks are copied, lies are told about attendance—each day sees many violations of that precise and contradictory instrument called the "honor system." Some students hailed the recent exposé as the vindication of student government and this "honor system." They say that this unfortunate event proves that the honor system is working—that it "made" the future of that system secure. Actually, it did no such thing. True, it cleared up an extremely vicious phase of professional cheating. But aside from temporarily frightening non-professional cheaters, whose dishonesty contributes a far greater portion than any paid "gypper", there was little improvement. At present, plans are under way to tighten up the honor system by the formation of a hierarchy of councils and sub-councils with wheels within wheels. The student body mildly accepts the assumption that cheating is to be expected.

### III

Just how many students cheat cannot be accurately estimated. Some students say 10 per cent. Others put the fraction as high as half the total enrollment. Regardless of the degree there is cheating and enough of it to make worth while asking the question, "Why do students cheat?"

This query has seldom been raised on this campus during the past year. Those in charge of our so-called "honor system" have been much too occupied with trying and punishing that pitifully small portion of the student body that is caught to inquire deeper into the problem. They have made the question a purely moral issue. A student shouldn't cheat. If he does cheat—regardless of the reason—and by some unusual stroke is reported, then he must be punished. Perhaps some perceivers of cheating do give moral advice before they report cases, but seldom does it occur to them that there might be something wrong with an educational system that produces such a tendency toward wholesale dishonesty.

To attempt to find out why a student cheats, let's see what he expects to gain by using this openly despised and illegal means. Does he believe that the material he represents as his own is really learned when he falsifies? Hardly. He knows he hasn't mastered it. Will he ever be able to use this unmastered material? He knows that he will not be able to do so. What does he get, then, for his trouble? What is his reward? The one thing that he receives is called a *grade*. It is nothing of intrinsic value, nothing practically useful—just an incidental score.

And what of the other members in the culprit's class? Do they lose by his falsification? If so, what is their loss? True, their *grades* may be lowered a little, but no power can take from them what they have actually learned. There is no stealing. Knowledge, luckily enough, is not dependent on, nor does it necessarily accompany, the grade. If some naïve person labors under the delusion that grades can appreciably injure or add to the future well-being of an educated man, then this person deceives himself.

Yet the grade has assumed a guise in our educa-



tional system. It has become to many a substitute for knowledge itself. The student cannot gain knowledge by cheating. But he can get a high grade in this manner. Thus when grades replace a desire for knowledge as the basic motive of an educational system, the way is thrown wide open to cheaters.

#### IV

The problem faced by a teacher is said to be two-fold. He must teach and he must appraise or evaluate. He must present knowledge to his pupils and then, by some means, judge how well they assimilate that knowledge. One of the easiest ways of doing this is to give tests in the form of various sorts of quizzes and assign students an alphabetical or numerical rating based on the result of these quizzes. Because it was an easy method and because it conjured up a tangible-appearing goal to those in whom the desire to learn was a weak motive, the grade became symbolic of the scholastic classification and was generally adopted.

Meanwhile the student quickly learned that neither knowledge nor the will to learn were necessary in getting that high grade. It was all a sort of game between instructor and student, with the latter trying to pull down as high a grade as possible with the least amount of work. It was profitable to "spot" the instructor on certain types of favorite questions, to cram on unimportant but quizzable details. Since the grade was largely dependent on those quizzes, and since the grade was the whole goal, students began to cheat. Today the man who is able to get a high mark isn't necessarily an attentive student or a thoughtful student. He is an "all-A student".

Thus we see that the grade is perhaps the most decisive single factor in American education. Most of our Universities and colleges as well as our grammar schools bow down to the Great God Grade. Because of this importance, many parasitic institutions have come to be built upon the basis of this rating. Honorary scholarship fraternities make it their chief consideration. The honor roll is part of it. To the homes of all students go reports on which are inscribed symbols supposedly telling how much Johnny has learned. If the student is to get his diploma, he must maintain certain grades. If he is to remain in school, he must drag down a specified standard mark.

From these mechanisms motivated by the grade system comes a powerful pressure upon the student. Let his marks slip a little and his family

writes: "Your grades are not at all good." Or perhaps: "Why can't you make the honor roll like Johnny Jones? You have just as much sense." And the poor student must make the honor roll somehow or face the realization that his family considers him mentally inferior. Such a situation is very unsatisfactory.

From his friends comes another pressure. "What did you make on that last 'ec' quiz, Johnny?" Johnny anticipates this frequently asked question and attempts to get a high grade, sometimes even when it conflicts with whatever moral convictions he may have.

Then there is that good old American tradition of striving for a reward. The student learns it in athletic competition for cups and medals or in the boy scouts working for badges and ranks. This habit of striving for a prize is so easily applied to grade-groveling that it is seldom noticed. The grade has become the prize, the reward, just as the Eagle Scout badge. All knowledge and practice upon which both badge and grade are based easily become a grind instead of a purpose.

#### V

Yet educators blandly tell us that knowledge is the purpose of education and in the same day deal out a grade which effectively obscures knowledge as an end in itself. Thus may we find an answer to the question, "Why do students cheat?" They cheat because external and internal social pressure is brought to bear upon them to seek an empty goal that it is possible to attain dishonestly. As was said before, the student cannot dishonestly obtain knowledge. He can and does steal only the worthless substitute for it.

"Wait", shout the educators, "you wouldn't want to live in a school with dishonest cheaters, would you?" There may be some disagreement as to which is the worse, living with cheaters, or being instructed by teachers whose very grade books contain the basic reason for student dishonesty. Eliminate those A's, B's, C's, and D's. Call student work satisfactory or unsatisfactory. Then you have destroyed a large portion of the cause of cheating.

Immediately howls go up from assorted registrars and the Phi Beta Kappa. "Standards, Standards!", they shriek, "We've got to have standards." To these latter standard-stickers let it be said that if their organization's only means of selecting new members is through the use of the almighty grade, then their efforts aren't worth

the energy required to swing one of those shiny little keys.

Others complain that grades are the only basis for recommending students for jobs. Again comes the query—What does an average grade actually tell the employer about a student's qualifications to perform a specified duty? Few employers ask for these grades today. They don't want to know how much a student was able to make other people think he knew. They want to determine his actual ability. So today more and more employers are using a series of tests to select candidates for jobs, the passing of which grades cannot facilitate. This practice is growing fast and soon will replace, very probably, archaic grade averaging.

#### VI

Even in a system of satisfactory and unsatisfactory ratings, you ask, why wouldn't there still be cheating to pass the work? There would be. To further reduce this type of dishonesty, a system of quizzes in which students are allowed to use any information they may find useful might be instituted. This entails changing the types of questions so that the student must organize and originate rather than memorize. The ability to find a great deal of material is recognized as preferable to memorization of a small detailed fragment. A time limit on such a quiz would make it necessary for the student to know his material in order to use it. Nearly all of the details we memorize in college are quickly forgotten. Methods of study and organization, however, become permanent assets.

The only type of cheating possible on such a quiz would be through personal transmission of information. This type of cheating is seldom resorted to since it requires the co-operation of two or more students. In this way, there would be less opportunity for cheating.

We have discussed the reduction of cheating by two methods. First, we destroy its roots by elim-

inating much of the motives in the classified grade system. The social pressure toward these false ends is thus lessened. Then we suggested instituting the thinking quiz for the recitation quiz, allowing the student to use whatever material he desires.

#### VII

Of course these little measures constitute no complete solution to the problem of student dishonesty. The basis for classroom fraud lies deeply imbedded in our educational system. To totally eliminate dishonesty would require major changes in that structure. Nevertheless we must go deeper than the naïve and credulous application of a pseudo-idealistic system designed to do no more than bolster up our decaying grade.

On Sunday the church-going educator prays: "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." The ideal educational system should be on that "leads us not into temptation." There is really no excuse for allowing the process of learning to become mixed with dishonesty. The two are quite incongruous.

University of Chicago students have little incentive to cheat. The system there makes learning entirely dependent on student initiative. Few men trying to improve themselves see any necessity of representing themselves falsely to others.

Perfection must necessarily come slowly. Maybe the University of North Carolina student body will never possess individual initiative enough to be interested in educating themselves. Maybe they will always be content to preach honor, to cheat, to allow cheating, and to terrorize one another spasmodically with their little honor system. That's the "easy" way. But for a report on how painful its consequences may be, ask those boys whom our elected representatives sent home in disgrace last winter. Then ask yourself if justice was theirs. Were they led "not into temptation?"

### Consolation

Student leaders irate  
Deplore and prate  
—Four years  
—Are gone.

—Cynicus.



# The Birthday

## Short Story

By RAMONA TEIJEIRO



ATTIE SUE opened her eyes, propped herself up on one elbow and eyed the bright strip of sunshine stretching across the bottom of the bed. Yes, it was today. She would have liked to push down a

little bit so that her feet could reach the strip and she could feel the heavy warmth crawl between her toes. But Buster and Jean Carol, who slept one on each side of her, were still asleep and if she dared wake them, they would grunt and flounce over on their sides and say, "Pest!" No, she couldn't do that, not today. Lovely today. Thank you, God, for remembering.

But would *he* remember? *Would* he? She looked across the bare room to the empty and disheveled cot on the other side. He was out in the fields with Papa, already. She could see him now, tall, much taller than Papa, with thick shoulders—"they set so comfortable," she thought—dark powerful hands, and a funny little squint about his eyes from working in the sun too much. They wouldn't remember—not Papa, nor Mama—but Cousin Frank! She lay back and closed her eyes. A recurring thought tickled her mouth into a faint smile.

"Mattie Sue," he had said, "come here." And when she was come he'd taken a little gray box out of his pocket, and opened it for her. She'd never seen anything so beautiful as the inside of that box, lined with something that felt and looked like it must be red pussy-willow fur. There was a little crack in the center holding a ring that was brilliant and breath-takingly lovely to her.

"What's that?"

"That's a diamond, little cuckoo,—a diamond."

"What for?"

"It's a birthday present."

"A birthday present?" Oh, she was stupid then.

"Yes. When you love someone very, very much you must give her a present for her birthday. Do you think she'll like it?"

When you love someone very, very much—. When was Cousin Frank's birthday? And where did you get such lovely rings—diamonds? "You

must give her—" Oh, you didn't give him then,— he gave you—

"Cousin Frank, do you love me very, very much?"

"Of course, cuckoo, you're my little love. But listen, now, you mustn't tell anyone about this. It's our secret you know—our secret. Your father'd kill me for getting it, even though it was cheap. Hell, it's none of his business, but just the same, Mattie Sue, you promise you won't tell anyone?"

And she had promised very easily. She hated the way her father listened when she spoke to him, stern and quiet as though he were hearing, not herself, but some devil within her; and all the while his eyes never removed from her.

He loved her very, very much—maybe almost as much as she loved him; and today was her birthday. Nine years old; two years older than Jean Carol, three years older than Buster and—oh! she couldn't figure the distance to twenty-six without a pencil, but one year less difference today. Poor Mama. And poor Papa. They didn't know the secret of birthday presents.

Poor Mama. Cautiously, very cautiously, she crawled over Jean Carol and slid down from the bed; then pattering across the floor in her petticoat, she opened the door to her mother's room.

"Ma—," she whispered, but she had to hold her breath and stand still because she had such a strange feeling. It was always the same now—just like before a rain, when the afternoon becomes dark suddenly and the air is still and watchful as though listening for a voice to signal, "Now, now break!"—always the same since an unfamiliar man who wore his glasses tied to a string had come and said,

"Cancer . . . maybe a few months, maybe two or three years . . . need . . ." And then he'd shrugged his shoulders. Papa had mumbled something. ". . . God damn . . . where to get . . ." The next day there were mysterious bottles and tubes in the room; the children had had to learn to do without lunch from that time on.

"Mother," she began again, "Mama. It's a pretty day and it's my—"

A short moan came from the bed. Mother's arm was pressed over her eyes; her fist was

clenched. She can't hear, Mattie Sue thought, she can't hear anything except the pain.

And because she knew that, she went back to her own room and awakened Jean Carol and Buster too early.

"You have to go to school," she said, giving each a vigorous poke in the ribs.

That was a happy morning. Miss Biggers didn't call on her to recite the multiplication table, and a little song kept running through her head:

Today's my birthday

Today's my birthday

My birthday's today, today, today.

Today.—that's a funny word. Funny today.

Birthday today, today, today.

She wanted to throw back her head and laugh and shout and clap her hands because little Davie Ham's pants that would fit him next year wiggled from side to side like a girl's skirts when he went to the blackboard; she wanted to bury her ears in her shoulders and cover her mouth with her hand to keep from giggling because Mary Letitia couldn't sit still in her seat; she missed part of the dictation because there was a little bird outside who did a dance of two hops forward, one hop backward, nod your head, peck at the ground, flip your tail.

During the lunch recess she slipped away from her brother and sister and ran back of the school to the woods—ran through a leaf-dappled ribbon of a road with her arms stretched out to feel the breeze bend itself through her fingers. Water felt that way too; you dragged your feet in the creek, and you felt it smooth and curving. Such a pretty, clean, green day. April day. Birthday. Does it know it's my birthday? Does it know the secret of birthday presents? of rings that look like hardened dew-drops? of rings that look like sun and water?

"Cousin Frank," she whispered to the sky as she lay on her back in the blue shade of elms, "you won't forget, you *can't* forget."

"Cousin Frank," she called aloud, "Oh! please remember!" Her voice seemed big and loud in the tree-stillness. She had such a guilty fear of someone hearing her, that she jumped up and started back to school.

On the way she stubbed her bare toe on a stone, and the pain for a moment was so intense that it brought tears to her eyes.

That afternoon was uneventful. Coming out of

school, Mattie Sue hadn't been able to contain her knowledge any longer.

"Mary Letitia," she said in a wonderful voice. "Today is my birthday."

"How old are you?"

"Nine—nine years old."

"N-n-n-yah! that's nothing. I'm going on ten." And she skipped off.

Mary Letitia's teeth grew out funny and her hair was kinky. "I hate her," decided Mattie Sue.

The afternoon was unremarkable in that the chores had to be done as always. Buster and Jean Carol disappeared—as always; a fire had to be built; Mama's soup to be warmed and fed to her; dishes and beds and dust rags and potato peels—as always. Except that there was a warm glow today, a quiet elation, some little winged thing inside that made her hum and dance about the room. Mystery hung in the air too; a sense of impending events—of Cousin Frank's coming home, of Papa being in a good mood—perhaps, of Mother getting well; of birthdays, of *rings*, of DIAMONDS! The broom worked briskly in the corners. Sweep out the worn eight years. Nine years are like a new pinafore; tie on your apron and keep them lovely. Thank you, God, for remembering to make it lovely.

That day faded slowly. As the sun neared the horizon, Mattie Sue became almost feverish with excitement. Soon now he would be coming home.

"You're growing up, little cuckoo. You're nine today. I love you very, very much and that's why I've brought you a diamond." She could almost feel his breath on her face, so real seemed that kiss.

She had just placed the dishes on the table when they came in. Her father seemed more an awful shadow stalking silently through the kitchen into Mama's room, but Cousin Frank—! She wanted to run to him and clasp herself about his neck. A sudden reticence, a shy embarrassment held her.

"Hello," was all she could say. What if he *had* forgotten?

"Say, that's a fine greeting. You're mighty snooty tonight, Miss, mighty snooty. Too grown-up to come kiss your old cousin, hey?"

Oh, then he *knew*. He *did know*! Mattie Sue ran to him, almost ran up him, so eager was she to rub her cheek against his. He smelled strongly of the earth, his beard was rough but she didn't notice. She clung so tightly to him, that he didn't put her down immediately.



He did, *did* love her.

"It's been a pretty day, hasn't it, Cousin Frank?"

"Pretty day?" He pressed his face into the soft hollow of her throat. "It's been beautiful, child—perfectly beautiful. Did you feel that too, little cuckoo! All week long it's been worrying and wondering and thinking and fighting, but today I was sure of everything. It's all so clear now." He squeezed her tightly. "You—"

"Here comes Papa," she whispered, pushing against him. "Put me down quick." And back again on the floor, her feet hurried to get the white side meat and potatoes to the wooden table. Did he remember? He hadn't said anything. Would it come in a little gray box lined with red as red as holly berries?

Papa didn't sit down at the table with Cousin Frank. Instead, he turned back with a glass of water, stopped in the next room long enough to ask Jean Carol and Buster if they had eaten, and closed the door behind him as he entered the sick room again.

Cousin Frank sat moodily in his place; one hand supported the large sun-burned head, the other traced the grain of the wooden table reflectively. Mattie Sue wondered what made him so pensive. He couldn't have forgotten. He *couldn't*. Can't you see? Oh! *can't you see! It's my birthday! Please remember, Cousin Frank, quick remember.*

As if he had heard her, he turned to give her a quizzical look.

"You love me, don't you, Mattie Sue?" he asked after a moment.

"Oh yes!"

"And you know that I love you?"

"Uh-huh."

"And you'll trust me and stick by me always?"

"Yes, of course." She nodded her head vigorously.

"Well, then, I've a secret, little cuckoo, another secret."

Mattie Sue, not your first visit to the city, not the day of your marriage, not the birth of your first son, not as long as you live, Mattie Sue, will you ever feel such ecstasy again. Nine years old. Cousin Frank's love. A lovely gray box. And a diamond!

He studied her with a strange intensity.

"Come here, Mattie Sue."

Oh! just like that first time! He *had* remembered. Oh! he had, her heart sang.

"Mattie Sue, listen carefully. I want to explain everything to you first, before your father comes—"

"I won't tell anyone. I promise," she volunteered.

"It doesn't matter, cuckoo. Not now, because I'm going to tell him myself. I'm going away from here, Mattie Sue. I'm going to marry the sweetest girl in all the world, and I'm moving. I hate to let you all down—especially you—but I've got to do it; we have our life to live together. I can't stay here forever. It'll be a little harder at first, but I can't help any of you much anyhow. Mattie Sue, I'll never forget you, and if after we're settled down, we get along all right, I'll come back to get you—send you to school maybe—" He held her close to him again. "Do you understand, child?"

She was a passive little creature in his arms. Strange that the disappointment didn't hurt. An unnatural calm took possession of her; it was as if in that moment she had matured and realized that life is a tragedy too deep, too vast for mere tears and pain. There was a stillness within her, a sense of being utterly alone, though not lonely, a critical awareness that made her notice her father's worn trousers, the ragged slash in the side of his shoe, the dirt under his nails, when he came, the next moment, to sit at the table and eat in silence.

Cousin Frank had not remembered, he was going away. That was all. Her feet made little slopping sounds against the floor as she made her way through the door to the bedroom. There was dust under the bed. Jean Carol and Buster had gone out again. There was a faint thud in her mother's room. She wondered if it would feel like this to be alone in a dark house at night. Papa would have to light the lamp soon. She'd go to bed soon. She was tired. First see if Mama wants a drink of water—

"Uncle Paul, you may as well know it now—I'm going to leave here. I want to get married."

Suddenly Mattie Sue became frightened. If Papa lost his temper, if he took hold of the carving knife—. How still it was. She saw her father get up from the table, watched him walk slowly, deliberately to the door, noticed the taut muscles in his neck, and then she saw no more, because the door slammed closed with a vehement kick. Again quiet. Mattie Sue watched a cockroach hurry across the corner and up the wall until it disappeared into the window ledge. There was

very little light left in the day. Papa would have to light the lamp soon, very soon now. Hush! Listen.

She heard the murmur of her father's words. His voice was dark too—dark, light the lamp soon—so that she couldn't understand what he was saying. Funny. Almost night, almost dark, and a voice you couldn't see. Where were Buster and Jean Carol? Did Mama want her—

"... ungrateful dog ... take you and ..."

"... I'm chained here ... my life ... worked hard ..."

"... sneaking, thieving ..."

There was the rasping of a chair being pushed back, the heavy thud of a fist against the table, and Cousin Frank's voice louder than she had ever heard it.

"You listen to me now—I've paid you in work for the miserable home you gave me. I've managed to earn some money working at night away from your God-awful hole here. Now I'm getting out. You're afraid—afraid of yourself, afraid of everything that's closing in on you—and it is closing in on you. God help—"

A funny little whirlpool had started up inside Mattie Sue. Dark blue first, whirling, whirling, whirling before her eyes, then a flash of yellow, then all stillness while she turned and turned. Suddenly it stopped, everything stopped; an enormous blackness crept up on her closer, closer

while she suffocated and her eyes burned and the whirring grew in her ears. Silence growing, growing. Then from the kitchen there came the sound of a plate falling and breaking; of voices swearing.—

That knife!

"... you can't hold me here ..."

Oh, that knife! Hush!— A heavy tread across the kitchen floor—

With a gasp she reached her mother's door.

"Mother, Mother—" And then all at once the numbness returned to her. She couldn't hear the voices any more, and in that room everything was as dark as sleep.

"Mama," she whispered, "Mama, I'm—" She groped her way toward the bed. "Where are you, Ma—"

Just then she stumbled over the body of her mother kneeling at the side of the bed. A scream, quickly suppressed, filled the room, and lived for a second in a slight echo.

"Mattie Sue, what have you done? Oh, my God! Oh—" And a pain, too great to be controlled any longer broke into a miserable groan. "Oh God—"

Mattie Sue was in her room though, a little nine year old baby sobbing its heart into a thin mattress. The kitchen was quiet. Cousin Frank must have gone.

"God, please make it tomorrow soon. Please. Please."

## To the Helmsman

The wind howled high and the yawl keeled low,  
Quivers of cloud flew overhead  
Above the emerald sea,  
And rainbows danced in the glittering spray  
That dashed against the lee.  
And sang the sails with the singing wind,  
And the rigging was asway;  
And the steady prow  
Was like a plow  
That split the waves away.

The sails flapped at the edge of the wind,  
And the gulls shrieked at the wake;  
And the salty spume burnt our tawny skin  
And set the decks aflake.  
The wind howled high and the yawl keeled low,  
But, Lad, it was enow  
That you stood staunch at *Clara's* helm  
And I stood at her bow.

—Vernon Ward.



# I Drove for a Rumrunner

## Experiences with Speed

By "SLIM"

I GOT THE JOB through an automobile race. I started from Asheville to Hendersonville one June afternoon in 1934 driving a new Ford equipped with a high-ratio rear axle. Two miles out of town, an Auburn pulled up behind me and started around. Instead of allowing the driver to pass, I, as a typical law-breaker, stepped down on the V-8 and took off in front of him. The other driver decided to pass anyway. I was determined he should not. He never did, but after the twenty-mile race, when I stopped at the first traffic signal in Hendersonville, he pulled up beside me and said, "I want to talk to you."

I pulled to the curb and he followed me in. "You know," he said, "I need fools like you to drive for me."

The next day Crip and I drove one of his Auburns—we christened ours Betsy during the first five minutes—into Cincinnati and started our bootlegging careers. I can't explain why we took the job. Crip, a pal and a partner with me in many collegiate debates, needed the money, but he said in accepting his part of it, "We'll take it because we can go places and do things." As for me, I had just finished my freshman year of college with the feeling that I had gained nothing from it. Moreover, like Crip, I had no summer job.

As for our families, they thought we were working on a government project that moved from place to place in the Blue Ridge Mountains. I'm certain they still have no idea that their sons joined a gang of rumrunners.

There were about twenty Auburn coupes running out of Cincinnati. Some were driven by old hands in the game, men who had been bootlegging all their lives, men who lived all the time fearing that "dicks" would step from behind a door some time and say, "We want you to come with us for a little while."

But there were half-a-dozen of us under twenty who drove those power buggies, six of us who stepped into semi-criminal careers for the excitement, the monetary reward, or because we could fulfill our desires to get out and go. Half-a-dozen nineteen-year-olds pitted our wits, brawn and driving ability against the police forces of a dozen

different states nearly every time we showed our faces. When we crossed the incorporate limits of a city or town, we rode into the added risks of the local police forces. One of the boys quit two weeks after he drove his first run. A motorcycle cop put a bullet through a rear fender after chasing him twenty miles. Then a freshman from Chicago University ran through a guard fence and into the Ohio river one night in a fog. By the first of July, there were four youngsters left, but we were not the same four who had first met in a Cincinnati hotel headquarters one night in June.

The first morning we had eaten together we made bets about our speeds, distances and deliveries. Toward the end of the summer, however, we talked little and laughed even less. Nothing was said about the two empty places. Crip, reading the papers at the breakfast table, said half-loud, "... 'into the river' ...". The boy sitting opposite me strangled over his coffee and cried "Stop it!" and then apologized.

### II

But Crip and I were luckier.

Once we had been chased in Kentucky so persistently along our route that we detoured going to Cincinnati from Louisville. In crossing the Ohio river twenty-five or thirty miles east of our usual crossing point, we were forced to use a drawbridge. It was an old-timer and hung low over the water. When the moveable sections were fully opened, the bridge appeared, from a side-view, to have been cut in the middle and the center ends turned upward. Only partly open, of course, they formed a take-off.

Crip and I were coming back into headquarters one night and had been chased onto this round-about routing. As usual, I was driving about seventy along the highway and ran onto the bridge without lessening my speed. When we were about twenty yards from the barricade guarding the moveable sections, I saw that it was lowered. Usually we could have seen the striped bar much farther; that night the fog over the river blurred everything. Crip saw the bar across the passageway and yelled. I thought of trying to stop, but realized we didn't have enough dis-

tance so I stamped on the gas. I was going to try to jump the opening and prayed that it wouldn't be too wide or too steep.

When we hit the barricade, one of the headlights was smashed. By the light of the other I could see the sections of the bridge rising in front of us with the black space between them. They stopped rising and started downward! The operator had sensed our predicament. I heard Crip whisper chokingly, "—save us—" as we went up the incline and felt the wheels leave the steel flooring. It seemed we sailed through space for five minutes before we hit, not into the river as we expected, but onto the other section of the bridge floor. There was an explosion that echoed hollowly between the river banks as every tire on the Auburn burst. Betsy caromed from side to side and we crashed through the other barricade before stopping. A survey of the damage showed the left rear wheel had been smashed when it half-caught on the upraised bridge. The left operator told us we had hurdled a space twelve feet wide.

Another time we were crossing the Blue Ridge near Hot Springs in an early morning fog. The road was tar and gravel and had tricked drivers time after time with its upside down banking and its hump in the middle. We hit a right angle curve to the left and I turned. We were on the outside of the center hump with the banking at the wrong angle. For a moment, the tires held, but they started to slide. The guard fence would only trip us and turn Betsy over on her side. To avoid this, I drove straight at the fence. Instead of stopping, we took the fence with us as we crashed down the incline. When we stopped—still dragging twenty feet of the fence and four of its posts—we were on a sand bar a few feet from the current of the French Broad. Later we discovered that the fence had been set in only six inches of dirt. The cargo was intact and three hours later Betsy was fit as a fiddle and ready for more punishment.

During the three months Crip and I experienced only one blow-out, other than those suffered in the drawbridge jump. We were bowling along near Greenville, South Carolina, on a new concrete road and enjoying the absence of curves. In front we could see the heat waves shimmering up from the gray pavement. The air rushing in through the opened windshield felt like air coming from an opened oven door. The tires were taking an awful beating as they slapped the con-

crete eight hundred times or more every minute. We had just started up a slight hill and through a shallow cut, when the right front tire went out. immediately the steering wheel became a tugging, fighting force. The Auburn lurched toward the bank as I pulled with all my strength trying to right her. We hit the bank a glancing blow and slid down the ditch about one hundred and fifty feet before stopping. One fender was bent and a tire ruined but no other damage. After that, we never rode with a thin or worn tire.

Naturally we did not see or were not involved in such miracles as these on every trip, but since we were forced to average more than sixty miles an hour from Cincinnati to Atlanta on each trip, miracles happened too often for peace of mind and soundness of body.

We drove on the Dixie highway most of the time, varying from it only when we could find better routes for short distances. Each trip we would load up in a warehouse in Cincinnati, lock the shell of the coupe and never open it until we reached Atlanta. There was no time lost, no shooting affairs as seen in the movies; we simply loaded, drove, delivered and collected receipts. It was all strictly business. If we lost any of the cargo, we made up the loss. If we were injured or killed, the insurance claims came through. No driver was allowed to drink or pick up anyone along his way. We often carried large sums of money, but not one of the younger drivers—there were half-a-dozen of us in June who were under twenty—ever carried a gun. Our cars were our pets and our loves. We tended them, nursed them and then depended on them to bring us through.

Once we were stepping along at a little above seventy over an Eastern Tennessee highway which paralleled the French Broad river. Crip was as usual keeping a fairly strict lookout on whatever happened to be following us.

"Slim," he finally said after he had been looking backward intently for a few minutes, "you'd better outrun those guys back there.

"Aw, take it easy," I said. But Crip persisted, "Come on, Slim, step on it."

He took another long look at the trailers with his binoculars. "They're cops," he cursed. "I can see the letter 'P' on their license now. Come on, tramp on it: we *can't* get our names in the papers."

Crip was right. Underneath the shiny, black shell of Betsy rode twenty-four cases of smuggled



Canadian bonded whiskey. It was our job to deliver it safely in Atlanta and on time!

I stepped down on the accelerator. The Auburn picked up slowly, but the speedometer needle crept down the righthand side of the dial, down past 80, 85 and on down a little past 90. The Ford was sticking and a few of the curves on that highway were getting ticklish.

Crip picked up his binoculars and made another observation. "Damn," he half-exploded, "that thing back there *will* run. Switch Betsy over to the high ratio and let's go."

I switched the ratio. Now the motor was turning out sixty miles an hour while the wheels turned over just a little over ninety-five. Again I shoved the accelerator toward the floor. The Auburn was still more sluggish but she picked up.

Crip said, "Come on. They're still back there. Betsy will do more than ninety-eight, so let's go."

I objected, "How about the curves down the road?"

"Aw, we've got to take a chance, so feed the horses."

I did and for the first time in my life, I was driving over a hundred miles an hour. We kept stepping and drifted into the first of a five-mile-long series of curves at seventy-five or better. Crip looked back when he breathed again and said hoarsely, "We left two nice wide black streaks that time, but with both sides. Keep going, but on four wheels."

We took the rest of those curves in true fool style. Everyone bore our mark of two black streaks of burned, ground and precious rubber—rubber that might cost us twenty-four cases or

our lives (our lives always seemed to be secondary).

Minutes later we stopped at a filling station in Newport where the road forked. We drove around back to get the air cleaner blown out and the timing re-set. Around the corner, we saw the Ford pass and turn south on the tar road.

After five minutes of tinkering, the motor purred contentedly and there was no whistle in the intake. We climbed into the Auburn and drove into the dusk. Betsy had pulled us through again.

Our lives, as soon as the cars were checked and serviced at the end of each trip, were our own. The cars were then at our disposal. The cars were equipped with many accessories for increased speed and safety. They included power boosters for the brakes, bullet-proof back windows, dual ratio transmissions which shoved our top speed up to over one hundred and fifteen, overload springs to handle the load, heavy duty and tightened shock absorbers on the rear to eliminate side-sway on curves, and radios.

One night a driver who had been a freshman in Purdue, Crip, and I came in from a late show. We found the boss smoking a black cigar and thoughtfully reading the first edition of the next morning's paper.

The streamer headline was, "REPEAL PASSED IN THIRTY-FIRST STATE."

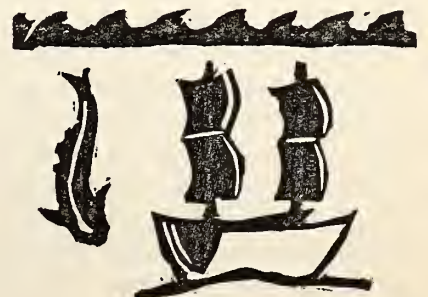
With no preliminary remarks, he said, pointing to the sheet, "Boys, all three of you are too young to be tied up in a real racket so you'll have to go. Anyway, you belong in colleges where you came from. We have enough lined up for a couple weeks, but after that, it's over."

### Some Romanticists

They went to sea in ships of books  
With magazines for sails,  
And steered for azure fairylands,  
For towns of silken tales.

Before they'd sailed so very far  
They felt a damp regret.  
Experience Sea had rent their ships,  
And they are moaning yet.

—Wm. T. Wheat.



# Now It Should Be Told

## Bledsoe's Political History Continued

By JOE SUGARMAN and HARPER BARNES

SOMEWHERE in the Harvard Law Library a Georgia gentleman, named Jim Kenan, may be studying torts. He probably is deep in a case book for there aren't organized politics at Cambridge.

If he were in the Carolina Law Library he wouldn't be studying torts or anything else—he'd be quietly whispering plans for the spring campaign to an equally unobtrusive aide.

Kenan, almost as retiring, more adroit than his latter-day colleague, Herb Taylor, and with all the prestige of an "old University family" back of him, lolled for three years on the S. A. E. porch. His last year he was boss.

He did as much as any other fraternity-ward-heeler to perfect the one-party political system at Chapel Hill. Then he knocked it into a cocked hat.

Not alone, of course. In the fall of 1931, with the campus still unsettled from the class struggle of the year before between the fraternity and non-fraternity men, Kenan headed the group of a dozen fraternities which for two years previous had dominated the campus political scene. Biggest barker among the non-fraternity men within the frame-up that year was Jack Dungan, editor of the *Daily Tar Heel*. Direct heir of the whip tactics of Bledsoe and Covington.

Dungan's choice for president of the student body was Hamilton Hobgood, president of the senior class, head waiter at Swain Hall, never popular, ever feared. Kenan backed Haywood Weeks,

secretary of the student council, president of the interfraternity council, and track manager. Kenan and Dungan clashed.

Despite the fact that Kenan had increased the original twelve fraternities to fifteen, each addition meaning another vote for Week, the bogey of Hobgood's strength in the dormitories shadowed the group.

For years fraternities had been drawn into political line-ups through particular candidates—first came the office, then party allegiance. This year traditional procedure was reversed. Fifteen fraternities compacted in writing to support the party first, seek offices for themselves second. Candidates were to be selected by a simple majority, except in the case of the presidency of the student body. Here ten votes were necessary.

Fifteen delegates met at Kenan's house for the final balloting on Weeks and Hobgood. Each side had developed a careful plan of procedure. Kenan sought to make Weeks the nominee by trading on the one vote out of

the fifteen which had not been declared at earlier meetings.

Phil Hammer's older brother, Jack, as representative of the Delta Psi held that vote. Secretly he was for Weeks. By instruction he was to vote for Hobgood on the first two ballots, which, according to Kenan's calculations, would give Hobgood eight votes—a simple majority. At that point, if the opposition had not suggested that a

### Politicorum Personae

JIM KENAN—S. A. E.—"gentleman politician"—silent puppet-string puller-well of well-executed schemes. (Harvard Law School.)

HAYWOOD WEEKS—Theta Chi—candidate for presidency 1932—supported by elements revolting against machine. (3rd year law student in University.)

HAMILTON HOBGOOD—Non-fraternity—manager at Swain Hall—Candidate of All-Campus Party—typical "risen from the ranks" politician. (Lumber man in Louisburg, N. C.)

JACK DUNGAN—Non-fraternity—*Daily Tar Heel* editor—unscrupulous ward-heeler, responsible for Hobgood's nomination. (Assistant Editor, *The American Magazine*.)

TOM ROSE—Sigma Chi—equally unscrupulous—bullish side of "gentlemanly politics"—father of questionable ruses, schemes, and tricks. (Newspaper publisher, Wadesboro, N. C.)

CHARLIE ROSE—Beta Theta Pi—Dungan's lieutenant—*Daily Tar Heel* editor—performer of less offensive missions of Dungan and Hobgood. (Attorney, Fayetteville, N. C.)

HARPER BARNES—unifying element between dormitories and fraternities. Now Graham Memorial director.

LINDY CATE—Sigma Chi—Aide-de-camp for Tom Rose—ditto Barnes. Now third-year law student.



simple majority elect, a Weeks man was to move it. On the face of it Kenan would be giving in to Dungan and Hobgood.

Hardly. Hammer would then shift his vote and Weeks would ride in—the people's choice. The Hobgood plan was much cruder; Dungan proposed to bludgeon the opposition into default.

Down at the end of the electoral table sat Steve White, A. T. O. representative, transfer from Davidson, a broad expanse of campus with not one political party in sight. Definitely for Hobgood. As Harper Barnes and Harry Finch, now in the law school, expounded on the executive attributes of this fine man, Haywood Weeks, White's eyes began to shine. They shone so strongly that on the first ballot he voted for Weeks, instead of Hobgood; this gave Weeks a majority of eight to seven. Up in the chairman's chair Kenan was busy having a hemorrhage over this innocent wrecking of one of the neatest schemes of his political career.

Another ballot brought the same result. Then boomed "Bim" Ferguson, Greenville Sigma Nu, "Gentlemen, unless a majority of ten is reached on the next ballot, Sigma Nu will withdraw and run Hobgood." Six other fraternities echoed Ferguson; the Dungan plan was working.

If there's one thing a fraternity representative will labor to avoid, it's a split within the fraternities themselves. Frightened by the prospect of Hobgood reputed 600 votes at Swain hall crushing their individual candidates, the Weeks men gave up. Third ballot: Hobgood 13, Weeks 2.

Hobgood was nominated and even most the ardent Weeks man saw him being installed as president the following April.

## II

This struggle was a two-year brew. When the rival candidates were sophomores each had his eye on the big job. Weeks rode the wave of the successful fraternity combine in 1930 to become secretary of the junior class. Hobgood was busy being some candidate's campaign manager.

Both had an excellent opportunity at this time to learn the fundamentals of the Carolina political system, for the lesser pups were snapping at each other for the bones left by Taylor Bledsoe. Jointly they lined up Mac Covington and Charlie Price, Bledsoe's lieutenants. They helped to crush the insurgency of the Dekes, Chi Psis, S. P. E.'s, Betas, Delta Psis, and the non-fraternity strength

of Bill Speight, one of the homliest and most popular politicians of his day.

They saw the most effective use of invective. Sigma Delta's two-year grip on publications was horribly confused with the issue of transfer students running for office. J. C. Williams, running for the editorship of the magazine, tried to annihilate his opposition by attacking Jay Curtis simply because he was another literary Sigma Delta and Richard Chace simply because he had been imprudent enough to have been a freshman at Amherst. For good measure, he added on his boastful handbill an endorsement from the then pundit of the faculty, Howard Mumford Jones.

Curtis' retaliatory handbill quoted Jones as calling Williams "a liar." He threw in the fact that Williams himself was a transfer from Davidson. Thus defended by one of his opponents, Chace did nothing. Williams won.

Under the leadership of Sigma Zeta's "Red" Greene, a pudgy politico, who became president, the Covington-Price group swept all offices, except the debate council. Bill Speight broke the frame-up there.

Near-tragic aftermath of the bitter campaign occurred when Beta's defeated politician Larry Flinn, now candidate for the legislature from Orange County, Sigma Delta's defeated candidate J. D. McNairy, and four sympathizers took off on Flinn's large automobile for consolation. Overturning on the Chapel Hill-Raleigh highway seriously injured several.

Speight's success plus campus dissatisfaction with frame-up rule gave birth the following year (1931) to the Non-Fraternity Party, which set fraternity men against non-fraternity for the first time in over a decade. The enemy of these organized independents produced one of the longest of political campaigns. It also forced the fraternities into a manifestation of their unity. Under the chairmanship of John Lang all fraternities and many outstanding non-fraternity men grouped themselves as the All-Campus Party. A title to be reckoned with from now on.

Hobgood, a junior by now, was sufficiently powerful to best Weeks within the All-Campus Party for the presidency of the senior class, leaving him the senior councilman. The short contest between them that year was merely a prelude for the events of 1931-32, already described.

The 1931 campaign was distinguished by the appearance of fairly definite issues and here was the general conflict between fraternity and non-

fraternity men, with the latter calling for representation proportionate to their numbers. Also the All-Campus Party plugged the accomplishment of its chairman, John Lang, in sponsoring the North Carolina Federation of Students, as illustrative of what the Non-Fraternity party could not do.

Even more important was the accusation by the non-fraternity men that *Daily Tar Heel* editor Yarborough editorialized the news to their disadvantage and excluded their fulminations from his open forum columns. They founded the *Spokesman* to disseminate their propaganda. This intermittent blast, prepared largely in Graham dormitory, was edited by Ben Neville, now a third-year law student.

Yarborough, fully conscious that he owed his position as tribune of the campus to the All-Campus party, wrote editorial after editorial in the spirit of a 1936 Republican. Class shall not be arrayed against class!

How much editor Yarborough's conservatism mattered will never be known, but the All-Campus party won every office. Mayne Albright thus had an opportunity as president to tinker with student government, and Jack Dungan a chance to make the *Daily Tar Heel* one long straw ballot.

### III

Dungan's strong support was a definite factor in securing Hobgood the intra-party nomination. Albright's inactive preference for Weeks, coupled with support from other student councilmen and his own fraternity, prompted Weeks to refuse the vice-presidency of the student body, proffered by the party after his defeat by Hobgood. Convinced of his qualifications, determined not to give up without a fight, Weeks kept quiet.

Meanwhile, party organization proceeded. Candidates were selected, non-fraternity men and other fraternities were contacted. Apparently, the steam roller moved on. But within its machinery, discord was developing. Left out almost entirely in the key positions of the party were the members of the group which had originally supported Weeks. Hobgood heelers, led by Dan Kelly, the loudest and tobacco-chewingest non-fraternity leader of ten years, controlled the non-fraternity wing of the party. Over the protest of Sigma Chi's Tom Rose (not to be confused with Charlie Rose, Beta) the Dekes were taken into the party, causing further rumblings. The original Weeks men were being soundly punished.

A few weeks before election, the Senior Class

smoker, at which senior superlatives were voted on, was held. Weeks heard beforehand that hand-picked nominations for Best Executive, Most Popular, etc., leaving him out completely, had been prepared by a committee appointed by Hobgood, senior president.

Tom Rose, Harper Barnes, and Weeks felt that the insults had gone too far. Between 3 p. m. and the smoker they whipped together a ticket to oppose the machine. The insurgent ticket swept every office save one. Results of their hasty selections: Clyde Andrews, whose only qualification was having worked in the Book X, was elected Best-All-Round; Tom Alexander, perennially attired in sweater and slacks, was selected Best-Dressed; and the legend of Hobgood's invincibility was shattered. Weeks had beaten him in their own class for the position of best executive. Hobgood was hardly contented with having been voted biggest politician.

Weeks was restless, too. After persistent urging by his friends within and without the All-Campus party, on Sunday before Wednesday's election he turned rumor into fact and publicly announced his candidacy. Although he began to swing thru the dormitories that night, many party members were astounded when at nominations the next day ex-president of the student body, Ray Farris, threw Weeks' name in the faces of the Hobgood men.

This unleashed suppressed popular resentment against Hobgood and the machine. He did little to soothe this growing bitterness by stating blandly in his Tuesday morning speech, "I have the utmost confidence that the good judgments of the students of the University of North Carolina will ensure the complete victory for the All-Campus Party." All but three members of this party had been elected at nominations—unopposed.

"The good judgment of the students of the University of North Carolina" on the morrow elected Weeks. By thirty-nine votes. So sure of a Hobgood victory had been Jack Dungan that he had failed to have made a cut of the astonishingly conquering Weeks. As for the rest of the All-Campus Party, they simply asked, "Who turned out the lights?"

### IV

Since there have been both confessions and boasts by politicians that their hands were at the switch which rocketed Hobgood and the All-Campus Party into oblivion, the darkness regarding the phenomenal Weeks' victory has lessened.



Arrayed against him on paper were not only almost every single fraternity on the Hill (excepting his own Theta Chis) but also the most active non-fraternity politicians. Yet he won.

From hints, slips, and general mis-behavior during the mad three days of the campaign, this much is certain: Once the original Weeks group in the All-Campus Party had elected its men without opposition its enthusiasm for Hobgood, who had been virtually forced on them, dwindled away to nothing. Tuesday the usually vocal and energetic S. A. E.'s were doing nothing—under the leadership of Kenan.

There is reason to believe that Kenan, Rose, and their group, motivated by their personal dislike of Hobgood and the cruder side of University life, which they felt he represented, would have needed little to bolt the ticket. Add to this the desire of several lesser politicians to become "strong men" over night and the setting for a break to Weeks appears. Significantly, Kenan was busy for two days.

Doing what is not definite. All-Campus party leaders, however, were heard to complain that "some one was laying down on the job." The one-party system was threatened—and very likely by Kenan, who had done so much earlier in the year to establish it.

By Tuesday night rumor was trickling: The S.A.E.'s were not instructed to vote for Hobgood; the Phi Gams were definitely for Weeks; the Dekes had been split wide open. True or otherwise, fraternity resentment against the bullish tactics of Dungan, Kelly, and Hobgood was unquestionably growing. A keen observer might have noticed a note of over-zealousness in the voice of Lindy Cate as he praised Hobgood that night at the All-Campus Party rally. Orated Cate, "And, gentlemen, the sun shall not rise Thursday morning and shine on the golden dome of Manning Hall if Hamilton Hobgood is not elected president of the student body!"

The sun rose. Hobgood fell. Mathematically determined the original Weeks fraternities must have pulled out of the All-Campus Party as they went into the voting booth. Weeks' observable support was only from his own fraternity, a few malcontent Greeks, and the remnants of the previous year's Non-Fraternity party. Closest to definite proof that Hobgood lost his rudder as the ship neared port was the fact that only the Betas, Pikas, Phi Delta Thetas, and Sigma Nus were on hand to commiserate with him when the results were read. S.A.E.'s, Phi Gams, Dekes, Kappa Sigs, etc., might have been phoning Weeks.

In the general melee that followed such a political shock everyone conceivable at one time or another, sober or otherwise demanded credit for one of the biggest upsets on the books. Claimants:

1. The Sigma Phi Sigmas—because their Ray Farris nominated Weeks. (They forgot that they didn't know at the time that he intended to do so.)

2. Cate, Barnes, and Tom Rose—because they did nothing to aid Hobgood.

3. Robert J. Novins, non-fraternity man in Lewis dorm,—because he introduced Weeks on his sensational sweep through the dormitories the night before election.

4. The Theta Chis—because Weeks was a Theta Chi.

5. The Zeta Psis—because up to Tuesday President Albright had refused to commit the house—then quietly announced for Weeks.

6. Neale Ross—now running for the state legislature in Harnett county—because he was Weeks' campaign manager. By Wednesday afternoon Weeks had about 50 of these.

7. A nameless Yankee freshman in Everett dormitory—because he spent the entire day telling people that Hobgood had the only good cuts of beef at Swain hall cooked for himself.

*(To Be Continued)*



## The Editor's Opinion

### An End to Confusion

Last year the *Tar Heel* asked for a written campus constitution, and even succeeded in having a committee appointed to study the proposal. That committee was moribund at birth, perhaps even stillborn. But now there is the possibility that the confusing jungle of campus activities is about to be charted, cleared out and arranged as orderly as a new real-estate development.

The Institute of Government, for a handsome sum, has burrowed into the written records of the Student Council and other organizations. The result is a card indexed box of data with very little organization. Before next fall, John Parker and Phil Schinhan will condense this material into a handbook to activities or, perhaps, something like a written constitution.

Especially pleasing is the possibility that the report will point out the many duplications of function. It may be impossible to weed out a Di or a Phi—both are too musty with faded grandeur; but it should be possible to discourage the custom of John's founding a club because Jack started one.

### Expose the Honor System

Recently we heard a prominent advocate of the honor system declare that the man who witnesses an act of cheating and fails to report it is just as dishonorable as the cheater. Once again, an unpleasant duty was sugar-coated with a film of ethics—an unpleasant necessity which, if it is justifiable, is justifiable only as necessitated by something else.

Instead of defending on moral grounds the system of reporting and punishing cheaters, why not admit that the honor system is set up to protect our present system of instruction? That it's the best—but still very poor—method yet found of protecting our process of grades and recitation quizzes culminating in our degrees. Then we shall be able to consider whether the process deserves protection. Whether, even, this process is not responsible for cheating.

Nor should anyone form a weak analogy between the honor system and the exercise of self-government. There's no self-government conferred when the University defines the offense,

sets the penalty and *then* delegates the enforcement to the students. There is something like "campus" self-government—students running their own papers, clubs, and businesses. But we doubt whether "student" self-government can exist. The *student* is by definition under the *teacher*; his honor system is but a part of the educational system.

When the honor system is thus understood, our logical progress is easier. We see that some method of punishing cheating is necessary because our system of grades and recitation quizzes makes cheating both easy and attractive. If our present method of instruction were reformed—towards the Chicago plan, or perhaps, as suggested in this issue—there would then be less cheating and, correspondingly, less need for a police system.

If we find that it is impossible to make the reforms at this school, we still haven't lost by discounting the attempts of those who support our honor system by moral arguments and weak analogies with self-government. Many people would report cheating out of a desire to preserve order who are too sensible to think that, in so doing, they might appear wonderfully democratic or beautifully honorable.

### Safety At a Sacrifice

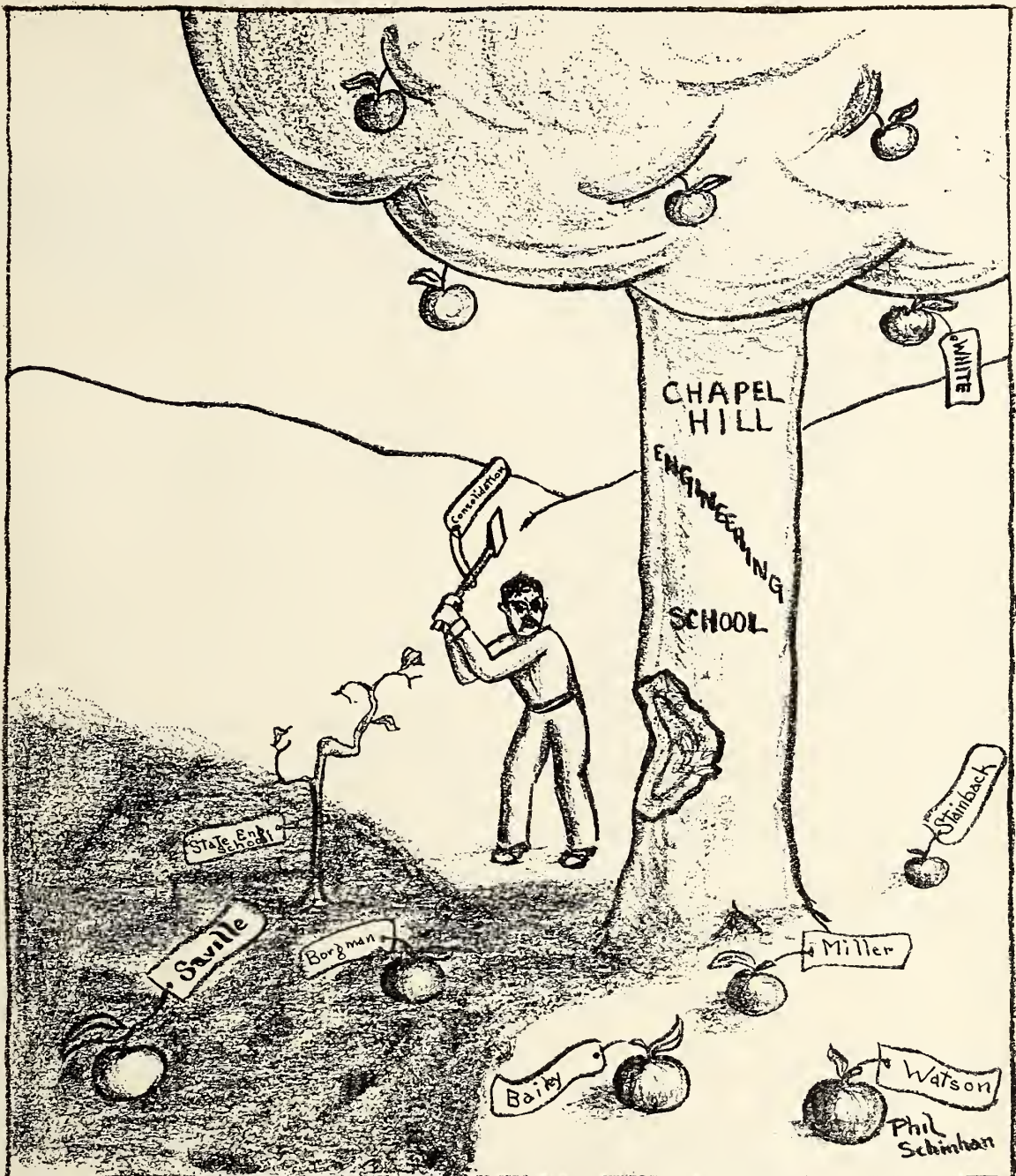
Meeting in St. Louis this month, the Southern Baptist Association voted down Dr. Poteat's proposal for a sociological and economic investigation of the south. In doing this, the association was only reiterating the statement of its last annual convention: that southern sharecropping and tenancy is no concern of the Southern Baptist.

This same fear of the present day and its problems is demonstrated in the majority of the pulpits. We have in mind a minister who derives an ecstatic pleasure from reading of the exquisite tortures of the early martyrs. This same man is cold to comparable martyrdoms which can be witnessed any day in this country.

As a child, we frequently wondered why all the holy miracles seemed to have occurred before our own time. Somewhat older, we ask why the churches so carefully avoid any connection with contemporary struggles, many of which, we believe, are as noble and inspiring as the Reformation.

The answer is, of course, that the church can approve only that which is well in the past. Therein, if nothing else, lies safety.





Since Consolidation was passed by the Legislature these men have left or made plans to leave.

○ = Saville  
gone to N.Y.U.

○ = Miller  
will go to Alabama

○ = Stainback  
going into politics

○ = Borgman  
will go with Nat'l Tube Co.

○ = Bailey  
gone to Rutgers

○ = Watson  
gone to Harvard

○ = White  
going to Virginia

● = None have  
gone to State

## Political Gardening

# Hammer's Tar Heel

## An Audit

By JIM DANIELS

One sticky-warm Sunday in late April of last year, the *Daily Tar Heel* staff, some fifty strong, gathered in upstairs Graham Memorial in order to hear its editor-elect outline his staff organization and sketch his editorial objectives. Retiring Editor Dill had spent his last week-end as editor, week-ending (without failing, of course, to draw his last salary). Phillip Gibbon Hammer, in his third year as a brilliantly successful activities man, was due to take office on the following day.

The group in Graham Memorial that afternoon was a supremely hopeful gathering of student journalists, confidently expecting the golden age in Carolina journalism. The two previous editors? Well, they hadn't been altogether satisfactory. Benny Carr had cared so little for anything but the honorary side of being editor, that he once let three weeks pass without entering his office. That his paper was probably the best of the last student generations can be said without conferring much credit upon Carr. The work was done by the managing editor, the editorial chairman and the chairman of the feature staff. Dill possibly felt a greater concern. But he had been less pleasant. As an icy intellectual, he had done little to win staff friendship and much to produce the despondency into which Hammer entered as the white hope.

Thus there was an atmosphere of happy expectation when the editor-elect arose and began outlining the 142 changes which he expected to make on the campus and around the *Tar Heel* office. The audience was visibly impressed, whether by the number or the variety of the items. Anyway, there was only applause as Hammer started down his list:

- Item 1. PUSH through the class extension plan.
- Item 2. STIMULATE the glee club with favorable publicity.
- Item 3. For the information of the rushees, have fraternities PUBLISH statements in the *Tar Heel* about their finances and expenses per member (all but three were then living in rented or mortgaged houses).
- Item 4. GET social rooms for the dormitories.
- Item 5. OPPOSE the semester system.
- .....
- Item 10. ABOLISH editorial boards, SUBSTI-

TUTE day and night editors for the old city editors, CREATE a new city editor to handle the routine of the managing editor, RUN double-column editorials, CHANGE the format of the sports page . . .

.....

Item 20. HAVE staff elections for ALL publications.

.....

Item 47. SECURE a *complete* re-allocation of student fees.

.....

Item 53. INVESTIGATE Chapel Hill boarding conditions.

.....

Item 64. CREATE a campus personality.

.....

Item 80. ADVANCE the Everett plan.

.....

Item 89. OPPOSE comprehensive examinations.

The new editor got as far as Item 97 before he stopped, slightly winded. What the other 45 points were the campus never learned, because the list had been shaved down to 40 before the next day and down to 10 before the end of the week (although three were later added). After the editor had ceased speaking, the happy group dispersed to bathe (for it was a very warm afternoon).

On Monday, Editor Hammer came into office—a rearranged office, in fact. Workmen had already come in to move the partitions, take out the telephone booth, change the positions of the tables, and install another desk, another filing cabinet, and a French telephone. That office, once a good place to loaf, thereafter became the scene of much frenzied activity. Everyone had a new name and a new function. But very few people understood what was expected of them. Consequently, many never achieved more than a similitude of working. Typists were borrowed from South building and letters poured to all the other college editors of the country and to all the administrative and departmental figures on the campus.

For the rest of the spring quarter, the *Tar Heel* ambled along with no diversions other than frequent straw ballots and full column editorials, succeeded in pushing through the class lecture calendar and in stirring up the fraternity ele-



ment. The Boys of Fraternity Court answered their door bells to find *Daily Tar Heel* investigators, pencils, pads and a list of some forty questions in hand. "What do you do to provide optimum studying and sleeping conditions? Do you permit freshmen to gamble and drink, and do you gamble and drink on the first floor? What would you say to admitting to your house a University-chosen tutor? When do you turn off your radio? How often do you entertain? Do you have a house mother? If no, is it that you can't afford one?

"Do you give instruction in etiquette? . . . Thank you."

## II

Next fall the *Tar Heel* returned to school with the intention of "commenting intelligently." For a month or more, the paper idled along without offending anyone (not once was the picture of a prominent dean printed under the caption: "Absolute bunk . . ."). Then a football player was expelled for falsely establishing an in-state residence in order to avoid paying the out-of-state fee. And the *Tar Heel* jumped into the fray. In the confusion, the football coach figuratively received a black eye for bringing down to Carolina the "coal-miners unemployed because of the Guffey Bill." But the coach got his apology—one which was sincere, humble and honorable, if embarrassing.

Somewhat later, the *Tar Heel* ran a front page editorial about Wallace Wade and his motion picture machine. The indignation therein expressed was also sincere, whatever else may be said about the editorial. Also, it must be admitted that the indignation secured a certain amount of publicity for the University.

A few days later the Graham Plan broke. Anti-Grahamists attributed the Plan to disappointment over the Duke defeat, just as sports writers the country over incorrectly explained Hammer's editorial. At this point, both Graham and Hammer should be defended. Almost a month before the Duke game, President Graham showed his athletic proposals to Hammer. As for defending Hammer, the writer is certain that he never intended an offense during his year. He was too busy to think.

Athletic subsidizing was the topic during the fall quarter. Cheating and punishment was the news during the winter. The fight on comprehensives was bitter enough during the first weeks of January, but comprehensives as an issue faded quickly when the cheating ring broke around Jan-

uary 23. It is said that the *Tar Heel* largely created the healthful campus attitude towards the exposé and those who were responsible for it. For doing this, it is to be congratulated, although we can't see that the hierarchy which was proposed to strengthen the honor system will have any effect towards discouraging cheating. The system only becomes more systematic. Nor is the idea very new—Nick Read last year anticipated the new sub-councils with his Freshman Honor Court.

## III

The audit sheet which accompanies this needs very little comment. Getting fraternities to publish the details of their intimate finances is absurdly impossible. True, many freshmen are ensnared by fraternities, unaware of the obligations they are assuming. However, fraternities in extremely bad finances generally fail without any assistance from the *Tar Heel*. If, however, Hammer succeeded in making fraternities consider the possibility that they are not giving their men all they pay for, then he accomplished something.

If staff nominations were in effect for all publications there would be much more cause for complaint than there now is. In publications, the best man available gets the job more frequently than in other activities. Staff election would be fairest for the *Tar Heel*: working together day by day the staff is pretty well defined. The editor of the MAGAZINE or, especially, the *Yackety Yack*, however, could say who does and who doesn't belong on his staff quite arbitrarily, conveniently disenfranchising the element that would favor anyone but the editor's chosen successor. In most cases, staff elections would only concentrate the dirty work.

As for the *Tar Heel* staff. Most of the errors which were so annoying in last year's paper were due to the division into day and night editors. Previously (and as now under McKee) one man was in command of each issue from two in the afternoon until after midnight. It was unfortunate for him, even when he had to work only one or two days a week. But the arrangement eliminated confusion. Under Hammer, a day editor worked until 6:00 and a night editor came down to the printshop at 7:30 with no guide to what had already occurred other than one page of notes. In that interval most of the errors were born or went uncorrected.

There were many other changes to the staff; only one was more than superficial: the city editor who performs the old routine duties which once

belonged to the managing editor. All in all, the city editor is a valuable member of the staff, although there is a certain danger in making the managing editor the "reporter-at-large." Given too much freedom, he may be difficult to recapture.

#### IV

If the auditor must make a summary statement about the material he has just presented it would be to say that the editorship of the *Tar Heel*, although an important position, is nevertheless limited somewhere. Had Hammer concentrated his efforts a bit, he could have produced the best

paper yet. But as editor, he kept a finger in every pie. This multiplicity of interests prevented his giving sufficient attention to individual problems, as, for example, the adequacy of his news coverage. Moreover, Hammer's success at dabbling—just ask who directed this campus last year—gave him the feeling that he was seldom wrong.

Thus if we are to explain Hammer's failure to be the success we expected, we have only to say that he was an "activities man" in the greatest extreme we have ever witnessed. Those who "spread themselves thin" are not to be surprised if, in places, they become quite transparent.

## The Audit

CONCERNING:	EXPECTED OR PROMISED:	SUCCESS AND COMMENT:
THE DAILY TAR HEEL		
1. Desk staff.	Expected greater efficiency by subdividing old city editors into day and night editors.	Opposite result. Errors and confusion increased because of the division—also because all pay to the desk was stopped.
2. Managing editor.	Created one city editor to perform routine of making assignments.	Gave greater freedom to managing editor.
THE ELECTORATE		
1. Fraternities.	Hoped to persuade fraternities to publicize finances.	Failed. Did give them a merited fright.
2. Publications.	Expected staff elections for all editors.	Failed. Idea dangerous.
3. Student fees	Expected a "complete" reallocation.	No success, no need.
4. Eating places	Crusaded for an investigation of all restaurants and boarding houses. Asked for reopening of Swain.	Investigation was made—by health authorities. Swain still closed.
5. Campus personality	Wanted to create one.	Did—his own.
THE ADMINISTRATION		
1. Class lecture calendar	Wanted the plan adopted by the faculty.	Plan passed, but student body ignored the opportunity.
2. Comprehensives	Wanted a comprehensive course substituted in every department.	No success other than calling faculty's attention to the weaknesses of such exams.
THE NATION	Wanted more publicity for University.	Got it—in connection with Duke game defeat and the cheating exposé.



# Spotch of Paint

## Short Story

By OTTO WHITTAKER

**B**IG JOE FERRY came down from Pennsylvania to be an idol for three hundred prep-school hero worshippers. He was Irish—Irish by birth, and Irish by mouth and eyes and red curly hair, and he accepted life with an Epicurean snap of his fingers.

Inoffensive superiority was Big Joe's complex: academically he was an honor student; athletically he was a great rushing hulk twice selected for all-state football honors; militarily he was the Battalion Supply Sergeant (thereby having charge of the rifles and field equipment), and spiritually, he was hyperhuman—by self-definition.

Sometimes I looked at him revelling in his inherent glory, and listened to the words come tumbling through his mouth from his big, fine brain, and wanted to say to him: "Easy there—you have poor, frightened Life by the scruff of the neck *now*, but easy there——"

I wondered why he ever came to a place like Oak Park to go to school. It was a desolate little village just south of the Valley of Virginia. ("A wide spot in the road," Big Joe would say sarcastically, "clean of the taint and grime of the bad city—all the better to raise mommas' boys to be fine, upstanding, Christian gentlemen—God's own proving ground!") There were two sentinel filling stations on either side of a small, dry church with fenced-in, sunken graves in its yard. Across a dirt road embellished more with equestrian hoof-prints and excrement than the more modern auto tracks sat the town's one brick building—a two-story, duplex affair which housed both the Post-office and a semi-defunct County Bank. As a community center there was a huge, unpainted building with a sign, *Shepard's Gen. Mdse. Meal Ground Here*, the upper

story of which was furnished with desk and benches to be utilized alternately as a meeting place for the Odd Fellows, the Young Men's Bible Class (the church being too incommodious for this) and the apparently decadent Committee for the Betterment of Oak Park. That was all, except for the school and a handful of houses.

Sometimes giggling, gingham-clad country girls would sneak away from their mops and milk-pails and come, *en masse*, to the Academy to watch us drill, and Big Joe would flirt with them. They were huge, big-boned creatures, with calloused hands and skin toughened to leather by home-made soap, but Big Joe liked them. "A girl's a girl," he would say in a tone that suggested a state of being perpetually correct, "all built alike. It makes no difference whether she smells like buttermilk and feather-beds or the more sophisticated odor of cigarettes and Woolworth cosmetics. Me, I have a good time wherever I go—a girl to match the environment. You fellows lie around and rust and get lopsided moping over some home-town pig who's probably out raising hell with some other guy right now!" But Big Joe wasn't satisfied with a rural girl for a rural environment, and that's what this is all about—

You see, Cap'n Miller was an old duffer—fifty-five or sixty—who had taught Latin at OPMA ever since he left college. He was tall, bald half-way back his huge head, and his belly oozed out from under his Sam Browne belt in a way that matched his lordosis backline. He loved Latin with a *Mr. Chips* passion. His classroom was cluttered with Roman maps and statues and volume after volume of treasured Cicero and Horace and Martial . . . and its walls were visible only here and there between the scores of pictures of the Coliseum and the Trajan Forum and other



Roman landmarks. He would say, "I love Cicero," just as a small child might say, "I love Jesus." And just as old Cato concluded his Senate speeches years ago with "Carthage must be destroyed," Cap'n Miller wound up each recitation with "Felix qui potuit cognoscere linguae Latinae."

And so you can see why the whole school was thunderstruck when one day Cap'n Miller returned to the school with a young girl—a tiny, unnatural blonde, rouged, mascaraed, lipsticked heavily, and perched precariously on stilt-like heels, with a yellowish flush between her fore and index fingers—and with pride and unbelievable friskiness introduced her as his *wife*.

## II

I was on the rifle range when I first knew the truth of the rumor about Big Joe and the Cap'n's wife. My squad had gone there for practice with the .22 target rifles. My first shot was a miss; the sights were wildly off center. After we had each fired five rounds we went to the board to add the scores. Above my target, beginning in front with a tiny leaden smudge and ending behind in a larger rupture of splintered wood, I noticed a small hole where my first shot had struck and had bored its way through the backstop, the wood of which was at least three inches thick. I called the others and showed them, and they each fired with their rifles at the board, but none with velocity sufficient to send a bullet through the thick backing. Then I fired again with my rifle, and, sure enough, the bullet went through the board.

It was an unusual rifle I had—exceptionally hard-shooting, probably due to some compression-increasing narrowness in the bore. I can still see that little gun—there was a small, triangular splotch of olive-drab paint on the stock.

When we finished firing we sat down on a shelter-half to clean the rifles, and while we were sitting there a Pee-Wee (one of the more printable names applied to the youngsters in the Lower School) handed me a sealed envelope bearing in woman-writing the name "Joe Ferry."

"Ya know where this guy is? Mrs. Cap'n Miller give it ta me ta give ta him."

## III

The next day was Sunday. After the morning inspection we marched downtown to the little church, sweating under the heavy woolen full-dress. Inside the church flies were buzzing savagely in protest to two bewhispered Deacons who were slapping at them with folded quarterlies,

and fat women panting under Sears Roebuck bonnets fanned their steaming hides with prayer books. Occasionally an itching cadet would fidget, his coat-buttons screeching shrilly on the pew-bench, and the preacher would roll his hairy eyes at the irreverent one.

When we stood for the benediction, and the heads around me were bowed (partly in exhaustion, and partly in thanksgiving to a kind God for bringing the sermon to a safe close), I looked up. Big Joe, in front of me, was motioning pantomimically to Mrs Cap'n Miller, across the aisle, and an instant later she nodded back her message. High up in the choir box, where he sang every Sunday, Cap'n Miller saw and reddened; he ran a long finger under and around his high, stiff collar—then a fit of coughing took him and he was obliged to leave the church.

## IV

And then it was late-May and almost time for the Government Inspection. Each year the War Department detailed two army officers to make an inspection of the Honor Schools in that Unit; to examine them on a military basis and make a report by which the Department could select the Honor Schools for the coming year. The Commandant, new in his first year at OPMA, and frantic to hold Oak Park's already-good rating, worked us—not like humans, not even like animals, but like machines. We painted woodwork, waxed lockers, polished brass, dug the wild onion off the campus, and then lay in bed at night, too tired to stir, and studied the General and Special Orders.

On Friday before the Inspection the fellows on my end of the hall gathered in my room to clean equipment and hold a bull session. I was putting a Blitz rag to my mess kit; my roommate scrubbed his cartridge belt with a steel brush. Soon someone mentioned Big Joe and the Cap'n's wife, and my Cuban roommate sniggered wetly: "I see dem come back to thees place one night not early, you know?" And then I told what I had seen in the church.

I was describing how Cap'n Miller's face had looked when he saw Big Joe motioning to his wife. "Like ripe liver," I said, gleefully—suddenly someone behind us coughed—not a natural or ordinary cough, but serious and choking. Cap'n Miller was standing there, in the doorway. His hand was tight around the doorknob, and red except at the knuckles where it was an anemic white. He stood there for an instant, then turned



and went away without saying a word. His foot-steps down the stairs were slow and painful to hear. My roommate whistled. "By dam'," he said, "I no know he standeenk there!"

On Saturday morning reveille blew early; breakfast was over and work well under way before the sun was safe in the sky. *Bon Ami* was thick on windows, newspapers guarded preciously-white floors against any disruptive stains, sand-paper scraped furiously on rifle stocks, and down the hall someone cursed, "Jesus Christ, won't this dam' paint ever dry?" My roommate mumbled thoughtfully: "My genn-rull orr-derrs ees: to wawk my poast een uh meel-ee-terry manner, to—to—what come nex', Sandy?"

"Look it up," I said, removing the last traces of *Bon Ami* from the windows. Through them I could see the little town, lazy, leaning up against a steep hill topped by a cluster of woods. I opened the window, and the tinkling of a cow-bell floated in; otherwise there was silence, but not unusually so. "A wide spot in the road."

Then an intrusive noise like an auto backfiring rang out; repeated itself several times. Over the rolling campus and into the town I could see several men dash out of the bank to an automobile—some got in it, and the rest clung to the running board, pointing toward the town little sticks from which puffs of smoke and staccato noises came. I could hear the gears clash, heard the roar of the engine relapse into a purr and then become a mighty roar again as the car gained speed. Then, for the first time, I could see a little band of men on foot run after the car, shooting at it.

Just before the automobile reached a curve that would have put it out of my sight it swerved, righted itself, then skidded again and plunged across a ditch and through a fence. The bandits scrambled out and dashed up the hill towards the little wooded crest. The townsmen saw the accident and took on new hope; chased the bandits up the steep hill.

And then my attention was drawn to another figure, running laboriously up the Academy hill. I followed him with my eyes until he reached the campus.

"Colonel Davis! Colonel Davis! The Bank's been robbed! Where's Colonel Davis!"

I joined the rush for the stairs. My roommate dropped an empty oil can, stepped on it, and went plunging headlong down the stairs.

Outside, the Commandant was talking excitedly to the runner. "But Good Lord, man," he shouted,

"this is Government Inspection time! *I haven't got any rifles!* There isn't a *single* assembled rifle in the barracks! These boys all have their guns apart, cleaning them!"

The runner groaned. "They said to git some rifles, Colonel! We just gotta git some rifles! We ain't got nothin' but a couple of shot-guns and a pistol! We just gotta have some rifles!"

Then Big Joe stepped up. "How about the .22 target rifles, sir? They might help some! I'll get them—" He dashed off toward the supply room.

In a minute he was back. The Commandant spoke to the runner. "Tell you what I *can* do. You can take these .22s on down there, and I'll have some .30s put together, and send 'em down to you! Maybe you can hold 'em with the .22s until you get the .30s!"

The townsman agreed. He took the target rifles and started down the hill. Then Cap'n Miller, noticed for the first time, called out in his bass voice: "Er, just a second there. Er, if my services are needed," he explained timidly, "why, why I'll be only too glad to go along. Yes indeed, I'll just go along!" And he took one of the target rifles from the man's arms and sighted along the barrel. "Come on," he said dramatically.

Big Joe detailed five of us to put our rifles together. Then he gathered them up and turned to me.

"Come on, Sandy, you go with me and carry part of these guns."

"Wait a minute, Ferry," the Commandant ordered, "take your time, and get this straight. You can take those rifles to the foot of the hill, but don't go any farther. If you don't catch up with that man, just yell to him and leave the rifles there. Then come on back here."

Big Joe saluted him, and we started out, running. The rifles were heavy. Bayonet studs and other sharp steel parts scratched at my flesh. When we reached the foot of the hill I was tired; ready to put down the rifles, but Cap'n Miller and the townsman were almost to the top of the hill; another five minutes and they would be in the woods where the bandits were hiding.

"Come on," Big Joe said, "we'll catch 'em in a minute."

I said, "Not me—you don't catch me going up that hill!"

"Then give me those dam' rifles—I'll take 'em!"

"Now wait a minute, Big Joe," I said, clinging to the rifles, "you better not—I wouldn't if I were you, Big Joe. Besides, you know what the Colonel said!"

"To hell with the Colonel! It looks like you and the Colonel are made of the same stuff!" He grabbed the rifles and climbed over the fence. I stood there watching him pick his way up the little ravine. Sometimes he would go out of sight; then he'd reappear later, higher. Cap'n Miller and the runner were almost in the woods—there was a bare, slim, almost-impossible chance that Big Joe'd overtake them.

Then the Cap'n and his companion disappeared into the woods. Big Joe was a tiny figure, climbing rapidly. I watched him go on until he was at the edge of the woods. Then there were the sounds of rifle fire, fast—then the shotguns boomed out in their grandfather's voices. From

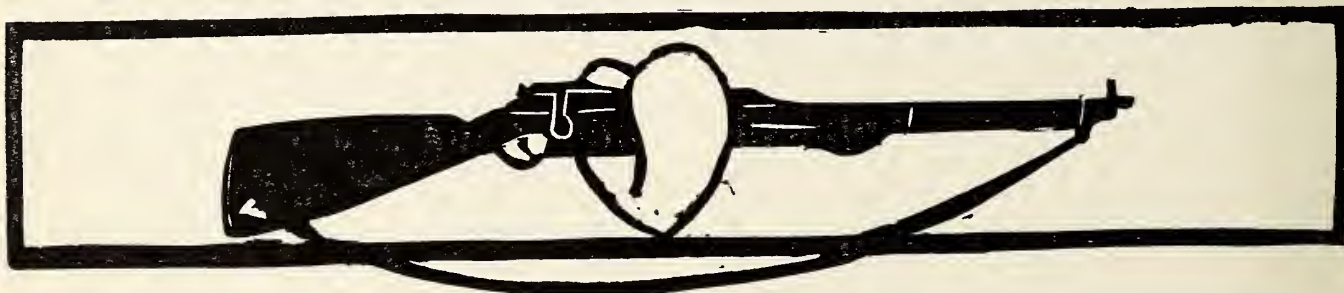
the other side of the woods I could hear the bandits returning the fire with their pistols.

And then Big Joe fell again, but this time he didn't get up. I watched a long time, but he didn't move.

V

I was at the Academy when they brought Big Joe back. There was a small hole in the corner of his right eye, bloodless, and a larger one behind his left ear where the bullet had come out. One of the townspeople who had carried the body back pointed to the little hole and said: "One of the .22 target rifles. Accident. Don't know who done it, and they ain't no use tryin' to find out. Couldn't be helped."

As far as I know there was only one target rifle in the school that could put a bullet through a man's head, and that was the one Cap'n Miller took when he went out to join the posse. I saw the little splotch of olive drab paint on the stock.



## Chapel Hill

The night was fragrant with the breath of spring  
When I first saw these lifted towers of stone.  
I found a peace that only centuries bring  
From hearts that know the paths the wind has blown.  
The pines have crowned the rolling countryside,  
And the broad green is delicate with plum.  
In other villages great memories died,  
But here the past foretells what is to come.

Small things of life have been experienced here . . .  
Small things that grew to greatness, then were gone  
To find a dark and deathless atmosphere  
Beyond the misty outline of the dawn.  
So that this interval must rarer be  
To forge illusion from reality.

—Josephine Niggli.



# On the Man Who Writes His Last Word for Immortality

## A Retiring Senior Interviews Harry Horsglutz

I figured that people dislike the man who wants to sit down on the eve of graduation (or remains seated, as the case may be) and record for posterity and immortality his inimitable outlook on the general situation. I figured that people not only dislike such a man, but they dislike him so intensely that they read the immortal tripe he throws at them just so they can disagree and perhaps get a little red behind the ears. People are funny that way.

So, being naturally curious, I called on one of these great personalities the other day who, it was widely rumored, was on the verge of imparting to future generations what they want to know about things that are wrong. This great man was only four weeks from graduation and his heart was running over. Somebody must warn posterity that college is a den of disillusion, a vacuous visitation of superb zeros. And God had chosen him to do it, chosen him who had battled through the underbrush into something which commencement speakers call the "world." Good old commencement speakers! Good old world! Good God!

I pulled up a chair and introduced myself, reversing the ordinary procedure just to make things interesting. I told our sublimely-chosen recorder of educational maladjustments that I figured that people dislike fellows like himself who want to write their last word before graduation, as a duty to mankind. I told him I figured he was destined for oblivion, not immortality, if he fulfilled his noble purpose at the keyboard. That didn't phase him, though. He seemed to perk up a bit, as a matter of fact. He gave a little sigh, which threw me off my balance somewhat. As a matter of fact, I became so completely fascinated with such true martyrdom as expressed in his heroic gesture that I felt deeply apologetic about my opening remarks and told him so. However, he said it was quite all right (he had added a philosophical wrinkle or two at this juncture and was really quite the picture of Horatius at the Hellgate). He understood that I would not understand his position. He also understood, he added rather hastily, that some day I and all the other buds which were just duck soup for nippers would understand and appreciate his reflections and his

magnificent martyrdom. They'd probable name a bridge after him, he intimated, as a sincere testimony in favor of his stand. I suggested somewhat timidly that if what he had to say about the stinking system of education was good enough, they might even name a ferry boat after him. That would be much better, I reasoned, because bridges are liable to run off into places like Brooklyn, where the significance of an Horatius would probably be lost on the population. He ignored the remark, however, either because a ferry boat would stand the same chance of docking on the illiterate side of the river or because he deemed it (the remark) unworthy of consideration. At any rate, he leaned back and waxed expansive.

The educational system is all wrong, he said. All it does is to take four years to pour water from one or more tumblers into other tumblers and then pour it all back again. If you spill the water, you get a demerit. If you borrow some from a neighbor, in order to take the place of some you lost or never even got (professors, although they pour all the time, are very ineffective, he said), then you not only get a demerit but you are also run out of town. Our prophet-at-the-keyboard called a college education a water-pourers' convention. People with big tumblers and little tumblers all get together (at some expense) with some old water-pourers and have a grand time when they're not fighting. The old water-pourers confer upon the neophytes degrees like A.B. (Advanced Baptism) and B.S. (Baptism Supreme) and A.M. (Advanced Methodology) and Ph.D. (Philosophic Drainage). Equipped with these tools (the speaker smirked at the mention of such unspeakable naïvete and I smirked right back, being a smirker of the old school), the people with the tumblers tumble out into the world and start pouring for themselves. Usually, though (punctuated by a raised eyebrow by the prophet) they haven't anything to pour.

I asked this fellow if he really intended to use such a confusing picture in his farewell word to the public and all the little lambs struggling against odds which were already so obviously insurmountable. He sighed and said that he could do no better. He said that he had spent too much

of his time pouring water during the past four years and the result was that he had great difficulty in expressing himself. Of course, he added, you have to admit that the figure's appropriate, with water pouring and tumblers and all. I agreed. It was a fine picture, this sterling soul and his watery analysis. I began feeling pretty sorry for this fellow. Here he was wanting to leave something for posterity, and he had been so busy pouring water that he had to use water pouring to explain why fellows like himself used water pouring as a picture of education. I was getting a little mixed up at this point but my greater emotion was pity. Maybe this fellow had lost his tumbler. This got me so worried that I had to go outside for a little air, leaving our friend with tears in his eyes, catching the drops in a shot-glass and pouring them back under the eyelids. This bird had really developed an obnoxious habit of water-pouring, all right. I cried and poured a bit myself as I waited outside for the clouds to blow over.

We resumed our conversation on a different tack. Water-pouring was laid aside for the moment. We turned to extra-curricular activities, by some premeditated chance. He said we might just as well start in the middle so we could get through hashing out the subject in half the time. He said he had a bad habit of starting in the middle for time's sake. He said the only time he had ever done any thinking in college (and gotten any professorial help at it) was the day he tried to start pouring water in the middle. He and his professor couldn't get around the annoying necessity of starting at the beginning and as a consequence both of them almost missed the afternoon's cinematic fanfare. This got him back on extra-curricular activities, for which I was thankful. This water-pouring figure of speech was getting me a little groggy, big and strong as I am.

Extra-curricular activities, he concluded, were like trying to get a horse to drink water without even leading him to the trough, thereby mixing up a perfectly good axiom which had been good enough for my family for seven generations. You take a horse and set him loose on a desert. There is water on the desert but the horse doesn't know that. You tell the horse, confidentially, that there's water out there somewhere but he doesn't understand you, as you don't talk his language. Anyway, you give him the opportunity for drinking water, if he can find it. He walks and walks and walks and gets thirsty as a mealy-mouthed

Sealyham. He sooner or later develops the habit of sleeping all day and most of the night, getting awake just in time to lick the dew off the leaves (our friend didn't tell me just what kind of leaves a thirsty horse would find on a desert) and then goes back to sleep. Our friend forgot to mention, incidentally, whether this thirsty horse dies in the end, or not, which worried me considerably. He left me to worry, however, and sat back and said: "You see, you're the horse and the water's the educative good you get out of extra-curricular activities and the walking around is you gathering up little gold keys for your watch chain."

He sat still a minute, letting this sink in, which it did. He looked a little worried, perhaps because he detected a little misbelief at the corners of my mouth. But I didn't let on that I thought that he was crazy. After all, he was a disillusioned big shot and one of the best water-pourers on the campus, and a real horse-looking-for water if we ever had one.

But I had one question which I simply couldn't hold back. I asked him what HE'd do to get the darned horse to water, if he didn't have time to lead the fool creature there every time he (the horse) got thirsty. I was afraid he would tell me that he would set about learning how to speak to the horse in his own language, but he didn't. He said he simply wouldn't turn his horse out on the desert. He said he'd build a trough right in the stable so the horse would stumble over it every time he turned around to swat a fly, or vice versa. In this way the horse would stay un-thirsty and grow fat and you could give the desert back to the Indians.

I was feeling low at this point. Here was the all-time B.M.O.C., the self- and God-appointed critic of the curriculum and the campus whom everyone expected to wax dithyrambic in turning out a masterpiece of disillusion on the eve of graduation, here was the savior of the oak-lined institution, mumbling about water-pouring and thirsty-horses-in-a-desert-maze.

I excused myself before he did any more molasses pouring or pig feeding. I was afraid he might have a picture to paint about athletics. Can you imagine this hallowed person figuring up an appropriate analogy of persons jumping ferociously at other persons on the football field, swearing and bleeding, and receiving free meals and tuition for the privilege? Anyway, it was getting late and I had a Student Council meeting to decide if a certain young fellow was an accred-



ited passport man for Hell because he borrowed some water for his near-empty tumbler.

I have known many seniors, nice chaps with pot-belly watch chains, flopping at the typewriter on the eve of commencement, or commencing at the typewriter on the eve of flopping, to give us the benefit of their doubt. I have always admired these fellows because it takes a lot of courage to tell people what's wrong with them (the "them" works both ways, including what's wrong with the people and what's wrong with those fellows who are trying to show what's wrong with the others). I had ambitions of being a Man Who Writes His Last Word for Immortality (I am something of a B.M.O.C. myself) but after that interview I perished the thought. My tumbler was too small and besides, I was as thirsty a horse as you ever saw. Furthermore, the price of this sort of immortality is too damned high. If you have to sound like a University professor just to get a bridge, or a ferry boat, as the case may be, inscribed with your name, that's not your interviewer. The educational system may

be as bad as I think it is, extra-curricular honors may be just so many watch-charms and our four long and short years at college pretty much of a farce, but that's no reason to ruin your self-respect (if you have any left) just to make educational notes on a prehistoric culture. (I'm not much of a fellow for sour grapes, either, and, as our educational system round here seems to be based on the theory that it's every man for himself, my grapes would sound like a bunch of raisins.) University administrators get their irony every day as it is.

Incidentally, the B.M.O.C. I happened to interview, well, he never wrote all those nasty things. He was offered a job that same day for after graduation, selling boots in a hardware store (he had majored in biology, fortunately) and seems to have forgotten his troubles. He's getting along very well and will probably write several nice letters to the president about athletics. He'll probably compare football to Horatius at Hell-gate. Like himself, twenty years earlier.

## Dark Fable

I thought it strange to find this tale  
In a negro shack. Rather would it be  
More natural in a Chinese junk in a festering bay  
Of the Yellow sea. But here's the tale:  
Way back when the world was young  
There was no moon. The night  
Was darker than the pits of everlasting doom.  
Out of this night and out of the North  
Came a monster, a monstrous monster  
Big as a mountain and wider than the sea;  
And in his forehead where two eyes should be  
There was only one. This one glowed so bright  
That farmers two counties away got up  
At midnight and went to work, thinking  
It was day. But this was a terrible monster;  
(Here the teller's eyes grew large, her  
Scrawny, yellow-spotted hands spread wide  
In horror), he ate up everything he saw,  
And what he didn't see he slaughtered with his tail.  
But down in Sampson county (the narrator's home)  
There lived a nigger. He was as big  
As ten niggers and as strong as ten hundred.  
They called him Big John and when he heard  
About the monster, he "took his foot in his hand  
And lit a rag" across ten counties in one day  
Till he saw the monster. He killed him,  
(Here the tale was vague) and threw his eye  
As high as he could throw. There it hangs  
And shines so very bright, so pickaninnies  
Won't be 'fraid at night.

—Elmer Johnson.

# BOOKS

**HUMOR OF THE OLD DEEP SOUTH.** Arthur Palmer Hudson. Macmillan Co. New York. 548 pp. \$5.

Reviewers will object, and some have already objected, to Professor Hudson's entertaining volume on the grounds that the contents belie the title, *Humor of the Old Deep South*; but in so doing they overlook his avowed intention to present the life of the section, "viewed as a *comédie humaine*," and presented not for its economic or sociological implications but purely for its human interest. The title is justified further by the fact that the bulk of the material included in the volume is intentionally comic, being written by professional humorists.

From travel books, histories, biographical writings, almanacs, newspapers, magazines, and the files of the *Congressional Record*, related to ante-bellum times in "Missloulala," the territory "between the Tennessee River bend at the North and the Mexican Gulf at the South, the Mississippi River at the West, and the Tombigbee-Black Warrior-Alabama river system at the East," Professor Hudson has assembled a quantity of picturesque material which the general reader will find amusing and which the student of American literature will find provocative. Here in tall tale, anecdote, sell, and descriptive sketch appear many of the prominent character types of the later American humor. A burlesque pageant of backwoodsmen, Indians, hunters, quacks, skinflints, politicians, revivalists, showmen, barkeepers, boatmen, gamblers, greenhorns, darkies, and damnyankees, moves before the reader as he flips the pages. Some of these characters, far from being the product of the thirties and forties of the nineteenth century as Professor Hudson seems to imply, were already fairly well established in the comic writing of colonial times. Their continued popularity in the deep South is testimony to the common character of pioneer experience and the wide spread recognition of these comic types long before they found their way into the "classics" of American humor. Peculiar to the period are the river-men, the half-horse, half-alligator, roaring, roistering, rough-housing, tale-spinning, and tale-making heroes of the Mississippi of whom Mike Fink was king. Even the gentlemen of the lower Mississippi acquired to a slight degree the characteristics of the boatmen. Christian Schultz described the gentlemen of Natchez thus: "All make love; most of them play; and a few make money. With Religion they have nothing to do, having formed a treaty with her, the principal article of which is, 'Trouble not us, nor will we trouble you'."

In method and style, these tales reflect earlier comic writing and foreshadow the later American humor. Lorenzo Dow's "Raising the Devil," despite its native setting and characters and apparent autobiographic nature, employs a pattern suspiciously close to older European jest, and the comic doctors, lawyers, and preachers had

been, as Professor Hudson points out, stock characters in older literatures. In other respects the tales and jests in the volume anticipate the characteristics of subsequent American humor. Here is the brutality, the irreverence, the hyperbole, the vulgarity which is associated with the later humorists, and here, too, is the protesting spirit.

For the reader seeking amusement, the volume contains many good yarns. "Mike Hooter's Fight with the Bar," "The Mississippi Legislature," "Private" John Allen's "The Tupelo Fish Hatchery," "How Mike Got the Bull by the Tail," and "The Great Pop Gun Practice," to mention a few that are typical. Tar Heels will like the reply of the North Carolina soldier to his Virginia confederate who taunted him with, "Hullo! Mr. North Carolina, have you got the tar off your heels?" "Yes," replied the Carolinian, "Jeff Davis took all the tar from my heels to stick you Virginians in a fight." They may be amused, somewhat wryly perhaps, by the account of the activities of Mr. "Shocco" Jones, an early racketeer, who was a native of North Carolina and an alumnus of the University. And the whole chapter on "Schoolmasters and Collegians," with its account of early student antics, its record of early attempts at Student Government, and its revelation of the antiquity of well known contemporary college pranks, ought to entertain collegiate readers.

For students of American literature the volume has considerable interest. The belletristic background of American humor has been examined in the past, without very fruitful results. Our humor is not without antecedents, but these exist on a popular rather than a literary level. It is close to its folk-base, reflecting folk attitudes and folk experiences. Its development is to be traced through just such materials as Professor Hudson has collected. It develops in convivial rather than literary circles, out of such inter-town lying contests as Hamilton records in his *Itinerarium* (1744). Much of this material is now lost; some of it Professor Hudson has rediscovered. When similar collections and studies have been made for other sections of the country, we will be prepared to trace more intelligently not only the development of American humor but of other movements in American literature as well. In its capacity as a background study for the later American humor and the later movements towards local color and regionalism, the real and not inconsiderable value of Professor Hudson's collection exists. —GEORGE HORNER.

**SOPHOMORES ABROAD.** Charles Maccomb Flandrau. D. Appleton-Century Co. New York. 209 pp. \$2.00.

If the reader is a devotee of the "mild and mellow" school of humor, and if he goes in for reminiscent loquacity he will turn to *Sophomores Abroad* with interest and appreciation. It is not a volume that everyone will rush to read before it becomes old and out of date, for its



greatest appeal is in the fact that it is already out of date, the year of the stories being 1901.

The actual story is composed of a collection of tales woven around two college sophomores who spend the summer abroad. Tommy seems a bit infantile, even for a 1901 sophomore, while Berri was probably the 1900 edition for a smooth continental. He seemed a trifle too bored and cynical to be thoroughly convincing. There is no main thread other than the various adventures (tame enough they seem to 1936) which befell the two boys.

The volume is full of quotable little passages, comments and asides, through which Mr. Flandrau's own personality and rich observations come out. For example, in the preface, Mr. Flandrau, speaking of his own writing, says:

"As I knew nothing whatever of athletics or young love and as there seemed to be no end of other things to write about, I did not bother about them, and I feel sure my point of view must have been rather strongly focussed by the casual remark of a hard-boiled classmate. 'I don't suppose,' he once declared at the breakfast table, 'that American newspapers will ever get over referring to "College Boys' Pranks," when what they really mean is "Strong Men Maddened by Drink"!'"

Another good bit is found in the list of things which Berri went to Europe *not* to see:

1. Ornamental gratings filled with the bones of slaughtered virgins.
2. Any other kind of bones.
3. Frescoed ceilings that hurt the back of your neck.
4. Embalmed saints.
5. Dungeons, catacombs, or other localities in which you drop candle-grease on your best clothes.
6. The pictures of Peter Paul Reubens—which have all the shy, rosy grace of dead pigs in a butcher shop.
7. The inside of royal palaces; they possess all the vulgarity and none of the comforts of a New York hotel.
8. Plowed fields (especially if it's raining) on which the entire course of human events was changed.
9. Provincial museums full of kitchen utensils pertaining to the Stone Age."

—ELLEN DEPPE.

AMERICAN POINTS OF VIEW: A READER'S GUIDE. Edited by William H. Cordell and Kathryn Coe Cordell. Doubleday Doran. Garden City, New York. 461 pp. \$2.50.

By necessity many of us in the fast tempo world of today have not as much time for reading as we would like. Thus forced to be discriminating, we would be severely handicapped were it not that our plight has been anticipated. The popularity of *Readers' Digest* brought to life a dozen imitators. *Time* and *News-Week* aid the busy man in keeping somewhat acquainted with important news events. Now comes a book which completes the rushed business man's absolutely essential publications and enables him to make an acceptable (though far from completely satisfactory) substitute for what should be more extensive reading.

*American Points of View: A Reader's Guide* is a collection of 38 of the best essays and articles published between June, 1934, and September, 1935. Prizes are awarded to the writers of the three best essays. The judges, Erskine

Caldwell, Burton Rascoe and John Gould Fletcher, have made an excellent and liberal selection of essays of enduring importance on contemporary problems. Among the contributors are Joseph Wood Krutch, Albert Jay Nock, Ludwig Lewisohn, Earl Browder, George Soule, Walter Millis, Charles A. Beard, Henry Seidel Canby and Pearl S. Buck.

First prize deservedly went to Ernest Hemingway for "Notes on the Next War," which appeared in *Esquire*, September, 1935. "France is a country and Great Britain is several countries," says Hemingway, "but Italy is a man, Mussolini, and Germany is a man, Hitler." It is the author's opinion that Mussolini will bluff in Europe but never means to fight there; while Hitler wants war in Europe as soon as he can get it, for "he is an ex-corporal and he will not have to fight in this one; only to make the speeches." Hemingway argues convincingly that each of the major European countries was glad to see Italy fight Ethiopia.

As a present-day commentary, *American Points of View* is as valuable as it is interesting. Its superiority over *Readers' Digest* lies in the fact that the articles in it are complete as they originally appeared.

—JOSEPH N. WITERS.

AN OXFORD ANTHOLOGY OF ENGLISH PROSE. Chosen and Edited by Arnold Whitridge and John Wendell Dodds. Oxford University Press. New York, 1935. 950 pp. \$4.50.

With its august imprint and its beautiful format, *An Oxford Anthology of English Prose* adds a dreadnaught to the Oxford fleet. It and its sister, *An Anthology of English Poetry*, "are intended for the general courses in English literature commonly offered in colleges and universities, and for that wider company of readers outside academic walls who may wish to discover or review some of the best of their heritage." The latter intent, though legitimate and deserving enough, is probably damned by the former. It is extremely doubtful that any of "the wider company of readers," except by the accident of propinquity, will ever turn to it or its likes for "the best of their heritage." As a college or university anthology, then, it will be judged, bought, and read. The judging will be done by college professors; the buying and, it is to be hoped, the reading, by undergraduates.

From the viewpoint of the teacher, it would make a very attractive and comfortable textbook. It lines out the imperial range of prose from Malory to Chesterton, Galsworthy, and Max Beerbohm. All the great peaks are here—Bacon, Browne, Milton, Taylor, Swift, Addison-Steele, Burke, Boswell, Gibbon, the Romantics, and the Victorians. And some unlooked-for hills lift their heads—Chesterfield's and Cowper's letters (nine and five pages each), Lyell's *Geology* and Darwin's *Descent of Man*, Trollope's *Autobiography*, and Gosse's *Father and Son*. Some of the big boys are taxed for contributions unusual in a college anthology—witness the letter from *Private Papers of James Boswell from Malahide Castle*. How salutary for the undergraduate to read "Chapter I: The Evidence of the Descent of Man from Some Lower Form"! It is doubtful that one college student out of ten, including biology majors, ever gets his Darwin in the original undiluted bottle; or one in twenty, *Principles of Geology*.

To the undergraduate, who has no buyer's choice and



for whom *caveat emptor* does not run, *An Oxford Anthology of English Prose* will at first sight and purchase seem to be just another big book wished off on him by the inexplicable whims of a prof, at four and a half bucks plus sales tax, if any. If he's just an ordinary run-of-mill student he will drag his weary and unwilling way through it and cuss the cut-rate exchange price on it and buy therewith a bid for the Junior Prom. But if he's the rare bird in the flock, he'll make it a member of his family after the agony of purchase, alternately fight and ramp his way through it to a golden A or a silver B, and at the end of the fracas salvage it for his gentleman's library. There it will look good, as all Oxford books do, and it will always serve as a fine chimney-corner companion.

Both teacher and student will regret the impossibility of sampling in such a book the vast ocean of prose fiction, with its mighty deeps and laughing shallows. Too bad there's not a line of Kipling (e.g., the description of the Himalayas in *Kim*), or Hardy (e.g., the organ-mouthed first chapter of *The Return of the Native*). But that is another story, and the undergraduate needs little prodding for it. The *Oxford Anthology* gives God's plenty of its kind.

—A. P. HUDSON.

THE WORLD OVER. Edith Wharton. D. Appleton-Century Company. New York. 309 pp. \$2.00.

Edith Wharton, author of the popular "Ethan Frome," a great many years ago wrote "The Age of Innocence" depicting the post-war life of New York's four hundred. In her latest book, a collection of seven short stories under the group-title "The World Over," Mrs. Wharton again pictures life among that group which she understands so perfectly.

Although the stories have a present day setting, the characters and style are under the influence of the New York of yesterday. Done by any other writer this might detract from the work, but in the hands of Mrs. Wharton it gives an unusual and different quality to the style and stories.

"Charm Incorporated," originally published under the caption "Bread Upon the Water," more nearly approaches hilarity than Mrs. Wharton usually does. It is the story of an increasingly prosperous New Yorker who marries a Russian refugee and finds he has married her family also. His discovery that they possess personal charm, his gradual education in the meaning of the word "charm" and the uses it can be put to, form the most amusing story in the group.

Another story of the humorous vein is "Duration," the last of the group. Here a little old lady who has spent her life as a poor relation gets revenge on her hundredth birthday.

Although Mrs. Wharton may be criticized for "Pomegranate Seed," in which she ventures into the realm of the occult, "Roman Fever," the best story in the book, is as near perfect a short story as one could hope to find.

Two women who have always been superficial friends and lifelong enemies meet in Rome, the scene of an earlier encounter at the time they were as young as their daughters. As they let their life pass in review before their eyes, a drama of love, intrigue, and deep rooted jealousy is revealed. Which is the winner is a question that de-

pends upon the reader's own outlook, but one would have to go far to find a story more entertaining or more surprising. It has the novelty of being different.

"Confession" deals with the old problem of what becomes of the woman tried for murder and acquitted. The story lacks something and the hero appears priggish, which is apparently not what the author intended. Perhaps if the first person had not been used for the hero this might have been avoided. Mrs. Wharton's men are not up to her women characters in any case.

Of the two remaining pieces "The Looking Glass" is the deepest, but "Permanent Wave" stands out as being the only truly modern story in the group.

At times Mrs. Wharton's characters may not appear entirely real on the surface, but she is certainly an artist at sustaining interest and revealing the inner nature of men and women without recourse to stories of a sensational nature.

—BOB PERKINS.

THE LIFE OF SIDNEY LANIER. Lincoln Lorenz. Coward-McCann, Inc. New York. 340 pp. \$2.75.

Almost as if he were afraid somebody would doubt that Sidney Lanier is important enough to have another biography written about him, Mr. Lorenz makes this book one long eulogy of the poet and of his creative genius. Thus, in failing to employ the more critical, though none the less sympathetic, attitude of such a biographer as Edwin Mims, author of the "standard" work on Lanier, he lays his painstakingly planned and executed *Life of Sidney Lanier* open to the suspicion that it is an idealized portrait, with all the fault-betraying lines erased.

Although hardly valid as an objective appraisal, Mr. Lorenz's book, with the advantages of modernity in viewpoint and extensive sources not all available to early biographers, fills very capably the function of bringing once more before the public eye, and in a most attractive light, an American poet who has suffered since death an obscurity not at all justified by the quality or the significance of his work.

He shows the author of "The Symphony" as the literary forerunner, in the blending of "ultimate beauties of poetry and music . . . into a common artistic form," of "the Mallarmés and the Verlaines in France and the Amy Lowells, the Conrad Aikens, and the Vachel Lindsays in America."

He shows the author of "Corn," "The Marshes of Glynn," and "The Song of the Chattahoochee"—the original Agrarian and the expounder of the beauties of Southern nature—to be no more predominantly Sidney Lanier than the author of "The Science of English Verse"—the poet-lecturer and scholar at Johns Hopkins—or than the author of "The Centennial Meditation of Columbia" (written for the Philadelphia centennial exhibition in 1876), "A Ballad of Trees and the Master," "The Jacquerie," "The Revenge of Hamish," etc.—the true poet-philosopher, unencumbered by chauvinism and not restricted by merely regional or contemporary interests, but possessed of the real poetic universality and intellectual discrimination.

Above all, Mr. Lorenz shows us a poet who, in all his actions, *lived* the genuine artistic life, not content merely to pose as an artist through his works.

Because of the rather flowery and sometimes obscure style he employs, the biographer may perhaps be accused



# OL' JUDGE ROBBINS



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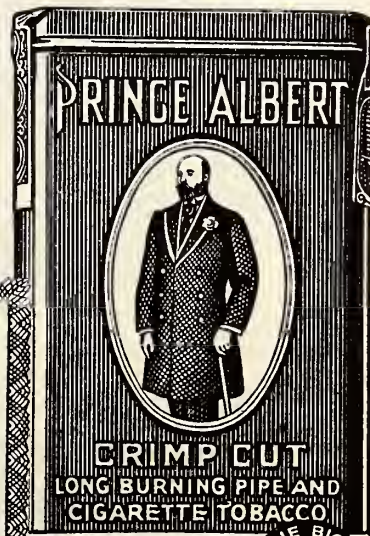


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## White Moths Above the Pale Lilies

White moths above the delicate pale lilies  
Are silver ghosts in the gray twilight gauze.  
They are seeking the bodies they lost  
When the mists drew back from the land  
When the sun tore the curtain of clouds  
And their small fluttering arms were changed to white  
moth wings.

White moths above the delicate pale lilies  
Do you think to find your shining bronze hair  
Here in these golden feathers?  
Are the lavender veins of the lilies  
The veins that pumped wine to your hearts?

White moths above the delicate pale lilies  
Immortal bodies that die and then are born again  
In the soft darkness of speckled green cocoons . . .  
Yet still they search for the bodies they lost  
When souls were born on the earth.

—*Josephine Niggli.*

## John Chapman Doing a Linoleum Cut for the Tar Heel



of imitating none too successfully his subject; but the poetic strokes in his portrait make it much more vivid and appropriate, and entirely free from the dusty prosaicism which often dulls such works. —BILL HUDSON.

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